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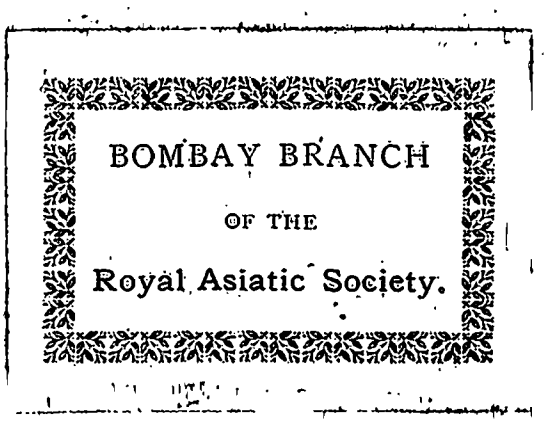

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HISTORIC SURVEY

OF

German Poetry,

INTERSPERSED WITH VARIOUS TRANSLATIONS.

BY

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W. TAYLOR, OF NORWICH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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HISTORIC SURVEY

GERMAN POETRY.

§ 1.

The first idea of this work derived from the Abbé Bertola—Plasticity of German versification—Recapitulation of the second volume — Omission supplied — Gerstenberg — his Ugolino, Ariadne, Minona—Groop of Weimar Poets.

THE first hint to undertake this work was given by the Abbé Bertola's *Idea della bella Letteratura Alemanna*, of which some notice occurs in the ninth volume of Maty's Review. It was the first Survey of a foreign Poetry in which all the specimens adduced were metrically translated, and that with felicity, into the vernacular language of the historian. Equal attention has, I hope, been paid to the various versions in this selection; if they want the euphony of Italian diction, they comprehend at least a wider range of imitation, and more frequently adhere to the metrical forms of the originals. Well to characterize German Poetry it is necessary to display the plasticity of its versification, which copies with equal readiness the measures of ancient scansion, and the rimes of modern symmetry.

The reader will have been less dissatisfied with the

second than with the first volume of this literary history: it is encumbered with fewer digressions; the translations inserted display a more practised hand, and involve specimens of finer art, among which may especially be remarked the ballads from Bürger, and the tales from Wieland. The somewhat ambitious phraseology of the criticisms, if too abundant, has been relieved at least by intervals of simple biography. May the task, which remains to be performed, not fall short in execution of the portion already completed!

One omission is to be regretted, that of the name of Gerstenberg; it ought perhaps to have occurred in the fifteenth section of the first volume, among the Hamburg groop of poets, as he eventually settled at Altona, and there edited in 1816 his collective works.

Heinrich Wilhelm von Gerstenberg was born in 1737 at Tondern in Schlesswig, and was early placed in the military career, from which, at the time of inheriting some family property, he withdrew, and passed his latter years in philosophic retirement at Altona. He already found leisure to woo the Muses in his barracks, and in 1789 published some prosaic and some poetic trifles (*Tändeleyen*) which went through three editions. His *Poems of a Skald*, which appeared in 1766, earned him a higher reputation: after the manner of Klopstock and Denis he there endeavoured to seek in northern antiquity and mythology for the topics and decorations of his Odes. In 1768 he published a tragedy entitled Ugolino, of which the fable is derived from Dante, but the unrelenting progress in prison of death by hunger, neither deferred by hope, nor varied by external interference, forms a scene so harrowingly painful, that one casts away the book in horror, not from defect but from excess of emotion.

In 1785 Ariadne on Naxos, a monodrama, made its appearance, and was successfully declaimed on the theatre at Hamburg with intervals of music. It is the earliest poem of the kind extant in German literature, but is inferior to the Ino of Ramler (see vol. i, p. 325,) and to the Proserpina of Goethe, which will occur hereafter. It may, however, merit transcription: in form it much resembles a cantata of John Baptist Rousseau, entitled Circé.

[*The scene represents an elevated part of the iland Naxos, commanding a wide view of the sea; dawn is breaking.*]

ARIADNE, *awaking.*

All hail once more Aurora's golden car!
Thrice has thy guiding goddess seen me here,
The happy inmate of my Theseus' arms.
Blushing she view'd me; but to me so fair
She never seem'd as on the peak of Naxos:
All hail once more Aurora's golden car!

What if our footsteps wander now no more,
While shines aloof the sultry summer sun,
Under the cooling labyrinthine shades
Of Crete's dædalian grottoes, while young Love
Would point the dim recess, where trickling rills
Tinkled beside us, ere they stole abroad
To feed the living verdure of the turf,
And cool the west winds murmuring thro' the cave,
Yet with my Theseus here is always joy:
Though wide around a restless ocean gleams,
Rocks shelter not a hiding place for us
And scanty trees o'er-canopy our rest.

Where art thou, Theseus? Turn then to embrace me.
Dost thou still sleep, beloved?—No: thou' art gone,

Perchance to rouse the lion from his den,
And bring the spoil of chase to deck our couch.
Return; thy partner is again awake.

Last night my dreams were horrid. I imagin'd
That he I love was fled. I stretch'd my arms,
My vacant arms, to clasp his manly breast,
And grasp'd, alas! a yielding spectre-form:
It melted into air; I beckon'd it,
Call'd after it in vain; the winds dispers'd it.

And now I see him nowhere. O my Theseus,
How is it thou canst leave me thus alone,
To wish for thee, to fear for thee, so long.
Not now, indeed, the minotaur can meet
Thy daring step; but nature every where
Has lurking dangers to alarm the fond.
Dragons and hydras may pursue thy tread,
Or tigers pounce on thy incautious way,
Or pirates seize thy ill-appointed bark.
Ye gods protect him. By these anxious tears,
These clasped hands, these downcast knees, O shield him.

Come, my beloved, sooth this trembling heart.
Where shall I seek thee, where among these rocks
Climb to pursue with aching eye thy path?

VOICE OF AN OREAD
FROM WITHIN THE MOUNTAIN.

Lo! on the sea his vessel glides afar:
To thee, unhappy one, he' is lost for ever.

ARIADNE.

Fled, fled? What voice of an immortal speaks
In worse than thunder Ariadne's doom,
Betray'd, abandon'd on this lonely shore?

OREAD.

Yes; I, the nymph of this primæval rock,
Saw him amid the storm forsake the coast.

He fear'd the light, he fear'd thy pleading look,
Thine eye of tears, but not the angry wind.
The heart of man is prone to treachery,
Though it can ill abide a just reproach.
He trembled to commit the' ungrateful act;
Yet Love and Grief will chide his deed in vain.

ARIADNE.

And is it true, ye tenants of Olympus,
Is yon his vessel scudding o'er the wave?
Am I forsaken in this desert isle,
A prey to anguish, hunger, or the deep?
Has Theseus ceas'd to love the friendly hand
That steer'd him through the labyrinth? O Jove,
Canst thou, unfrowning, view his perfidy,
Nor hurl the vengeful thunder from thy hand?

Yet what would vengeance for my wrongs avail;
Death's icy hand alone can still my sorrow,
Alone erase the troubles of my soul.

What horrors sit upon this griesly shore!
Cocytus rolls not through a ghastlier field,
Nor moan the flaming waves of Erebus
With hoarser murmurs than the sea beneath.

And am I lost for ever? Shall the Cretan
Whom princes wooed, whom Minos proudly call'd
His fairest daughter, among whose forefathers
The poet's song inscribes the names of gods,
Shall she, forsaken in her prime of beauty,
Drag on these rocks a short disgrac'd existence,
To fall, at last, a lingering prey to famine,
The maw of some wild beast her funeral urn?

Once I was blest as the immortal gods:
While Minos and the love of Theseus own'd me,
I trod as on Olympus: even Juno,
To my big heart, seem'd not to merit envy.
Proud maiden, punish'd now is thy presumption.
The scorn, the outcast both of gods and men,

On a wild waste that must for ever hide thee,
Thy idle wailings are the scoff of echoes.

O shame, O woe, O base ingratitude;
Couldst thou but hear my shrieks of anguish, Theseus,
These arms that sav'd thee from the monster's den,
That led thee from the tomb to life and light,
Are vainly stretch'd in humble supplication,
To ask in mercy but a short return.
Waft me at least to where a father's pity,
A mother's sobs would soothe the pangs of death,
And marble shield my corse from hungry wolves.

Why was I ever fated to behold him?
The pupil of Alcides, and as brave,
In youthful beauty, like a god, he stood
And turn'd on me his full love-darting eyes.
Like the dark clusters of the grape, his locks,
Becrown'd a hero-countenance; his gait,
His form, were noble; and his voice thrill'd feeling.
To hear him prais'd drew from me tears of joy;
My bosom heav'd with transport when he spoke:
And when he talk'd of love————too like a zephyr
I glided lightly to his open arms.

When from the labyrinth he burst victorious,
I claim'd to be the comrade of his triumph,
To seek his country and to share his home.

We quitted Crete together. Now he leaves me
A wretched outcast on a homeless shore.

Traitor! Has heaven, has earth, as yet beheld
Baser unthankfulness than thine to one
Whose only crime was her excess of love?

Goddess of love, great Venus, hast thou known
As strong a flame as mine, O haste and save me.

Sweet were my vernal days, while guiltless yet
The rosy hours danc'd round my childish steps,

And on my mother's arm, with flowrets crown'd,
I innocently stray'd, and lov'd but her.
How weak is filial affection, when
The soul awakes to passion! Her I quitted;
And now once more to see her would be bliss.

Could I, my mother, falling at thy feet,
But catch one pitying tear-drop on my neck,
And, while my heart is breaking, but obtain
For the last sound I hear, thy whisper'd pardon,
'T were not, methinks, so dreadful quite——to die.

OREAD.

Be mute and tremble: fate has seal'd thy doom.
Death is thy only refuge. Over thee
Rocks frown destruction; and the ocean's voice,
In awful murmurs, calls thee to thy grave.

ARIADNE.

Ah wo is me. No refuge, none remains.—
Along this precipice, with fluttering hair,
Not far I'll run.—Theseus, if other brides
Would trust thy fondness, bring them to this cliff,
And say: The first I lov'd—here plung'd and perish'd.

[*She throws herself into the sea.*

Minona, a tragedy first published in 1785, and adorned with musical chorusses, has more pretensions to fancy, but is often mystical and unintelligible. The scene lies in Great Britain in the time of Aurelius Ambrosius. The manners of the Romans, of the Anglosaxons, and of the Celts, are contrasted with great antiquarian knowledge, and illustrated with learned notes. In this respect it may be thought to have suggested ideas to Dr. Sayers, who, in his Moina, in like manner, opposes to each other the gothic and celtic superstitions.

On the whole Gerstenberg is too exuberant, affected, and unnatural a writer for classical rank; but he had the great merit of breaking up untried ground, and of inclosing new fields for dramatic appropriation: if the reader has little to enjoy, the artist has much to remember of his compositions.

Having finished our pilgrimage to the grave of Wieland, we may now return to Weimar, and linger there: it is the burial-place of Herder, the birth-place of Kotzebue; and has vaulted in the ducal chapel the sepulchres of Schiller and Göthe.

§ 2.

Life of Herder—Kantian Philosophy—Poetic works—Popular Songs—Flowers from the Greek Anthology—Tears of the Muses—Paramythia—Terpsichore—Oriental Flowers—Prose-works.

JOHN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER, born the 25th of August, 1744, was the son of a village-schoolmaster, who taught at Mohrungen in Prussia. Assiduously instructed by his father, he was early remarked for reading and spelling well, and for an exquisitely neat and beautiful hand-writing. These qualifications recommended him to the notice of a neighbouring clergyman, named Treschko, whose sight was weak, and who employed the boy to copy out fairly his sermons from the rough and interlined drafts. The young amanuensis was soon admitted into the house of his employer, and became attached to the family in a nominally menial capacity; but he was suffered to play with the children of his master, and to partake the lessons of latin and greek, which they daily received from their father. Herder's progress was singularly rapid, and all his leisure was devoted to application. As he had no apartment which he could call his own, he willingly concealed himself in an apple-tree of the orchard, would strap himself to one of the branches, and there sit and pursue his studies.

A Russian physician, who came to visit the Treschko

family, heard with interest the praise of young Herder's industry and attainments, and obtained leave for taking him to Petersburg, where he thought it would be easy to get him a situation as preceptor, notwithstanding his extreme youth; for boys learn willingly from tutors nearly of their own age, as they can more quickly imitate and more freely question a fellow-student than a learned master. At Königsberg, however, the Russian sounded so loudly the praises of his protectee, that the professors there thought it a duty to endeavour at preserving the young genius to his country; and they voted him from some foundation a stipend or exhibition, which would enable him to study at that university, on the condition of his qualifying himself for holy orders. This was acceded to by all parties, and Herder became an inmate of the Frederician college, where he attended not only the theological and classical lectures, but also those of Kant, the professor of moral and metaphysical philosophy, and he became, for a time at least, an attached disciple of this original thinker, who concealed the boldness of his double[1]

[1] Were we to believe (says a Monthly Reviewer, vol. xxviii, p. 62, who delivers my opinion) the impassioned panegyrics of Professor Kant's pupils, Prussia boasts in him a philosopher of the first water; whose metaphysical theory is not less new than incontrovertible, and who has at once extended the bounds and ascertained the limits of intellectual science. Its very addition to human knowledge is stated to consist in demonstrating that it is the utmost attainable stretch of human faculty. His scholars, like the disciples of Plotinus, seem only in doubt whether to revere him as a sage or to worship him as a god; from the angelic and seraphic doctors of their forefathers, they turn with awe to this incarnate logos; and they want only the trumpet of Eloa to sound his name from sun to sun.

If we inquire among his followers for the general drift of his system, we are answered only in negations. It is *not* atheism; for he affirms that practical reason is entitled to infer the existence of a supreme Intelligence. It is *not* theism; for he denies that theoretical reason can demonstrate the existence of an infinite intelligent Being. It is *not* materialism; for he maintains that time and space are only forms of our perception; and not the attributes of extrinsic existences. It is *not* idealism; for he maintains that noumena are independent of phænomena; that things perceptible are prior to perception. It is *not* libertarianism; for he allows the will to be determined by regular laws. It is *not* fatalism; for he defines this to be a system in which the connection of purposes in the world is considered as accidental. It is *not* dogmatism; for he favours every possible doubt. It is *not* scepticism; for he affects to demonstrate what he teaches.—Such are the indefinite evasions of the school.

doctrine under the veil of a pedantic but precise phraseology.

While a student, Herder gave many private lessons, and, after he had attained holy orders, he took some pupils to board, and also gave public lectures; nor did he omit to exercise his pen in a periodic miscellany.

Were we, however, to describe the impression made on ourselves by the writings of this Professor, we should call his doctrine—an attempt to teach the negative philosophy of Spinosa in the disgusting dialect of scholasticism.

It is not however with the terms already coined by the scholastics that professor Kant has been content: he has invented a new metaphysical nomenclature, which requires a peculiar glossary. Some of his words are latin, as *objective* and *subjective*, *immanent* and *transcendental*, *cognition* and *deduction*, *receptivity* and *intuition*, &c., others are greek, as *æsthetic*, *architectonic*, *dynamic*, *teleology*, *noumenon* and *phænomenon*, &c. and these words, which have moreover a cant sense in the writings of the school, when employed in a language, whose characteristic elegance it is to repudiate all foreign phraseology, and to form its terms by internal resources, give to the style of Kant a barbarous uncouthness. We shall not apply to the professor a well-known line of Voltaire in his satire entitled *Les deux Siecles*,

"Si vous ne pensez pas, créez de nouveaux mots:"

but we ask by which of these words is gained a more concise, distinct, or definite mode of expressing the current positions of philosophy? Are we not liable, by the introduction of several among them, to put metaphysics into a still more abstruse form, and to remove this branch of study yet further from the reach of common minds? Vanity will ever choose to repeat what it has not always the application nor the ability requisite to learn and to comprehend; and thus will arise a crowd of nonsensical praters who adopt without meaning an esoteric jargon, which they will soon render unfit for the use even of the initiated. Dialectic obscurity will be made to pass for intellectual subtilty; and the same offuscation of the public mind will overshadow the modern world, which, by a similar process, the Platonists of Alexandria superinduced on the antient. The Alexandrian writings do not differ so widely in spirit, as is commonly apprehended, from those of the Königsberg school; for they abound with passages which, while they seem to flatter the popular credulity, resolve into allegory the stories of the gods; and into an illustrative personification, the soul of the world; thus insinuating to the more alert and penetrating, the speculative rejection of opinions with which they are encouraged and commanded in action to comply. With analogous spirit, Professor Kant studiously introduces a distinction between *practical* and *theoretical* reason; and while he teaches that rational conduct will indulge the hypothesis of a god, a revelation, and a future state, (this, we presume, is meant by calling them *inferences of practical reason,*) he pretends that theoretical reason can adduce no one satisfactory argument in their behalf: so that his morality amounts to a defence of the old adage; "Think with the wise and act with the vulgar:" a plan of behaviour which secures to the vulgar an ultimate victory over the wise. The present time is favourable to the success of such accommodating speculations. Epicurism has recently been promulgated in France in the vernacular tongue, and in works of amusement. The consequence has been a general dissolution of morals, which it is now the object of literature to remedy by removing the cause. For this purpose, philosophy is to be withdrawn within a narrower circle of the initiated; and these must be induced to conspire in favouring a vulgar superstition. This can best be accomplished by enveloping with enigmatic jargon the topics of discussion; by employing a cloudy phraseology which may intercept from below the war-whoop of impiety, and from above the evulgation of infidelity; by contriving a kind of "cypher of illuminism," in which public discussions of the most critical nature can be carried on from the press, without alarming the prejudices of the people or exciting the precautions of the magistrate. Such a cypher, in

His first poem was an Ode to Cyrus, which celebrates under antique names the return of illustrious exiles from Siberia, who were related to one of his pupils, and through whose connexions he obtained the situation of Lutheran minister at Riga, as well as that of rector over the high school attached to the cathedral there. His eloquence, corroborated by a fine voice and figure, drew general admiration: and several publications, premature perhaps and ambitiously strange, but impressed with the seal of genius, assisted to attract the attention of the public.

In 1768 he was invited to undertake the office of inspector of the saint Peter's college at Petersburg; but he declined the office in favor of a nearly contemporary application to accompany the young prince of

the hands of an adept, is the dialect of Kant. Add to this, the notorious Gallicanism of his opinions, which must endear him to the patriotism of the philosophers of the Lyceum; and it will appear probable that the reception of his forms of syllogizing should extend from Germany to France; should completely and exclusively establish itself on the continent; entomb with the reasonings the reason * of the modern world; and form the tasteless fret-work which seems about to convert the halls of liberal philosophy into churches of mystical supernaturalism.

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* At first glance, it will appear unjust to have pointed out the Kantians, who pique themselves on having removed a practical objection to the profession of the boldest philosophy, as likely to be the instruments of eventually quenching the light of inquiry. We admit the purity of their present intentions: but their subjective conduct may tend to defeat their objective views. Heteroclitical phraseology is the first step to heteronomy of apperception,—and insanity is nothing more. The teleology of nature, which may differ from that of well-meaning individuals, has repeatedly caused Philosophy to destroy herself by her own weapons;—and we should rely more on empirical than on transcendental deduction, in a question of pragmatic causation.—Confusion of language, says the parable, broke up and re-barbarised the first civil society. Perhaps our hypothesis is influenced by architectonic prejudice; (see Rev. vol. xxiv. p. 526;) it certainly is not advanced as apodictic futurity. Can it, then, be worth while to learn to use

> This party-colour'd dress
> Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages,
> This German cut on Greek and Latin?

There is much resemblance between the minds of Immanuel Kant and Jeremy Bentham: both think deeply and boldly; both detect acutely the sophisms, or fallacies, of others; both express themselves with real precision; yet, by the profuse introduction of new terms, both conceal from ordinary readers the drift of their respective speculations.

Holstein-Eutin on his travels through Germany and France. At Strasburg he made the acquaintance of Göthe, and founded a friendship which endured for life.

In 1770 he won the prize offered by the Academy of Berlin for a Dissertation on the Origin of Language, which he considers as an instinctive evolution of human organization. Soon after this he was appointed court-preacher to count Wilhelm of Schaumburg-Lippe, through whose influence he progressively became superintendent and consistorial counsellor at Bückeburg. During his residence there he published many works, chiefly prosaic, which widely extended his literary reputation. In 1773 he again won the prize offered by the Academy of Berlin for a Dissertation on the Causes of the Decline of Taste.

The Hanoverian government proposed to him in 1775 to occupy a professor's chair in the university of Göttingen; and he went thither with a view to accept the invitation; but received the mortifying intelligence that his nomination had not been confirmed by the king of Great Britain: some suspicions of heresy, it is said, having reached the queen's reader, M. de Luc, which travelled to high quarters. Probing examinations were required, and specific professions of faith were expected; when suddenly an unconditional invitation reached Herder from the excellent and unprejudiced duke of Weimar, appointing him to the triple offices of General Superintendent, consistorial counsellor, and court-preacher at Weimar. In this modern Athens, which enjoyed all the freedom of sentiment tolerated by antiquity, he obtained that dignified independence, and that liberal leisure, which enabled him to consecrate his high talents, and his unrelenting industry, to the

service of his diocese and to the glory of his country.

In 1779 he won a third prize at Berlin for a Dissertation on the reciprocal influence of government and science. But he attended sedulously to his local duties. He drew up a new catechism; revised the public services of the church, enlarged the orchestra, extended and liberalized the seminaries of instruction, and attained in 1789 the further rank of vice-president of the consistory. His suavity, his mildness, his feeling, won for him the epithet of the Protestant Fenelon.

Hitherto the style of Herder's writings had displayed a harsh innovative tendency, a forceful contorsion of diction, a love of mystical oriental hyperbole, of which Klopstock had set the example. In the society of Wieland and Göthe, Herder first learned to sacrifice to the Graces; and his compositions gradually approached nearer and nearer to the beautiful, if they lost something of their early raciness and energy. The flowers of fancy, the amenities of expression, were scattered over his pages with a freeer hand: and from one of the most difficult and obscure he became one of the most elegant writers of Germany.

Having translated into German, under the title Terpsichore, the latin odes of the Bavarian poet Baldi: in 1791 the elector of Bavaria transmitted to him letters of heritable nobility for his patriotic exertions.

From this period Von Herder continued to reside at Weimar in the constant enjoyment of the comforts of affluence, and the society of genius; he was honoured by the whole ducal family, and venerated by the public. His son, born in 1774, became physician to the court, but died in 1806.

A lachrymal fistula attacked him latterly, which somewhat diminished the noble impression of his

countenance, and much impaired his satisfaction in study. He was attended by his son, and died on the 18th of December, 1803: occupied in composing a hymn to Deity—which breaks off where he laid down at once his pen and his life.

Professor Heyne and Johann Müller undertook to superintend a posthumous edition of Herder's works, in conformity to certain directions and instructions which he had given them in correspondence. Several repetitions were expunged; some controversial pamphlets were suppressed; and also some entire tracts, which he had printed in a crude form, and afterwards expanded more gracefully. These select works issued from the Cotta press at Tübingen in 1805, and the following years, and extend to thirty volumes. Heyne edited the antiquarian, Müller the theologic works.

The poetry will require some detail of attention; of the prose a cursory outline may suffice. First in the order of time occur *Popular Songs*, in two volumes, originally printed in 1778. They are in great part translations from Percy's Reliques, mostly in rime, interspersed with some analogous compositions of the older poets of Germany, and of the contiguous northern nations.

Here is the twenty-fourth of the first book, entitled

A CLOISTER-SONG.

No safer course has man below
Than to accept the cloister-vow.
I bound myself with little strife
To lead a chaste and holy life.
O Love, what have I done!

When chimes the matin bell for prayer
I sing the mass in lonely air;

The gloria-patri's then intrude,
I think of her I might have wooed.
O Love, what have I done!

My parents both have come and gone,
They pray but for themselves alone:
Their clothes are fine, and soft, and fair,
But I must wear the shirt of hair.
O Love, what have I done!

At night when I retire to rest,
My bed is lonely, cold, unblest;
I think, (may God forgive my harms!)
I wish I had her in my arms.
O Love, what have I done!

In the second book are contained some Esthonian songs, of which these are two.

NUPTIAL SONG.

Deck thyself, maiden,
With the hood of thy mother;
Put on the ribbands,
Which thy mother once wore:
On thy head the band of duty,
On thy forehead the band of care,
Sit in the seat of thy mother,
And walk in thy mother's footsteps,
And weep not, weep not, maiden;
If thou weepest in thy bridal attire,
Thou wilt weep all thy life.

ANOTHER.

Young maid, young woman,
When thou grewest up in the house,
Thou wast precious as gold at home,
As silver in thy father's hoard,
As copper in thy brother's treasure.

But now, Marichen, thou goest to a stranger's abode,
Where thou wilt come like a fish to a different shore,
Like a duck to a different place.
I know not whether to praise or to blame thee,
Whether thou there wilt be valued so much as the earth
Over which the geese rapidly run,
Or as the ground a sparrow can stand on.

Lithuanian songs also occur, of which this is one.

NUPTIAL SONG.

I have already told my mother,
I have given her warning against midsummer.
Look out, mother, for another girl,
Who may spin for you, and weave for you.
I have spun white flax enough,
I have woven fine linnen enough,
I have hemmed enow sheets and table-cloths,
I have swept often enough the green court-yard,
I have long obeyed my dear mother,
Now I must heed the bidding of my bridegroom.

Long enough have I tedded the meadow-grass,
And long enough carried the rake afield.
Now, my green maiden's garland,
Not long shalt thou remain on my head;
Now my apron of green silk,
Not long shalt thou flicker in the sun;
Now my locks, my yellow locks,
Not long shall you be loose in the wind.
But I shall go to visit my mother,
Not with a garland, but in a wife's bonnet.
O my bonnet, my fine new bonnet,
Don't be blown off in a gust of wind.

But thou, my work-bag, my gay work-bag,
Shalt still hang on my arm by moon-light:

I shall still knit stockings as I walk,
And carry needles and thread in my hussy.
You my rings, my golden rings,
May lie by in the chest and rust,
I shall now wear but one.

The third book chiefly consists of mythologic ballads from the Edda: the proportion of original poems is small.

More important are the poems contained in the *Scattered Leaves*, first printed at Gotha in 1785. These are very miscellaneous in their contents. *Flowers from the Greek Anthology* first occur, which are a series of finished translations of the more remarkable epigrams and minute poems in that collection. Distichs of hexameter and pentameter lines have mostly been employed, but sometimes iambic lines of four feet. Several of these poems, the author tells us in his preface, were originally in rime: but he has every where been at the pains of expunging that excrescence, as incompatible with the simplicity of spirit and the Attic purity of taste, which should characterize the imitations of Greek poetry. The manner of Herder may be thus imitated.

THE ROSE-BUSH.

Short is the bloom of the rose-bush of youth; and when faded
Vainly you'll seek for the flow'r; only the thorn is behind.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

Mortal enjoy all thy life, as wert thou to-morrow to lose it;
Mortal have care of thy life, just as if never to die.

VOICE OF A SON.

Cruel, ye fates, was my lot, unpermitted to gaze on the daylight
But for a few short years, soon to descend to the shades.
Was I then born but in vain? nor allow'd to requite to my mother
All that she bore at my birth, all she bestow'd on my growth.
Orphan of father betimes, on her I was thrown for supportance,
Doubling the toil of her hand, doubling the cares of her soul.
Yet was she never employ'd to prepare me the torches of hymen,
Saw from the promising sprout no compensation of fruit.
Mother, thy grief is the bitterest pang I have suffer'd from fortune,
That I have liv'd not enough aught of thy love to repay.

OBLIVION AND MEMORY.

Sisters, tho' strangely unlike, Oblivion, Memory, bless me:
You, with the veil, overshadow the fading remains of my sorrows;
You, with the mirror, revive and illumine the view of my pleasures.

In the preface, Herder observes:—'About one hundred and fifty years before Christ, an Asiatic Greek, Meleager of Tyre, first collected *a garland of flowers* (*ανθολογια*) of the neatest little poems in his language. That he made a select choice may be inferred from the names of the poets and poetesses of whom he borrowed, and from the tender and refined taste which pervades his own productions. If we read over, in the dedication of his anthology to his friend Diocles, the four and forty names of those whose blossoms he culled—if we take into consideration the collector's enthusiasm—how he compares the manner of each to a peculiar flower, and flies about, like a bee, to seek for the very sweetest—if we are then told that this treasure is no more, it is probably lost to us for ever, in so much that we know of several poets only from this very catalogue;

—poets, however, which might be placed beside a Sappho and Erinna, beside an Anacreon, a Plato, an Alcæus, a Simonides, an Archilochus, a Bacchylides, a Theocritus, of all whom we are reduced to judge by fragments;—if, while these collective circumstances are present to us, we reflect that Greeks have lived but once on our earth—who will refuse his sigh of regret to the garland of Meleager?

'About a century and a half later, Philip of Thessalonica began to apply a similar industry to the poets who had flourished since Meleager. The names of such as have descended again compel us to lament the loss of the remainder; and the rather, as both Meleager and Philip collected *flowers* of anonymous poets; so that the loss cannot be estimated from the catalogue of names. Probably, they had accumulated all that appeared to them worthy the attention of a correct taste.

'But fate was to destroy one anthology by means of another. In the barbaric times of Justinian, lived Agathias, a third compiler. In seven volumes, he brought together poems of his own, and of other poets who flourished later than Philip, and whose writings consequently corresponded more nearly with the taste of this age. What could result but that this collection swept the preceding into oblivion, and occasioned a general neglect of the better reliques of purer antiquity? The collections of both Meleager and Philip would probably have completely perished, if a fourth person had not arisen to save at least a few blossoms.

'Constantinus Kephalas, of the tenth century, was this fourth collector. He possessed the labors of his three predecessors, and levied a tribute on each. How he chose we shall not attempt to decide, but remain

grateful that he picked out so much. He it was, indeed, who by his essence of anthologies chiefly contributed to bring these into disuse; for his predecessor Agathias had at least not emptied and plundered the garlands of his forefathers: yet even he was too distant to be our benefactor, and was only to descend to us piecemeal through the medium of a fifth transcriber.

'In the fourteenth century, Planudes gave a new form to the anthology of Kephalas. He omitted, he subdivided, he inserted at his pleasure;—and this Planudian compilation was the first which the press immortalized. A single copy of the anthology of Kephalas had been preserved in the library of Heidelberg, and fortunately fell into the hands of Salmasius, before that treasure migrated to Rome. He took a copy of it. His copy was multiplied. By degrees single pieces, preserved elsewhere, were superadded. An edition was promised. A few epigrams became public specimens. At length Reiske, despising inconveniences, began the work. He also edited some books of the anthology of Kephalas, but has been superseded by a second [2] Meleager; who, out of the principal pieces which time has spared, and his industry could assemble, has at length revived a precious wreath. Like Meleager, he has again arranged the poems according to their authors and dates; and, as he so well merits to edit Greek poetry, we will hope that fortune may throw into his hands what yet exist of anthological manuscripts in Rome, or elsewhere in Italy; until, perhaps, some fortunate searcher shall resuscitate, in Constantinople, or in some Greek cloister, the original anthologies of Meleager, Philip, or Agathias. Wreaths

'2 Brunck, *Analecta Vet. Poet. Græc.* Argentorati, 1777.'

shall be woven for the traveller whom this unexpected good fortune awaits.'

A dissertation *on the epigram* succeeds, which deserves to be compared with those of *Lessing* on the same topic. Some tragic scenes in verse from the Greek poets, which may be called 'Tears of the Muses,' further diversify Herder's translations of the antients.

Paramythion means a pastime, and, as Guys relates, the modern Greeks still call the tales and poems with which they amuse their leisure, *Paramythia.* Under this well-chosen title, M. HERDER has arranged a number of short mythological allegories, remarkable for the gracefulness of garb under which they veil the form of instruction. Specimens will not displease the reader.

'SLEEP.

'Among the choir of countless Genii, whom Jupiter created for men, in order to superintend and to bless the short period of a painful existence, was the dim Sleep. "What have I to do, (said he, surveying his dusky form,) in the midst of my dazzling brethren? how sadly I look in the band of the Sports, of the Joys, and of the Loves! It may be that I am welcome to the unhappy, whom I lull to oblivion of their cares: it may be that I am welcome to the weary, whom I do but strengthen to new toil:—but to those who are neither weary nor woe-begone, whom I only interrupt in the circle of their joys"——

"Thou errest, (said the father of Genii and of Men,) thou in thy dusky form shalt be a Genius dear to all

the world. Dost thou not think that sports and joys fatigue? In truth they tire sooner than care and want, and bequeath to their pampered host the most irksome sloth. And even thou, (continued Jupiter,) shalt not be without thy pleasures, but shalt often surpass therein the whole company of thy brothers." With these words he reached out the grey horn full of pleasing dreams: "Hence, (added he,) scatter thy poppy seeds, and the happy no less than the miserable of mankind will wish for thee, and love thee above all thy brethren. The hopes, the sports, and the joys, herein contained, were caught by the charmed fingers of thy sisters the Graces, on the most redolent meads of paradise. The ethereal dews that glitter on them will image, to every one whom thou wouldst bless, his own wish; and, as the Goddess of Love has sprinkled them with celestial nectar, their forms will be radiant with a glowing grace, which the cold realities of earth cannot attain. From amid the rosy band of the pleasures, gladly will men hasten to thy arms. Poets will sing of thee, and strive to rival thy enchantments in their songs. Even the innocent maid shall wish for thee, and thou wilt hang on her eye-lids a sweet, a welcome God."

'The complaint of Sleep was changed into thankfulness and triumph, and he was united to the loveliest of the Graces,—to Pasithea.'

'THE CHOICE OF FLORA.

'While Jupiter was summoning the creation which he meditated in ideal forms before him, he beckoned, and Flora appeared among the rest. Who can describe her charms, who can image forth her beauty? Whatever the earth showers from her virgin lap was mingled

in her shape, her color, her drapery. All the gods gazed on her delighted, all the goddesses envied her beauty.

"Choose for thyself a paramour," said Jupiter, "out of this numerous band of Divinities and Genii: but beware not to choose idly."

'Flora looked about with levity. Oh that she had chosen the beautiful Phœbus, who was enraptured with the love of her!—but his beauty was too sublime for her. Her busy look wandered around, and she chose (who could have thought it?) one of the lowest of the gods, the fickle Zephyr.

"Inconsiderate! (said the father;) that thy sex, even in intellectual forms, should prefer showy glittering charms to the calm energy of the highest love! Hadst thou chosen him, (pointing to Phœbus,) thou and thy progeny would have participated his immortality."

'Zephyr embraced her, and she disappeared. She flew in the form of flower-dust into the region of the god of air.

'When Jupiter realized the ideal forms of his universe, and the lap of earth was prepared to receive the seeds of vegetation, he called to Zephyr, who was slumbering over the ashes of his beloved. "Awake, youth, and bring with thee thy beloved, and behold her earthly appearance." Zephyr came with the flower-dust, and scattered it over the surface of Earth. Phœbus recollected his love, and conferred on it Animation. The goddesses of springs and streams watered it with sisterly affection. Zephyr clasped it, and Flora appeared in a thousand motley springing flowers.

'How glad was each to find again its celestial lover, to lean toward his playful kisses, and to cradle on his wavering arm. Short-lived bliss! As soon as the fair

had opened her bosom, and had drest her nuptial bed in all the pomps of hue and fragrance, the satiate Zephyr abandoned her;—and Phœbus, pitying her disappointed love, put an early end to her grief with his consuming beam!

'Every spring, ye maids, begins anew the same history. Ye bloom, like Flora: choose not such a lover as Zephyr.'

'AURORA.

'Aurora was complaining to the Gods that, although she was much praised by men, she was little beloved or visited by them, and least by those who loudest sang her praises. "Do not grieve about thy lot, (said the Goddess of Wisdom,) is it not the same as mine? —and then, (continued she,) look at those who slight thee, and at the rival whom they prefer. Behold them, as thou passest, floundering in the embrace of laziness, and decaying both in body and in mind;—and hast thou not friends, not adorers enow? The whole creation worships thee; all the flowers awake and clothe themselves by thy roseate beam in new and bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcomes thee, and seems intent wholly on varied arts to charm thy transient presence. The laborious boor, and the industrious sage, never disappoint thee; they quaff, from the cup which thou offerest, health and strength, repose and life: doubly pleased that they enjoy thee undisturbed, and uninterrupted by the prating croud of sleepy fools. Dost thou consider it as no blessing that the unworthy are never seen among thy admirers? To be worshipped without profanation is the highest prize of love among gods and men."

'Aurora blushed at her thoughtless murmurs. Let every beauty aspire to her fortune, who equals her in purity and innocence.'

In a second volume are continued the *Flowers from the Greek Anthology*, and the dissertation *on the Greek Epigram*. Under the title *Hyle*, occur some other translations of the minute poems of the Greeks. A truly classical *Essay on the Personification of Nemesis* among the antients: a no less learned appendix to Lessing's celebrated *Inquiry concerning the Manner in which Death was represented by the Artists of Antiquity*; and a rhapsodical *eulogy* of the learned and liberal-minded philosopher and dramatist *Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*; complete the volume.

Under the title Terpsichore, Herder translated into German verse the latin odes of the Bavarian Jesuit Baldi; but these modern antiques neither supply the interest of classical or of German poetry.

A collection of short poems, with the superscription *Emblems and Dreams*, fill the first half of the third volume. Here is one of them.

TO A DRAGON-FLY.

I.

Flutter, flutter gently by,
Little motley dragon-fly,
On thy four transparent wings;
Hover, hover o'er the rill,
And when weary sit thee still
Where the water-lily springs.

II.

More than half thy little life,
Free from passion, free from strife,
  Underneath the wave was sweet;
Cool and calm content to dwell,
Shrouded by thy pliant shell,
  In a dank and dim retreat.

III.

Now the nymph transform'd may roam,
A sylph in her aerial home,
  Where'er the zephyrs shall invite;
Love is now thy curious care,
Love that dwells in sunny air,
  But thy very love is flight.

IV.

Heedless of thy coming doom,
O'er thy birth-place and thy tomb
  Flutter, little mortal, still;
Though beside thy gladdest hour
Fate's destroying mandates lour,
  Length of life but lengthens ill.

V.

Confide thy offspring to the stream,
That when new summer suns shall gleam,
  They too may quit their wat'ry cell;
Then die.——I see each weary limb
Declines to fly, declines to swim;
  Thou lovely short-liv'd sylph, farewell.

Parables in the style of early Oriental tradition, which display an inventive and a truly poetical imagination, and a learned dissertation *on the Ruins of Persepolis*, occupy the remainder. Of these parables, which are called *Leaves of other Times*, we shall translate a few.

'THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY.

'When the Almighty was about to create Man, he summoned before him the angels of his attributes, the watchers of his dominions. They stood in council around his hidden throne.

"Create him not," said the angel of Justice; "he will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppress the weaker."

"Create him not," said the angel of Peace; "he will manure the earth with human blood; the first-born of his race will be the slayer of his brother."

"Create him not," said the angel of Truth; "he will defile thy sanctuary with falsehood, although thou shouldst stamp on his countenance thine image, the seal of confidence."

'So spake the angels of the Attributes of Jehovah; when Mercy, the youngest and dearest child of the Eternal, arose, and, clasping his knees: "Create him, father," said she, "in thy likeness, the darling of thy loving kindness. When all thy messengers forsake him, I will seek and support him, and turn his faults to good. Because he is weak, I will incline his bowels to compassion and his soul to atonement. When he departs from peace, from truth, from justice, the consequences of his wanderings shall deter him from repeating them, and shall gently lead him to amendment."

'The Father of All gave ear, and created Man, a weak faultering being, but in his faults the pupil of mercy, the son of ever-active and ameliorating love.

'Remember thine origin, oh man! when thou art hard and unkind toward thy brother. Mercy alone willed thee to be: Love and Pity suckled thee at their bosoms.'

'THE VINE.

'On the day of their creation, the trees boasted one to another their excellence. "Me the Lord planted," said the lofty cedar, "strength, fragrance, and longevity, he bestowed on me."—"The goodness of Jehovah fashioned me to be a blessing," said the shadowy palm; "utility and beauty he united in my form." The apple-tree said: "Like a bridegroom among youths I glow in my beauty, amid the trees of the grove." The myrtle said: "Like the rose among briars, so am I amid other shrubs." Thus all boasted; the olive and fig-tree, and even the fir.

'The vine alone drooped silent to the ground: "To me, (thought he,) every thing seems to have been refused: I have neither stem, nor branches, nor flowers: but such as I am I will hope and wait." He bent down his shoots and wept.

'Not long had he to wait: for behold the divinity of earth, Man, drew nigh. He saw the feeble helpless plant trailing its honours along the soil. In pity, he lifted up the recumbent shoots, and twined the feeble plant about his own bower;—and now the winds played with its leaves and tendrils, and the warmth of the sun began to empurple its hard green grapes, and to prepare within them a sweet and delicious juice, the repast and the drink of gods and of men. Decked with its rich clusters, the vine now leaned towards its master, who tasted its refreshing fruit and juicy beverage, and named the Vine his friend, his grateful favourite.

'Then the proud trees envied the Vine, for behold they stood barren and neglected: but he rejoiced in his humble growth and his persevering patience; and

still his juice enlivens the heart of the sad, lifts the sinking courage, and inspires to perseverance and exertion.

'Despair not, ye forsaken; bear, wait, and strive. From the insignificant reed flows the sweetest of juices: from the bending vine springs the most delightful drink of the earth.'

'THE DEATH OF ADAM.

'Nine hundred and thirty years old was Adam, when he felt in his bones the sentence of the Judge "thou shalt surely die."

'To Eve, who sorrowed greatly, he said: "Let all my sons come around me; that I may behold and bless them;—and they came, as their father had bidden, and stood around him, many hundreds in number, and wept, and prayed for his life.

"Who of you, (said Adam,) will go to the holy hill? perhaps he may obtain mercy in my behalf, and bring me fruit from the tree of life." All his sons offered to go: but Seth, the most pious of them, was appointed by his father to accomplish this errand.

'His head strown with ashes, Seth hastened and stayed not until he stood at the gates of paradise. There he prayed, saying: "Let Adam find favour in thy sight, O Allmerciful! send my father of the fruit of the tree of life." Suddenly, a messenger of God, a shining cherub, stood before him, holding in his hand, instead of the fruit, a three-leaved twig;—and he said mildly: "Take this unto thy father for his last consolation: eternal life is not for him on this earth. Hasten: for his hour is come."

'Swift as an angel of consolation, Seth hastened, and prostrated himself, and said: "No fruit from the tree of life do I bring thee, O my father! but this branch which the angel gave to me for thy last consolation." The dying man took the bough, and was glad. He smelled thereon the odors of paradise, and his soul was lifted up: "My children, (said he,) eternal life dwells not for us on this earth: I am dying, and ye must follow:—but on this shrub I scent the odours of a higher world, the fragrance of a purer paradise." Then his eyes were glazed, and his spirit departed from him.

'The sons of Adam buried their father, and mourned for him thirty days:—but Seth wept not. He planted the twig on his father's grave, near the place of his head, and called it the tree of resurrection from the dead.

'The branch became a spreading tree, and all the children of Adam were comforted under it; because therewith came the promise of revival from the sleep of death;—and it descended to their children's children, and was seen in David's garden; until his misled son began to doubt of his immortality:—then the tree withered:—but shoots thereof were multiplied in many nations.

'At length, on a stem of this tree, the teacher of immortality resigned his hallowed life; and, behold, the fragrant hopes of resurrection are thence spred abroad among all the nations of the earth.'

Sadi of Shirâz, who flourished about the end of the twelfth century, wrote or more probably collected the Gulistan, of which Gentius in 1651 published at Amsterdam a folio Persian edition, with a Latin interpre-

tation. The work consists of short moral poems, and in 1697 underwent a German translation by Olearius, entitled Rosenthal, or the rose-garden. This old version being scarse, obsolete, and indifferent, M. Herder has thought fit to translate anew the more beautiful or instructive pieces, and his fourth volume opens with *Flowers from this Oriental Anthology.* The hexameter and pentameter lines, which have been employed in the version, are surely as unnatural a costume for the Eastern, as rime for the Grecian Muse. Here is one, entitled,

CHANCE.

Rare luck makes not a rule. One day it pleas'd
The Persian king to place a precious ring
On a tall staff, and offer it a prize
To any archer who should hit it there.
The better marksmen soon assembled round:
They shot with skill, yet no one touch'd the ring.
A boy, who sat upon the palace roof,
Let fly his arrow, and it hit the mark.
On him the monarch then bestowed the prize.
The lad threw bow and arrows on the fire;
"That all my glory may remain to me,
This my first shot, he said, shall be my last."

Another, superscribed

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

In a large flower-pot a little weed
Climb'd round a rose-bush. How, said I, are you
Got to be here, and went to pluck it out.
Leave me, replied the weed, I have grown up
Beside the rose, we have been reared together
In the same garden; rate an ancient friendship
Not by its value but its faithfulness.

To this oriental anthology are appended some original imitations of eastern poetry, entitled, *Thoughts of a Bramin:* these are of them.

SCIENCE AND VIRTUE.

Seek science, as if thou hadst long to live;
Seek virtue, as if thou wert soon to die.

CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

A drop of rain fell on a glowing iron;
It hiss'd, and was no more.
Another fell into a fragrant flower:
And glitter'd long as dew.
A third dropt just within a muscle-shell,
And there became a pearl.
Son, fancy not that friendship with the bad,
With the indifferent, or with the good,
Can be all one to thee.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship with evil men
Is like the morning shadow,
Which lessens every hour:
But friendship with the good
Grows like the evening shadow,
Till sinks the sun of life.

ILL-HUMOUR.

Shun a bad temper, as you shun a coal;
Glowing it burns; and cold it dirties you.

Negro-idyls also occur. Not the smooth painless incidents of Arcadian life adorn these affecting poems. The real miseries, which every year's slave-trade repeats on the African and American shores, are here written

with the tear-dipt pen of humanity. Two may suffice. The first has the form of an epistle from Jamaica.

ZIMEO.

From the tall mountain in Jamaica's centre
Climb'd many days a towering crest of smoak;
Loud-bellowing thunders shook the darken'd air;
Flames hist along the plain; the hurricane
Ran swift in eddying columns through the woods,
Uptearing aged trees and human homes.
The morning sun was darken'd, though afar
Its lustre glisten'd from the troubled sea.

Among the whites, wild consternation spread:
They fled before the negroes, who presum'd
The voice of nature call'd them forth to vengeance.
Planters had fallen among their coffee-trees,
Their cotton-bushes, and their sugar-canes:
Their shrieks of suffering seem'd to echo back,
In the strange screaming of the birds aloof.

Then stood a negro man before us, not
Defil'd with streaks of blood, a gentle soul
Breath'd in his countenance, though bitter passions
Had furrow'd much his sorrow-writhen face.
He stood like one accustom'd to command,
A demigod among obedient men.

Mildly he utter'd: Hear, ye men of peace,
And turn your hearts to the unhappy Zimeo.
He is not stain'd with blood. It were indeed
Blood of the impious: for my brethren heard
In their free[3] desert many calls of woe
From men of their own color, asking them
To aid in punishing the tiger masters.
I come with them to check their indignation.

[3] In Jamaica, says Herder in a note, there is a colony of free negroes, who live in the bushes, and whose independence the English acknowledged in 1738.

Where we have heard of mildness, we have spar'd.
Nor have I even on the guilty head
Pointed the hand of vengeance. Slaves, draw nigh,
How are you treated here? Ye men of peace
Turn not your hearts away from Zimeo.

He call'd our slaves around him, and inquir'd
What was their usage? They soon came before him,
And gladly told him how they far'd at home.
Come, noble one, they said, behold our clothing,
Our dwellings, and our earnings. And the freed ones
Came to embrace our knees, and praise our conduct,
And swore not to forake us in the peril.

With deep emotion, Zimeo turn'd his eyes
On us, then on the slaves, and then to heaven,
Saying: Thou great Orissa, who hast made
The blacks and whites, look down on real men
With eyes of mercy. Punish only guilt.
Give me your hands. Two white men I can love.
Then on a mat beneath a shady tree
He cast himself, and further said: Behold
Here the unhappy Zimeo: he is not
A cruel man——no, by Orissa, no——
But deeply miserable! Then he sobb'd.

When lo! two of our slaves flew toward him.
We know thee, son of our benignant king
The mighty Damiel. I have often seen thee
At Benin. I have seen thee at Onebo.
Then they stept backwards, and he reach'd his hand,
And said: Draw near, my brethren, stay by me;
For the first time Jamaica's air is welcome
Now that I breathe it with my countrymen.

Then he began again: Ye men of peace,
Hear all my wrongs. My father, to prevent
My living among flatterers, early sent me
To join the industrious people of Onebo.
Matomba, a wise antient, brought me up.

Alas! I lost him, and I lost my wife,
His daughter Elavo. He wept again,
And thus continued: Ye have half a soul,
Ye whites, and neither know to love or hate,
Gold is your only passion——but hear more.

While in Onebo (loveliest of lands
Full of sweet recollections!) with Matomba
I learnt to cultivate the fields, liv'd happy
With my Elavo, in the new-born dream
Of love. When lo! there came a pitchy ship
From Portugal to linger on our coast.
O had I never seen it! In Benin
We sell but criminals: and in Onebo
There were no criminals. The pirates asked us
To come on board their vessel. Feast began,
Music and dancing. Oh! I hear it still,
The canon-shot, the signal for departure!—
Amid our friendly confidential joy
The anchor soon was heav'd. And soon the coast
Began to disappear. Tears, lamentations,
Intreaties were in vain. Spare me the tale.
Fetters were fasten'd on us: and we lay
In deepest mourning conscious of our doom.

Three youths destroy'd themselves. I did not that;
Elavo's lot, Matomba's I would share.
Perhaps, methought, to them I may be useful:
Abandon them I must not. 'Twas some comfort
Still to behold the darlings of my soul.

With much of suffering we arrived in harbour.
O bitter moment, there we soon were parted!
In vain my wife, in vain her aged father
Fell at the buyer's feet; I too in vain:
The monster would not take us all. Elavo
Cast a wild look upon me, and I clasp'd her
With iron arm; but we were torn asunder.

I hear her shriek of anguish, view her image,
She bore our pledge of love beneath her bosom.
I see Matomba—

Suddenly our Francis,
My worthy Francis, whom in pity once
I ransom'd from the Spaniards, while a boy,
And plac'd in our apartment, started up
And threw himself in joyful extacy
At Zimeo's feet. Behold, said he, your son!
Elavo was my mother's native name.
Zimeo, these whites are good. Behold thy son!
Matomba, Elavo, are living here.

Who shall describe their extacy to find
Thus a reunion! How the father's eye
Glanc'd full of tears upon his wife, his son,
And on the old Matomba. Thank of heart,
Such as no white can find expression for,
Thrilled in wild giddy accents from their lips,
When we allow'd them free and altogether
To seek their bushes in the table land.

O may some friendly ship be found to bear
The captives back to their own native coast,
To their dear distant fatherland in Benin.

No. 2.

THE BIRTHDAY.

A friend to man liv'd on the Delaware,
The quaker Walter Mifflin, and 'twas thus
He kept his birthday.

How old art thou? friend.
The negro answer'd: not yet turn'd of thirty.

I owe thee then nine years; for by our laws
At one and twenty every youth is free:
Humanity, religion both command
That black and white be view'd with equal eye.

My son is making out in yon apartment
The deed of thy emancipation. I
Will give thee now the wages of thy labor,
Which for nine years have been accumulating.
Thou art as free as I. Both owe obedience
To God and to the law. Be good and toilsome;
But should misfortune ever make thee poor
In Walter Mifflin thou wilt find a friend.

O my dear Sir, replied the worthy Jacob,
I ask not to be free. Born in your household,
Brought up by you, I labour gladly for you,
Have eaten with you of one common fare,
And found in sickness an indulgent master,
Your wife has been a second mother to me:
Where else could I expect to find such kindness.

Jacob, thou now art free. Work on for wages,
Buy first a little land, and next a wife
Of thy own color. May you live together
A faithful an industrious prudent couple.
As I have brought thee up, bring up your children
To honesty, to labor, and to kindness.
Then die in peace with God and all the world.
Free thou shalt be. Freedom 's the greatest good.
God is the father not of whites alone
But of all men. Would he inspir'd our brethren
To scatter comforts over Africa,
And not to draw away her native people.

Good master, I cannot abandon you,
Never have I been as a slave: you ask'd
No more of me than other labourers do.
I have been happier far than many a white,
And earn'd as much. O do not make me leave you.

Well then, remain in my employ a freeman.
This week keep merrily the feast of freedom,
And, when thou art inclin'd to work again,
Thou shalt have wages such as here are usual.

Jacob press'd Walter Mifflin to his heart.
Long as it beats, Sir, it will beat for you,
To-day we 'll feast, to-morrow fresh to work:
Toil in its turn is of itself a feast.

Did e'er the sun set fairer than this day
Upon the Delaware: yet was its glory
Less than the heavenly radiance which was spread
Within the good man's heart, who humbly held
His generous kindness but a deed of duty.

Herder also versified agreeably some catholic legends, in which he endeavoured to substitute a moral for a mystical turn.

Let us now pass on to the prose-works, which are partly philological, partly antiquarian, and partly theological.

In the first class may be remarked those dissertations which treat on the origin of language; on German language; on the relation between German poetry, and that of the Greeks and Orientals; on the imitation of Latin literature; on the chronicle of the Cid; and on the history of criticism.

In the second class may be remarked the dissertations which treat on the ruins of Persepolis; on the history of the human race; on the reciprocal influence of government and science; on promoting[4] humanization; and on various questions of Kantian philosophy.

In the third and most voluminous class may be re-

[4] This work has an epistolary form, and in the 102d letter Herder thus contrasts Milton and Klopstock.

'We are accustomed to call *Klopstock* the German *Milton*: I wish they were never named together; and that *Klopstock* had never known *Milton*. Both have written sacred poesy: but they were not inspired by the same Urania. They bear to each other the relation that Moses bears to Christ, or the old to the new covenant. The edifice of *Milton* is a stedfast and well-plann'd building, resting on antient columns: *Klopstock's* is an enchanted dome, echoing with the softest and purest tones of human feeling, hovering between heaven and earth, borne on angels' shoulders. *Milton's* Muse is masculine, and harsh as his iambics: *Klopstock's* is a tender woman, dissolving in pious ecstasies, warbling elegies and hymns. *Klopstock* had studied deeply the language of his country, and won for it more powers than the

marked, the dissertations which treat on the oldest record of the human race; on the spirit of Hebrew poetry; on an epithalamium, called Solomon's song; on the Apocalypse; on illustrating the New Testament from oriental and rabbinical sources; on the study of theology; on God; on the son of God; and on the human soul, in which a sort of metempsychosis is advocated. There are also sermons, which recall the affectionate tone of Fenelon.

Herder may be characterized as the Plato of the Christian world. His blooming and ardent diction, and his graceful imagination, uniformly cling in devout ecstacy about those passages of the sacred writings, which are adapted to command our loftiest veneration, or to sympathize with our finest feelings. Yet he employs them rather like the mythological allusions and parabolic instructions of an eloquent moralist, than as lessons of experience or dogmata of revelation. He almost professes to conceal, beneath the enthusiasm of a Wesley, the scepticism of a Hume. He binds his brow, indeed, with the clusters of Engedi, strews along his path the roses of Sharon, and culls the sweetest lilies of the valley of Tirzah: but he employs them rather as the gift of human than of angelic hands, rather as the luxuries of taste than of faith. With him, Magdalena, Salome, and the younger Maria, more resemble the clad Graces pursuing Apollo in the dance, and scattering perfumes in his way; or the Gopia listening with mingled love and devotion to the hymnings of Krishen, while Cama strains his cany

Briton ever suspected his to possess. A single ode of *Klopstock* outweighs the whole lyric literature of Britain. The Herman of this writer awaked a spirit of simple nervous song, far loftier than that which animates the chorus-dramas of antiquity. The Samson of *Milton* attains not these models. When music shall acquire among us the highest powers of her art, whose words will she select to utter but those of *Klopstock?*'

bow, and mixes for the nuptial feast his cup of five-fold joy;—than those simple, innocent, pure, and holy, but somewhat awful forms, in which we are accustomed to embody the saints of our church. His erudition, classical and oriental, gives a weight—and his almost voluptuously poetical imagery imparts a fascination—to his points of view, which disarm Philosophy of her spear and Superstition of her shield. He seems inclined to institute a paganized Christianity; and to make the feared gods of the vulgar into the beloved divinities of the cultivated. Had *Sir William Jones* been the founder of a new sect, he would have taught the religion of Herder.

In all his miscellanies, he displays a benevolent temper, considerable erudition, and much imagination. He thinks like a poet, vividly, and in metaphor; seldom like a philosopher, calmly and abstractedly: he excels, therefore, in decoration rather than in enquiry; and even his eloquence borders on excess. It is studiously gorgeous, rarely neat,—the style of an energumen, not of a sage. His trains of idea, like gliding fenfires, are seen to shine, more than to illuminate. His style is harsh, quaint, and innovative. He is oftener affected than original; oftener obscure than deep; he wants arguments frequently, illustrations never, and his favourite illustrations are mythological allegories and allusions. Yet his poetry is as remarkable for simplicity as his prose is for ornament.

His general character as an author rests its distinction chiefly on a basis of oriental erudition, which has given him consequence as a theologian; and on a flowery fancy, which has enabled him to fling a showy profusion of imagery even over vague and trivial thoughts. Yet he has perhaps acquired, in his own country, a greater name than he is likely to attain else-

where. A character for genius is oftener the result of splendid than of solid talents. If a fanciful declaimer happens to meet the views of a theological or political party, he is more sure of the loud support of the dispensers of reputation, than a more original thinker or a closer reasoner. Such has in some degree been the fortune of Herder. Philosophers, by their treacherous applause, have encouraged the religious world to admire and venerate his works. They felt that he would contribute, more than any writer of his time, to diminish the real ascendancy of the sacred books, notwithstanding his enthusiastic veneration for the authors of their composition. Familiar with the turns of oriental intellect, his imagination has known how to transplant itself into the very soil and climate of the east, to evolve the latent meaning of their extravagant hyperboles and wildest fictions, and to compose parables, tales, and pious rhapsodies, in the very spirit of their consecrated legends and traditions. These productions have materially diminished that sentiment of discrepancy between the natural march of the human mind, as we are accustomed to infer it from the history of Greek and Roman literature, and the equally real march of the human mind, as exemplified in the Hebrew writings; the *unparalleled* form of which has surely contributed, not less than their intrinsic excellence, to obtain for them the honors of *supernatural* inspiration. For this peculiarity, the voluminous labors of Herder have especially accounted; and to his panegyrical but explanatory effusions, the world is probably in some degree indebted for the severer and more satisfactory criticism of the rational *Eichhorn*:—but the scaffolding may in time be forgotten by the possessor of the edifice.

§ 3.

Life of Kotzebue—Extracts from his Autobiography—Flight to Paris—Travels through Italy—Exile in Siberia—Account of his Assassination.

At Wien, in 1811, Kotzebue published an autobiography of the previous fifty years of his life; from that document the following sketch is abridged. It belongs to the characteristic of the author to employ his own words.[5]

"Come forth ye magic images of my happy childhood. The recollection of you is scarsely connected with my present self. Come forth ye lovely shadows, and delude my fancy; ascend like a thin vapor from the ocean of the past, and let those sweet hours float once again before my eyes. I stand as on the brink of the stream of time, watching the current as it bears away my flowers, I see them already yonder on the summit of a wave, about to be ingulphed and to disappear for ever.

Let me catch this last glimmer. Do you see that boy who hangs with fixed eyes upon his mother's lips, while on a winter's evening she is reading some good book to him and to his sister. Such wast thou! See him again, making a table of his stool, and a seat of his footstool, while he is devouring a beloved romance,

[5] In general I have availed myself of the late Miss Plumptre's excellent translation.

and leaves his ball and hobby-horse neglected in a corner. Such wast thou!"

I first beheld the light of the world, on the 3rd of May, 1761, in Weimar, the Athens of Germany. The early death of my father, a counsellor of legation, left my mother a young widow. She renounced many of the enjoyments of life, to devote herself to the education of her children. She had reading, feeling, taste, and a rich treasure of maternal tenderness. With qualities like these, she could scarsely find her toils wholly unrewarded.

She engaged successively two tutors for my instruction, young divines, who while anxiously waiting, till in virtue of their godly vocation they should be called to the care of a flock, made me feel most heavily the weight of their shepherd's crooks. One of them was a physiognomist, and was eternally criticizing the formation of my nose; the other was deeply in love, and employed me to carry out letters to his fair one. The mischief done by them was always repaired by my mother. One evening spent with her, one hour's private reading in her room, was of more use to me than all the time employed in construing Langen's Colloquies, or in getting by heart Luther's Catechisms. My tutors taught the parrot to prate, my mother taught the boy to feel.

The first work from which I recollect to have received any strong impression, was a collection of Tales from various languages, entitled *Evening Hours:* my favourite tale, that which drew from me the first tears of sensibility, was the history of Romeo and Juliet, from which Weisse took the materials of his tragedy.

The next book which attracted my eager attention

was Don Quixote; it may have been translated since; but I own I never received half the pleasure from the improved version, which I derived from that I read in my boyhood. A child brings to his studies, as well as to his play, a greater susceptibility of impression, and therefore finds charms in both, which are rather to be ascribed to the freshness of his feelings, than to the inherent influence of the things themselves: as a half-withered leaf still appears beautiful, when the morning sun shines on it. The youth, and even the man, often covets to read again a book, which delighted his early years: he endeavours to procure it, he succeeds at last, and then wonders that it entertains him no longer. My taste, says he, is become more refined.

But hold! thou renowned Don Quixote, thou art leading me too far! Accept my thanks for the many hours of happiness thou hast procured me, and share them with Sancho Pança. Most gladly did I stroll with you from inn to inn, until the wonderful adventurer Robinson Crusoe thrust you out. With irresistible force did he, as a magnet, attract me toward him, as he attracts every other boy. To him I clung as to the choicest treasure of my soul, and, with him under my arm, have frequently flown along the Red Way, as it was called, to the threshold of the stable, there undisturbed by the noise of my play-fellows, to accompany him in his goat-hunts. O how anxiously did I then wish that fortune might one day throw me on a desert iland. How delicious did I fancy was the bread, baked in the earth after Crusoe's fashion, and the pieces of kid dressed in pots of my own making. The word iland still electrifies my soul as formerly; only I no longer wish it to be uninhabited; nor at the

magic sound do I now think of Robinson Crusoe, but of thee, my Ungern. The iland thou inhabitest, my proved, my faithful friend, shall be my last asylum; and if fate should destroy my happiness in society for ever, thou wilt grant me a little spot, where I may drop a tear unmolested over the miserable wreck!

If at any time my imagination was overheated, my mother always contrived to select something for our evening reading, which might moderate this ardor, and make a gentler impression on my too irritable fancy. I was fond of Æsop's Fables, and soon became familiar with those of Gellert, many of which I learned by heart. Haller and Bodmer were above me; but with Uz, Hagedorn, and Gleim, I was delighted, because I understood them.

Early in life they became objects of my imitation: and I well remember my first attempt at writing poetry. I was hardly six years old, and used to keep my manuscript behind the looking-glass, with the rod. The poem was to be a description of rural scenery, and the images were purloined from all the poets with which I was then acquainted. The two following lines especially satisfied me, they canter'd so prettily.

> The sky-lark is warbling and mounting;
> The sheep on the mountains are bounding.[6]

Still I was not aware that these are dactylic lines, although they were the only ones of the poem in that measure: and for many days I puzzled my brain how to make the other lines dance with equal agility.

Soon after I ventured on a first essay at dramatic

[6] The original lines exhibit the same imperfection of riming together a hard and a soft consonant.

> Es singet die steigende Lerche
> Es hüpfen die Shäfgen am Berge.

writing. The fable of the Milkmaid, and the Two Huntsmen, had accidentally fallen into my hands: the favourite little opera on that story was not yet in being: and on this subject I wrote a comedy, which filled a whole octavo page. I was indeed sensible that to bear any resemblance to a real comedy, it ought to have been immeasurably longer; but where was I to learn the art of spinning my thread to a proper length?

My passion for poetry soon produced its usual effect, in rendering my young heart open to tender impressions. My affections were ardently fixed on a young lady already grown up, who afterwards became my aunt. On my seventh birthday, I wrote a passionate letter to this amiable person, on the blank leaf of a drawing book. I complained of her preferring the uncle to the nephew, vowed unalterable fidelity, and requested permission to kiss her little delicate hand.

This circumstance I own to be in itself insignificant; but mention it on account of the consequences. My mother, discovering the letter, and finding the expressions and turn of sentiment above my years, was extremely delighted, nor could her maternal vanity forbear reading it aloud in my presence to some visitors who were at the house. They very naturally, though to my utter confusion, laughed at it heartily; and this gave me the very first deeply tormenting sensation I ever remember to have experienced. Every time the letter was read, for my mother's vanity was not content with one exhibition, this torment was renewed with increasing bitterness. Many times I have retired to an out-house, where we kept wood, and shed tears of shame and disappointment, until at length I got at the detested drawing-book and threw it into the fire. For a long time I lost all confidence in my

mother, with regard to concerns of the heart; and I mention the circumstance, as a warning to parents and others engaged in tuition, to be cautious how they conduct themselves in this respect toward children of acute feelings. It is barbarous to expose them, even in sport, to the mortification of being put to the blush; and there are natures whom it would harden against the fear of disgrace.

Those who make the human heart their study, cannot but have observed how often a propensity to religious enthusiasm is the companion of such an early susceptibility to love. It was not therefore surprising, with a heart formed like mine, that excess of piety should in infancy be one of its prominent features. In truth, so strong was this passion within me, at the time of which I speak, that had it continued as I advanced in years, my mother must long ago have experienced the same happiness that fell to the lot of the mother of St. Borromeo.

No sooner had I left my bed in the morning, than hastening down into the garden, I locked myself into a place which delicacy forbids me to mention, that I might be perfectly retired and undisturbed in my devotions. There kneeling down, I poured out the effusions of my heart to my Creator, not in any regular form, but in such ejaculations as occurred at the moment, which issued from the very bottom of my soul, and were generally accompanied with tears of awe and contrition. Well do I remember how much trouble it occasioned me, to make what I thought sufficient variations in my pious orisons, as I was apprehensive lest God should be offended if there was too much similarity in them, and think that I put him off with the same things every day. It was always my opin-

ion, that a set form of prayer from a book could not be acceptable to the Deity, because he must know already every thing that the book contained; and for this reason I had an insupportable aversion to Benjamin Schmolken's morning and evening devotions, in which I used to read every day to my mother. With true ecclesiastical self-sufficiency, therefore, did I reflect on my hours of private prayer, in which, according to my ideas, the Almighty learned something new.

Shall I confess by what means it happened, that this early propensity to piety was extinguished in my mind? It may perhaps hardly appear credible, but it was by attendance at church. Twice every Sunday did the tutors at Weimar regularly carry their pupils thither, where they were not allowed to speak, to move a limb, or even to ogle with the painted angels upon the cieling. The strictest silence and attention to what was going forwards was required; nay, more, we were expected to write down, or retain in our memories at least, the text and heads of the discourse, which, in truth, was usually a most vapid composition. In winter, this task was performed with perishing fingers' ends; and in summer, when the weather was bright and serene, with an anxious longing to be out in the open air.

How many hours of weariness and languor have I endured in the Castle Church at Weimar, till at length I fell upon an expedient for rendering them somewhat less irksome! No sooner had I caught from the preacher as much as was necessary to relate at my return home, than I stole into a retired corner of the seat, with the Weimar hymn-book, and there studied a history of the siege of Jerusalem annexed to it by way of appendix. In this I found a luxuriant repast for

my imagination. The cry of the lunatic, in particular, who uttered the dreadful sounds of Woe! Woe! from the walls of Jerusalem, seemed every Sunday as I read, to echo in my ears, and made my heart thrill with horror. It will easily be conceived, that since this was the only book to be had at church, I read the history over so often, that at last I could nearly repeat it by heart.

Ye parents and tutors! if ye seek to educate your children to real piety and good morals, be careful how you weary their young minds with going to church. I could cite many fearful examples of the ill-effects produced in children by the lassitude and want of employment they experience there. The siege of Jerusalem is not always at hand to relieve their languor, and the imagination being left wholly to its own devices, schemes have thus been formed which have occasioned the sounds of Woe! Woe! to be uttered by other mouths than the man above alluded to.

For myself, my exemplary piety was not only extinguished, but I soon became an absolute infidel. I might be about nine or ten years old, when one day I accidentally asked my tutor whether God could create another being greater and more powerful than himself? To this enquiry, made in the simplicity of my heart, I received a high-toned and peremptory negative, whence I immediately drew the conclusion that God could not be omnipotent. This, indeed, the more I revolved it in my mind, seemed to me so much the more clear and incontrovertible, that I could by no means comprehend how the world had remained for so many centuries blind to so palpable a truth, and I valued myself not a little upon my own acuteness in having now made the discovery. Many weeks did I

cherish this self-important feeling, and even endeavoured to make proselytes among my young companions, to my ingenious hypothesis. But it carried not the same force of conviction to their minds as to mine. Some laughed at me; others would not listen to my arguments; till at length I grew weary of preaching to no effect. The flame that burned at first with so much ardor, wanting nourishment from vanity, was extinguished by degrees, and after a while nothing remained of the meteor that had so transported my senses, but the pleasing impression inspired by the idea of having first learned to think for myself.

About that time, a lovely girl, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, the only child of two disconsolate parents, died at Weimar of the small-pox. She was beloved, though in silence, since he never made known his passion even to its object, by a boy who was then advancing toward the age of manhood. He was some years older than myself; but as we lived in the same house, and as I always lent a willing ear to his enamoured transports, I became, notwithstanding the difference of our ages, his confidant, and constant companion. Sometimes I accompanied him in an evening under the window of his suffering mistress's apartment, where we have stood patiently waiting for hours together in the rain or snow, watching in the hope of gaining some intelligence of her, though perhaps at last we could not perceive any thing but indistinct shadows, on which to form conjectures, that were always reciprocally communicated.

Once—so fresh is the recollection in my memory, that it seems as though the event had happened but yesterday—we could distinguish pretty clearly upon the curtain, the shadow of a person with a spoon in

her hand, apparently going to give some medicine to the unhappy sufferer. My companion began to weep bitterly, though in the public street; and so deeply was I affected by his situation, that my tears flowed in scarsely less abundance. It was natural enough that such a scene should make an impression upon me, too strong to be effaced by any lapse of time. The night was dark and dismal, the weather stormy. These circumstances, together with the glimmer of the lamp from the sick room, the shadow of the person with the spoon faintly seen through the curtain, the sobs and agony of the afflicted youth, the melancholy reflection that a lovely girl, whom I had often seen skipping and dancing about in all the gaiety of health and spirits, was perhaps at that moment dying, formed a combination of images capable of setting a less ardent imagination than mine into a tempest of emotions. The effect upon me was so powerful, that when the poor girl actually died, I felt the most poignant anguish of heart, exclusive of all considerations of sympathy for her lover.

I, however, soon found a source of consolation not granted to him. I wrote an elegy on her death; and as it was not composed with any attention to poetical rules, but was dictated solely by feeling, I succeeded far better in this attempt than in any thing I had yet produced. It was seriously suggested by some friends, that the poem ought to be printed. The bare idea of this raised such exquisite transports in my bosom, that, notwithstanding my real affection for the youth, and sorrow for the maiden, I believe, if a prayer of mine would have recalled her to life, I could not have prevailed upon myself to offer it up at the expence of this offspring of my brain. Thus did the

vanity of authorship first exercise its all-powerful tyranny over me. The elegy was never printed, for what reason I do not recollect, but the applause I received from the composition would entirely have effaced my sorrow, even though the unfortunate girl had been my own beloved.

I come now to that period of my life, when, from the circumstances into which I was accidentally thrown, my future destiny was irrevocably decided, and I was doomed to experience all the pains and pleasures that inevitably attend the dramatic writer. The deceased player, Abbott, came with his strolling company to Weimar, and fitted up the riding-house as a theatre. Never within my memory had Weimar been visited by any players, and my curiosity was excited beyond all bounds. It will easily be imagined, then, what transports I felt when Musæus, the admirable Musæus, who had always honoured me with his particular notice, and who at that time was Governor of the Pages, came one evening, and requested my mother to let me accompany him to the play.

With a sacred awe did I enter the theatre, an awe the Castle Church was never capable of inspiring. The number of lights, the crowd assembled, the guards, the mysterious curtain, altogether raised my expectation to an unexampled pitch. The play was Klopstock's *Death of Adam*, Musæus let me stand upon the bench before him, that I might see over the heads of the other spectators. The curtain drew up: I was all eyes, all ears. Not a word, a look, or an attitude, escaped me. I was impatient if any one of the audience coughed or blew his nose. I absolutely stamped with my foot upon the bench if a troublesome neighbour began to talk to Musæus, who was too complaisant not

to answer him. No! alive as my heart has always been to powerful impressions, never did I experience any thing equal to the present.

I came home almost stunned with delight. I was asked, how I liked the play? Ah, my God! LIKED! —What a feeble word to describe my feelings! I wanted some new mode of expression coined on purpose to represent them: none of the old ones were sufficiently forcible. Fain would I have painted in the most vivid colors all I had seen, in hopes to make others feel it as I did, but I was only convinced of the impotence of words to accomplish my aim. I neither knew where to begin nor to end. I would have asked no greater blessing of fate, than to grant that I might be present every night at such a performance. Robinson Crusoe's iland was no longer an object of desire to me, for on that desert spot there could be no theatre. It was totally incomprehensible to my mind how people could talk of the play with so much composure, and go on calmly and quietly with their avocations as usual. According to my ideas, they ought all to have run about the streets, like the citizens of Abdera, crying, "*Oh thou ruler over gods and men! Mighty, mighty* ABBOTT!" Did any one ask my mother whether she intended to go that evening to the theatre, and she answered in the negative, that she was engaged to take a walk, or something of the like kind, I thought within myself, "how is it possible that those who can do as they please, should prefer a walk to the play!"

Inexpressible, therefore, were my transports, when, not long after, a regular theatre was instituted at Weimar, under the patronage of the Duchess Amelia, that favourite of the Muses. The company was undoubt-

edly one of the best at that time in Germany, since the family of Seiler, Brandes, Böck, and the immortal Eckhof, were the principal performers.

Eckhof! thou great and good man, I bless thy ashes! Thou didst assist to form my heart and understanding, to awaken many a noble feeling in my bosom, and by thy powerful performances, to enrich my reason and fancy with ideas and conceptions that could only have been inspired through such a medium. Often when I have seen thee pass by our house in a morning to rehearsal, dressed in a plain coat and an uncombed periwig, with a stooping unassuming gait, how have I been astonished at reflecting that this was the same man who, in the evening when he walked the stage as a king or general, seemed born to command! Thy representations of the human character, at those moments, were to me a school of wisdom, while by thy conduct off the stage thou didst instruct me how to separate real merit from external ostentation.

As Richard the Third, Duke Michael, Odoardo, and Father Rode, Eckhof was unrivalled. Plays were performed three nights in the week, and my obtaining permission to be present at them depended partly on my general good behaviour, partly on my particular diligence in my studies. A French governess was in those days chief arbitress of the supreme bliss of my life. With her I used to read and translate Madame de Beaumont's works, and every day had a testimonial home with me, consisting either of *bon*, *mediocre*, or the dreadful word *mal*. If the latter, adieu to all thoughts of the play for that evening, as my mother was never accessible to entreaties. How often, therefore, when Madame Louvel's pen was dipped into the ink to write the fatal word *mal*, have I taken her beau-

tiful white hand, kissed it, and bathed it with my tears, till I could prevail on her to moderate the severity of my sentence at least into a *mediocre!*

My passion for the stage increased every day. As the theatre was entirely supported by the court, there was no paying for admission, but a limited number of tickets were regularly given out. Thus, on festival days, when a new piece or some grand pantomime ballet was to be performed, and the concourse of company who wished to be present was consequently unusually great, it often happened that so insignificant a personage as myself could not procure a ticket. But as my curiosity was on such occasions more strongly excited than ever, I was obliged to have recourse to stratagem for its gratification. Every avenue leading to the theatre, every corner of the house, was as well known to me as the inside of my coat-pocket, even the passages under the stage were as familiar to me, as to the man that lighted the lamps. When I was hard pressed for admittance, therefore, I used to stand at the entrance allotted to the performers, and slip in dexterously behind the guards. Then, to escape pursuit, I crept instantly under the stage, whence a little door led into the orchestra. Through this I got behind the great drum, which being somewhat elevated, completely concealed my little person, and here I could see the performance very commodiously.

Would to heaven I had always shown equal address with respect to the great drama of the world! That I had never engaged in contests with malice and envy, which stand as guards every where, but had only stolen in behind them, not venturing upon the stage myself, but remaining underneath it, or at least in the orchestra, concealed by the great drum. Happy the trimmers

of the lamps, who are never clapped or hissed, and who perhaps at home, as they represent a contented family-scene, can exclaim with Gresset:

Une éternité de gloire,
Vaut-elle un jour de bonheur?

I may venture to assert, that among all the frequenters of the theatre, old or young, I was always the most attentive. I need only adduce in proof of my attention, that I could repeat the whole of Lessing's Emilia Galotti by heart, without ever having seen the book. It must however be observed, and 'tis much to the honor of the taste then prevalent in Weimar, formed under the influence of an amiable and discerning princess, that Emilia Galotti was performed very frequently, and always to full houses. The part of Odoardo was played by Eckhof, and was undoubtedly his first character. Madame Mecour as Emilia, Böck as the Prince, his wife as Claudia, and above all, Madame Seiler as Orsina, united to do justice to this master-piece of dramatic poetry. *The Grateful Son*, by Engel,[7] was also in my opinion wonderfully impressive, and my reigning favourite next to Emilia Galotti. I soon persuaded my young companions to engage with me in performing both these pieces at our hours of play, and I alternately undertook every character.

Nothing could equal the veneration with which I at that time regarded any actor, how moderate soever might be his professional talents. Could I but throw

[7] John Jacob Engel was born in 1741 at Parchim in Mecklenburg, where he died in 1802 on a visit to his aged mother: he became professor of moral and æsthetic philosophy at the gymnasium of Berlin in 1776: gave lessons to the prince of Prussia, and was rewarded with a pension. He wrote *The Grateful Son, The Apothecary, The Diamond, The Page, The gentle Woman*, but of these plays only the first has survived him. His *Philosopher for the World* is esteemed; but his other prose works had no remarkable success.

myself in the way of one off the stage, so as to hear him speak, I was transported in no slight degree, but if I could contrive only to speak a single word to him myself, my ecstasy exceeded all bounds, and I thought myself honoured beyond the common lot of mortals. Well do I remember how I used to go every Sunday to a person of the name of Hensel, to learn what plays were to be performed in the ensuing week, for at that time play-bills were not given out as at present. At home I made all things subservient to my theatrical mania. It was not enough for me to perform a pastoral drama occasionally on a birth-day, every new piece that fell in my way must instantly be murdered by myself and my corps. At length I obtained possession of Gerstenberg's Ugolino, an excellent drama, and well deserving of a much higher reputation than it has hitherto obtained. I regarded it as an inestimable treasure, since, as containing but few characters, I thought it admirably adapted to our private performances. It never once occurred to me, that though the characters were few in number, every one, to have justice done it, required an actor at the very head of his profession. I undertook the part of Anselmo, and perorated it with all the fire of my ardent imagination.

I mentioned above, the grand pantomimical ballets. These were performed in a very superb style at Weimar. With transport do I now recal to remembrance the brilliant representation of Idris and Zenida, Orpheus and Euridice, Incle and Yarico, the Amazonians, and many others. The latter was not the less powerfully recommended to me, from the hints for it being furnished by Musæus.

These ballets had the same effect upon my senses,

as the regular dramas had upon my feelings, and I soon devised means for imitating them also. I made myself a little theatre, first of wax, then of paper, and at length of wood. Those among my youthful associates who could paint, were employed upon my scenery, and my mother and aunt were set to work at patching pieces of silk together, to make dresses for my puppets. They danced their solos, and pas-de-deux by means of wires, and the lightning was made by *semen lycopodii*[8] blown through a quill into the candle. Thus was every new ballet presented to the public by Messrs. Koch and Schutz speedily exhibited upon my private stage. The taste for this kind of toy soon spread among the children at Weimar, and no long period elapsed before almost every boy had his Lilliputian theatre, while my vanity was not a little flattered by being constantly applied to for instruction in the use of the diminutive machinery. Oh! condemn me not, ye wise, for dwelling so long upon these childish sports; the powerful influence they had on my future character is surely a sufficient excuse for such loquacity.

But even in the meridian of my joys, happened that dreadful fire which laid the palace at Weimar in ashes, when consequently the theatre, which was within its precinct, that centre of all my wishes, of all my happiness, was demolished for ever. This tragical event took place on the very day when Diderot's *Pere de Famille* was to have been played. A feast to which I had looked forwards with more than common delight —delight alas, never to be realized!

The company was now dismissed, and retired to

[8] This substance makes better stage-lightning than our pounded resin, which gives too red a colouring to the flash.

Gotha. Oh, how many a shower of bitter tears did I shed at their departure! Yes, I must once more repeat it, 'tis to the impression made on me during that period, that I owe the principal features of my present character.[9] From a firm conviction of its utility in forming the taste and morals, I strongly recommend to all parents and tutors, if fortunately they live in the vicinity of a well regulated theatre, to carry their children and pupils very frequently to that school. A good drama is the most speedy and effectual of all mediums through which to communicate instruction to the infant heart, to awaken in it an abhorrence of vice, to impress it with a love of virtue, and to excite it to every thing great and good. The objection commonly made, that frequent attendance upon theatrical amusements tends to dissipate the minds of children, I consider as wholly futile. Never did I pursue my studies with greater assiduity, never did I make a more rapid progress in them, than when inspired by the hope of having my diligence rewarded with permission to attend the theatre in the evening: whereas, on the contrary, when this charm was lost, I sunk for a while into a state of extreme apathy and indolence.

I had been now for some time a scholar at the Gymnasium at Weimar, an institution in which there was then great room for improvement. I commenced my career in the third class, in which the pupils among other useless things were all compelled to learn Hebrew. Was it then surprising that instead of attending regularly at the school hours, I should often spend

9 J'ai toujours reconnu l'esprit des jeunes gens, au détail qu'ils faisaient d'une piéce nouvelle qu'ils venaient d'entendre; et j'ai remarqué que tous ceux qui s'en acquittaient le mieux, ont été ceux qui depuis ont acquis le plus de reputation dans leurs emplois. Tant il est vrai, qu'au fond, l'esprit des affaires, et le veritable esprit des belles lettres, est le même. VOLTAIRE.

that time privately with a schoolfellow, who was educated, or perhaps I should rather say spoiled, by an over fond uncle, when we were commonly occupied in forming plans for acting plays. I remember well that we had once determined on performing *The Busy Idlers*, and had actually been employed for several days in writing out the different parts, before we perceived that it was the severest satire possible on ourselves.

In the second class our studies were ordered somewhat better, though even there the pupils were employed in many things, which, to say the truth, answered no purpose but to murder time. Among others may be reckoned the making of Latin verses, which was expected of all the scholars whether they had talents for it or not. The worthy Musæus,[1] much against his inclination, was our tutor in this branch of learning. But if some of our time was misemployed, it must also be acknowledged that we acquired much valuable learning and knowledge at the seminary. This was indeed principally to be ascribed to the attention and judgment of the excellent man above-mentioned. By him we were exercised in writing letters, and it is well known that nobody ever excelled more in epistolary writing than Musæus. An hour in every week was besides devoted to poetry, and as this was on a Saturday, I always looked forwards to that day with particular delight. The forms observed on these occasions were thus regulated.

At the appointed time Musæus came among the class, and enquired whether any scholar had a poetical composition of his own to produce, for this was very properly a perfectly voluntary thing on the part of the

[1] John Charles Augustus Musæus, died in 1787: he is the author of an entertaining work, translated into English under the title, *Popular Tales of the Germans*, 1791.

youth. Yet he scarsely ever failed of finding some bashful wooers of the muses, who with downcast eyes signified that they had been taking a canter upon Pegasus. The rostrum was immediately resigned to the juvenile poet, who ascended it and read his production, while the master walked up and down in silence with his hands behind him. At the conclusion of each piece, the work was criticized by the latter, though not with the same severity as is customary among the critical corps in the world at large. When the original productions were exhausted, this class of orators were succeeded by those who had only learned by heart the works of others as exercises in declamation. But here too all was voluntary. Each individual selected for himself, or took no share whatever in the exercise, entirely at his own option. These recitations concluded, Musæus here criticized the delivery, as in the former instance the composition, in both giving his reasons for every remark that he made. How much happier in this respect were we, than are the great mass of authors, whose works are commonly criticized by the world without any reason at all.

As when a child I would only draw my pious orisons from the sources of my own heart, so now I would not offer up to the God of poetry the effusions of others, but was always among the small number who produced their own weeds from the garden of Parnassus. To this day I have in my possession several trifles composed for these occasions, which, without incurring the censure of a too great partiality for my own offspring, I think I might venture to assert would not be among the worst productions that usually compose the Almanacks of the Muses.

At that time ballads were much the rage. The Al-

manacks swarmed with terrific legends of knights and ghosts, which, as tales of horror, could not fail of exciting my warmest admiration: nor was it unnatural in my ardor of authorship, that I should be inspired with a secret ambition of rivalling them. I therefore composed a ballad in the very highest flights of the ruling taste, a part of which I have still among my papers. It contained a sumptuous banquet, and a horrible murder; a ghost appeared preaching repentance, and the obdurate sinner was at length carried away by the devil. The versification was, however, easy and correct.

On the following Saturday, I scarsely knew how to wait for the appointed hour, before I produced this master-piece. The important moment arrived—my heart palpitated—I ascended the rostrum, and read my performance with a tremulous voice—but how did my eyes sparkle, how did my bosom swell with transport, when at the conclusion Musæus said,—Oh words never to be forgotten!—"Good! very good!—from what Almanack did you borrow it?"—Conceive reader, if thou canst—but no, 'tis impossible to conceive with what exultation I answered, "It is my own writing."

"Indeed?" said Musæus, "Well, well, bravo! go on!"—I was almost beside myself, and would not have parted with the feelings of that moment to purchase a kingdom. With cheeks glowing in delight I returned to my seat, and as I observed that the eyes of all my school-fellows were fixed on me, I concealed my face, with ostentatious modesty, in the blue cloak which all the scholars were obliged to wear.

From that moment, I considered myself as really a poet. Musæus had said BRAVO! Musæus could think

that the ballad was taken from an Almanack—a species of publication for which at that time I entertained a very high respect—who then could question my claim to be considered as a son of the Muses?—I had now proceeded in my career, and against every Saturday composed something new, but as it appeared to me that nothing could possibly equal my ballad, I contentedly reposed under my laurels, only gratifying my childish vanity by always carrying the beloved babe in my pocket, that no opportunity of spreading its fame might be lost by its not being at hand when I met with any one so good-natured as to request the perusal of it.

Happily for me, Musæus understood as well how to check conceit, as to encourage genius. Some months after, when the time was approaching at which both tutors and pupils were to make an exhibition of their talents at a public examination before a numerous audience, Musæus wishing the examiners to be presented with some specimens of the scholars' progress in composition, desired those whom he thought capable of it, to recite poems of their own writing. When it came to my turn, and he asked me what I should produce upon the occasion, I answered without hesitation and with perfect self-satisfaction, "my ballad."

"Your ballad," he replied, "what ballad?"

"The same that Mr. Professor was pleased to commend so highly some months ago," I returned, with a confidence and self-sufficiency that Mr. Professor could not endure.

"Pshaw!" he replied, "away with the silly thing which I had long ago forgotten. No, no, pray let us have something new, something worth hearing."

I was thunderstruck. The mighty fabric of vanity

erected in my bosom was overthrown in an instant, and shame stood weeping over the ruins. What was to be done?—I must cast off the laurel-wreath, beneath which I had so long contentedly slumbered, and which I now first discovered to be withered, and endeavour to deserve a fresh crown.

Piqued as I was, however, I roused all my energies, resolving to do something that should not disgrace my former attainments. I selected from *Miller's Moral Pictures* the story of the Unnatural Son, who kept his father in confinement, of which the following is an abstract. A prodigal was once celebrating a grand festival at his castle, when one of the guests, for want of room, was lodged at night in a remote apartment at the end of a long and solitary passage. At midnight the chamber-door opened, and a wretched, wan, meagre figure, loaded with chains, tottered in. He went up to the chimney, and scraping together the few remaining embers, sat down to warm his trembling hands. The guest, astonished, started up in his bed, and examining this spirit, as at first he was almost inclined to think it, soon recognized the features of his old friend, the father of his then host. Through the universal bustle in the house, his guards had not watched him with their usual care, and thus he had gotten loose, and was strolling about that part of the castle. This dreadful, but alas! true story, I put into verse, and once more gained great applause from my tutor.

Out of the school-hours I also enjoyed the instruction of that worthy man in many very important matters. From these private lectures I derived much more advantage than from the public ones, since they were devoted solely to forming my taste and morals. By them I learned thoroughly to know and value the

excellent heart, and amiable domestic virtues of my instructor, and from valuing was insensibly led to imitate them. Daily did my affectionate esteem for him increase, although he was sometimes pretty severe with me. I cannot here forbear relating an anecdote, partly because it shows his strong propensity to satire, even in the punishment of those under his tuition, and partly because I think that the more I speak of Musæus, the more entertaining and valuable I shall make my sketch.

I had been guilty of some boyish piece of mischief, I do not now recollect what, and my mother, who shrunk from punishing me herself, gave me an Uriah's letter to Musæus, requesting that he would inflict on me such correction as he judged proportionate to the offence. He read the letter, represented my transgression to me very calmly, though very forcibly, and then ordered a stick to be brought from the wood-house. The stick was brought—it was a willow staff which had grown somewhat crooked. He looked at it with a smile, took me by the arm, gave me several smart strokes over the back and shoulders, and then very coolly, and with an air of the utmost politeness, begged my pardon for having used a crooked weapon.

This piece of banter wounded me much more deeply than the severest chastisement. I never forgot it, and reminding him of the circumstance some years after, we laughed at it together very heartily. I must however observe, and Musæus himself acknowledged the same thing, that this is a very improper mode of correction for any tutor to practise. Nothing is so exasperating to the young mind as sarcasm, nor does any thing weaken the force of chastisement like its being accompanied with insult. For myself I must confess,

that my bosom was for many weeks impressed with a strong feeling of resentment at this humiliation, nor perhaps had it easily been got over, had I not been so long accustomed to love and respect Musæus, that I scarsely knew how to regard him with other sensations; and a few words of encouragement to my talents, which from his mouth I always considered as invaluable, shortly after finally sealed his pardon.

While I was in the second class, I made another effort at dramatic writing. I selected Catiline's Conspiracy as my subject, and composed on it a tragedy of five acts, which filled at least half a quire of paper.

Had Eckhof been then at Weimar, I verily believe my vanity would have led me with great humility to offer him the piece for representation, and humbly to request that he would himself undertake the part of Cicero.

My happiest efforts were commonly small poems, in which feeling was the predominant feature, and even now I recollect, with a soft and soothing pleasure, some verses I once made on my excellent mother's birth-day. Our music-master set them, my sister was to sing them to her harpsichord, I accompanying her with my flute, and our master with the bass. All this was arranged, the performance rehearsed in private, and on the morning of the appointed day we surprised my mother with our little cantata. Happy the man who can boast like scenes of love and innocence stored up in his memory! They are medicines preserved in a small chest which may remain long unopened, but when the soul is in a state of suffering, we apply to the precious drops, and find them a salutary balsam!

In that tender age when the mind, like a young

tree, bends with every blast, whatever it produces is mere imitation. I am convinced indeed, that original ideas are scarsely to be expected from any man before he arrives at the age of maturity. For myself I can safely say, that all the productions of my early years were composed on hints taken from others, commonly from the last thing I had read.

At that time the dramas of Brandes were in considerable repute, for amid the barren waste of our dramatic literature it was consoling to meet with a single flower, even though no more than a pale violet. I wrote a comedy, which I called, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and which, unless I deceive myself, strongly resembled the *Count von Olsbach.* Madame Wattel, one of my principal characters, was formed on the exact model of Madame Wandel. Goethe was then a frequent visitor at our house. He heard of my comedy, and was so condescending, or so polite, as to desire to read it. This gave my mother infinite delight, and perhaps the pleasing her was his principal view in making the request. Never have I since heard or seen any thing of it, but it must have been no small tax upon his patience if he ever wasted any time in reading it.

This extraordinary man was however always extremely kind to me in my boyish years. He used to permit me to make snares for birds in his garden, as I was a no less ardent sportsman than poet. When I went thither by six in the morning, or indeed sometimes earlier, to see whether I had caught a fieldfare or a redbreast, he would come and talk to me with great affability, and exhort me to diligence in my studies. He perhaps has long ago forgotten so trifling a circumstance, but I can never forget it, since every

word that fell from his lips was, in my opinion, deserving of the deepest attention, and made a much stronger impression on me than all the common-place admonitions of the mass of my school-preceptors.

Goethe had at that time just written his charming little dramatic piece, *The Brethren.* It was performed at a private theatre at Weimar, he himself playing William, and my sister, Mariana, while to me—yes to me, was allotted the important part of the Postillion. My readers may easily imagine with what exultation I trod the stage, for the first time, before the mighty public itself. I enquired of every body I saw, whether or not I had done justice to my character?—The ungrateful wretches! they scarsely remembered the appearance of such an insignificant being as the Postillion.

It was about that period that I first read Goethe's *Werther.* I cannot find words to describe the overpowering emotions excited in my soul by this wonderful, philosophical romance. From that moment I conceived so enthusiastic an attachment to its author, that at his request, I would even readily have run my hands into the fire to seek for his lost shoe-buckle.

Another poet whose works are replete with passion and animation. was also our frequent guest. This was Klinger.[2] To a fine and manly figure, he united a certain honesty and ardor of temper that charmed me irresistibly. With him and Musæus I once made a pedestrian excursion to Gotha, to which I always recur with the greatest pleasure. This early and con-

2 Frederick Maximilian von Klinger was born at Frankfort on the Mayne, in 1753, attached himself awhile to the stage, but in 1780 passed into the military services of Russia. A tragedy entitled, *The Twins,* won a prize, which the German society at Manheim had offered for the best dramatic production. He wrote other plays, of which a selection has been published; but they are now forgotten.

stant intercourse with such illustrious characters afforded opportunities for cultivating what talents I possessed, of which I should have been highly culpable not to have availed myself, for giving them all the polish the foundation would admit. They were advantages indeed of which few young authors can ever boast.

I was now removed into the highest class, in which the deceased Heinse[3] first inspired me with a taste for the Latin language. In the other classes I had regarded the acquisition of this branch of learning as so much an affair of mere mechanism, that it was impossible it should communicate any pleasure to the mind. But in their leisure hours Heinse used to read Terence with the pupils, and in so masterly a manner, that no particle of the true attic poignancy was lost. This alone, of all our studies in the first class, afforded me any entertainment. The miserable logic we learned from an old scholastic, the dull lectures on Zopf's dry Universal History, and many other things taught in the school-hours, gave me such an inveterate nausea, that I scarsely did any thing all the time but slily read romances beneath my cloak.

At length the day arrived in which I was to become a student of the great Academy at Jena. I was indeed scarsely sixteen years old when removed thither. For a while I was only a half scholar, since I did not attend at the college-meals. The study of the dead and living languages was my principal object during the first year. The high idea of the Latin tongue which

3 Wilhelm Heinse was born in 1749, and studied under Wieland at Erfurt, through whose influence probably he was employed in the high school at Weimar. He afterwards became librarian to the Elector of Maynz, translated Petronius, visited Italy, wrote on the worship of Priapus, and published an indelicate novel entitled, Ardinghello, which had however its appropriate success. He died in 1803.

I had conceived on becoming acquainted with Terence, was considerably increased as I proceeded in my studies at Jena. Weideberg, at that time one of the assistants there, but now professor at Helmstadt, read lectures in Horace for an hour immediately after dinner. I cannot say that this time was selected with particular judgment, since, in the summer months especially, nothing less than the high entertainment we received from the lectures could have prevented our frequently taking a nap. Weideberg entered with true philosophical taste into the spirit of the poet, and separated with the nicest discrimination the beauty of the thoughts from that of the diction.

With the French language I had been a dabbler from my childhood, but in Jena I made great proficiency in it. Boulet, the worthy old Boulet, was no common teacher of languages. Perfectly acquainted with the best authors of his century, from which he always extracted the finest passages, no one knew so well as himself how to introduce them in an appropriate manner. He had besides a most admirable talent at seasoning his instructions with wit and humor, and the happy turn of his thoughts was inexhaustible. My decided preference for the French language and French authors was acquired entirely from him. For, however strange the confession may appear from one who is not only himself a German, but even a German writer; yet I must own, that in the department of fine literature, and particularly in the easy and concise manner in which their historical and philosophical works are written, I think we are far behind the French. This perhaps is principally to be ascribed to the heaviness and harshness of our language.

Yet it appears now extremely probable, that their

revolution may make such a stagnation in literature, that time may be allowed us to get the start of them even in these departments, and that before France shall again produce such historians and philosophers as have been nurtured in her bosom, we may boast more than one Schiller in the former line, more than one Garve in the latter. Italian I learned of Signor Valenti, and under his tuition first became acquainted with Ariosto.

Nor did my love for the drama remain entirely without gratification at Jena. At the time of my arrival I found a private theatre just instituted among the students there, and it very naturally became a primary object of my effort to procure admission as a member of it. The young ladies of the Academies always declined performing among us at this theatre. In this I must confess that I think they were right, though the necessity that hence arose of dressing young lads in women's clothes, was very disadvantageous to the performance. Notwithstanding they might be yet without beards, and scarsely have attained to the manly countenance, it was impossible but that they must make very awkward figures in this change of garment and character. On account of my youth, women's characters were frequently allotted to me, and I cannot now recollect without laughing, having been dressed in a large hoop to play Madame von Schmerling, in Grossmann's, *Not more than Six Dishes.* Many a swain have I had kneeling at my feet, while I supported the character of a young and tender damsel.

Beside all my other pursuits, I still continued to forge rimes, which I dignified with the name of poetry, and it so happened, that within the first twelve months of my academical career, I met with both en-

couragement and humiliation in the progress of my Parnassian flights. The latter arose from my propensity to imitation not being yet extinguished.

Having for some time applied myself closely to studying Wieland's style of poetry, I began to think that since his verses were so smooth and easy to read, they must consequently be very easy to compose. I therefore wrote *A Winter's Tale* in two days, transcribed it over fair on the third, and on the fourth dispatched it by the post to Wieland, with an ostentatiously modest letter, soliciting with great confidence a place for my offspring in the German Mercury.

It may easily be supposed that Wieland had concerns on his hands of much greater importance than the answering of my letter. I was not indeed perfectly satisfied at its remaining unanswered, but was, however, willing to pardon this negligence, provided I should see my production in print; a satisfaction I had not the smallest doubt of receiving. Every month therefore I expected the appearance of the Mercury, with excess of impatience, and eagerly ran over the list of its contents, assured of finding my *Winter's Tale.* In the first month I consoled myself for my disappointed hopes, by the conviction that Wieland had only postponed the insertion of my production from a super-abundance of materials. But when, first a quarter, then half a year, passed on, and still no tale appeared, I was vain and absurd enough to persuade myself for a moment, that Wieland, through envy, wished to suppress my growing talents.

I do not attempt to veil my weakness. I hold you up a mirror, ye poetasters, in which to view yourselves! —Two years after, when my reason was somewhat more matured, I sent to Wieland another poem, called

Ralph and Guido, accompanied by a really modest anonymous letter. My humility was then rewarded by the pleasure of seeing my offspring inserted in the very next number.

But, as I hinted above, at the same time that my pride was so mortified with regard to my *Winter's Tale*, another circumstance happened, which gave me great encouragement, and almost effaced the chagrin of my disappointment in the former instance. A student of the name of Gether was drowned bathing in the Saale, and the extreme affliction into which his intimate friend Schuettdorf was plunged by his untimely fate, excited universal compassion. Without being acquainted with either of the parties, I wrote some verses upon this affecting subject, which were printed by Schuettdorf himself, and set to music by a composer of great taste of the name of Reinhard.

Of three poems occasioned by this melancholy catastrophe, I was flattered with the assurance that mine was indisputably the best. This preference, united with the inexpressible pleasure derived from seeing myself for the first time in print, was quite sufficient to expunge all humiliating recollections, and I became more ardently devoted to the muses than ever.

The first year of my stay at Jena was just expired, when my sister married and settled at Duisburg on the Rhine. From affection to her, and that she might not be immediately separated from all her friends and relations, I accompanied her home, promising at the same time to spend a year at this duodecimo university. The journey to Duisburg furnished my imagination with a great variety of new images, since, in the course of it, I saw the celebrated town of Cassel, enriched by so many works of art, Frankfort on the Mayne,

and above all, the glorious scenery that nature presents along the banks of the Rhine from the place where we entered our yacht till we arrived at Cologne.

One of my first anxieties at Duisburg was to institute a private theatre. I did not experience much difficulty in collecting together a number of young men, all perfectly ready to strut their hours as kings, as heroes, as generals. A more arduous task was to find a place suited to our representations. This little town, as is very commonly the case with little towns, was enveloped by a thick cloud of prejudices. The few who possessed taste had no room large enough to answer our purpose, and those who had rooms would not suffer them to undergo such profanation.

In this distress, from whom will it be supposed we received assistance?—But that would never be guessed. It was even from the venerable fathers of the convent of the Minorets. With the utmost courtesy and politeness they offered us the use of their cloister, attended at our rehearsals, laughed at our jokes, and related with no small pleasure how they themselves had formerly played Scripture-stories. Indeed, truth obliges me to confess, that in general among the Catholic shepherds of souls, I have found less ecclesiastical bigotry, than among the pastors of the Protestant church. The moment that the *benedicat tibi Dominus* is pronounced over the latter, they seem to consider themselves as beings of a superior order; the former never forget that they are men; and if, in matters of faith, they are somewhat intolerant, they certainly practise much more forbearance toward the frailties of human nature. Hell is indeed equally the bugbear for frightening their deluded fellow-creatures, but with them there is still some hope of escaping

from it; whereas, with the protestant, 'tis once there, and always there. In short, whoever is condemned to fall into the hands of a priest, will stand a much better chance with a monk than with a superintendant.

In the cloister of the Minorets' Convent, to the astonishment, the delight, and the scandal of the Duisburg public, we performed the play of *The Rivals*. Since the creation of the world, never probably was the cloister of a convent so profaned; and whoever had seen such a place crowded with females dressed in their best attire, might well ask himself, "Where am I?—Is this a dream, or am I really within monastic walls?"

The most ridiculous part of the story was, that for want of a sufficient number of performers, I played two characters—no less than Julia, and the young squire Ackerland or Acres. Wherever these two were to appear together, I providently made such alterations as would adapt it to my purpose; and in the Damsel's character I wore the dress of an Amazon, so contrived, as that it could be changed in an instant when I was to make my appearance as the clownish Squire. Thus did I compel every difficulty to vanish before my theatrical rage.

But still, in writing, my mind did not emit one spark of originality. A romance, which I began at Duisburg, was the exact counterpart of *Sofia's Journey from Memel to Saxony*. No more than four sheets of this were ever completed. Two other productions I did finish, but only to receive two new mortifications. The first was a comedy, called *The Ring; or Avarice is the Root of all Evil;* founded, as usual, on an old and worn-out story. A young woman, supposed to be dead, was, by desire of her lover, buried with a

valuable ring on her finger, which he had presented to her, and which, in the night, the ghostly father comes to take away, when she awakes, to his no small astonishment and confusion.

This piece I had the assurance to send to Schrœder, who returned it with a very polite letter of rejection, which I received even at the moment that I was meditating in triumphant exultation on the vast honors that awaited me on its performance. I railed unmercifully at Schrœder, for not understanding his own interest better; and, in the warmth of my indignation, quarrelled with the ungrateful dramatic muse, whom I resolved to forswear for ever. To console myself I immediately wrote a romance of eight or ten sheets, which, in my own opinion, was no way inferior to Werther. The story was, indeed, much more horrible, since the hero threw himself from a rock, and was dashed to pieces.

Weigand, at Leipsick, was at that time principal *accoucheur* to all the fashionable romances, and to him therefore was my offspring sent for his decision on its merits. For some time I hastened anxiously twice in the week to the Post-office, in hopes of receiving tidings of my darling. At last came a letter, and a letter only, by which it was plain that my manuscript was not returned, and I instantly concluded for certain, that it was already consigned to the press. Think, then, with what humiliation and confusion, on opening the letter, I read that Mr. Weigand was amply supplied with such articles for several fairs to come, and that my manuscript should be at my service, whenever I would have the goodness to pay the postage.

This latter clause was added, because, in full confidence of the value of my merchandize, I had sent the

parcel unfranked, meaning the carriage to be deducted from the profits of the work. He doubtless supposed, that here he had me secure, and that from paternal affection I should readily pay whatever was necessary for the release of my child. But he was terribly mistaken. What? should my hero not merely throw himself from a rock for nothing, but must I even pay for it?—No: this was too much!—this was a humiliation not to be endured!

I cannot deny, but that I should have been very glad to have my manuscript again in my own possession, since I had no other copy of it. Like a true genius, I had sent it to seek its fortune as it was first written off, without a single correction or emendation; for I thought the public sufficiently honoured by receiving any thing from my pen, no matter how hurried or incorrect the production—a specious of arrogance and impertinence to which puerile authors are too much addicted. But 'tis well known, that we sons of the Muses are seldom overstocked with money; and, added therefore to my indignant feelings on the subject, I thought it more prudent, with regard to my pocket, to leave the precious treasure in pawn: and there, perhaps, it lies at this present, unless Mr. Weigand, to indemnify himself as far as possible for the postage, may have sold it to the pastrycook for baking tarts. If such has been its fate, I can only regret that I have not partaken of the tarts myself.

In the year, 1779, I returned to Jena, and applied myself with tolerable diligence to studying the law. The old H——, who entertained his audience with ribaldry; the dry S——, who never in his life produced but two jokes, which he was continually repeating, and at which nobody laughed but himself; the pros-

ing tasteless W——: and the worthy, but uncouth, Sch——, were my preceptors. I attended lectures on history from Müller, who could not utter a period without introducing the words *with under*, no matter whether they had any business there or not. Logic and metaphysics I studied with the Aulic Counsellor Ulric, who had then no competitor in this department; and I continued to improve myself in languages under Boulet and Valenti. My leisure-hours were devoted heart and soul to the private theatre.

About that time, I produced a tragedy, called *Charlotte Frank*, which, miserable as it was, would probably in these days have drawn on me the honor of persecution. The story was of a Prince, who, in hunting, accidentally saw the daughter of a country-clergyman, and instantly fell in love with her. He contrived to carry her off; but she being also beloved by another young man of a fiery and impetuous disposition, the Prince was ultimately shot by the despairing lover. One of the characters was a sort of Marinelli, a hanger-on of the Prince's, and in costume a miserable copy of a captain of hussars. The country-clergyman was a no less miserable imitation of Odoardo.

Be that as it may, I succeeded in persuading our company to perform my drama, and Wolf, the deceased chapel-master, was so obliging as to compose a very fine Adagio for it. This was played while the hero of the piece was at his prayers, and was by far the best thing in the whole performance. I myself personated the Prince; but alas! when at last I ought to have been shot, the pistol missed fire. Against this emergency, however, my murderer was prepared, as he had armed himself also with a dagger; but I was so eager to die, that I fell at sight of the pistol

before I had time to perceive the disaster. The hero, however, threw himself upon my prematurely dead body, and equally resolved to kill, as I was to die, gave me several desperate stabs with the dagger. The curtain dropped, and the audience were very sparing of their applause.

Soon after, I ventured on a comedy, which I called *Wives à-la-mode.* This succeeded much better than my tragedy; and, if I am not mistaken, contained some strokes of genuine comic humor. Several anecdotes of the town were covertly interspersed in it, and these obtained for the piece more applause than perhaps it deserved.

This success was but too grateful to sarcastic youth, and fatally contributed toward confirming me in an unfortunate propensity I always had to satire. I have rarely, however, suffered myself to indulge in this species of writing, and I can truly say, that when I have, it has never been to gratify spleen or ill-nature. Yet, since I arrived at years of maturity, it has been the cause of embittering many hours of my life. Satire is like the sting of a bee, the stinger thinks no more of it after it be past, but he leaves his weapon behind, which rankles probably for ever within the breast of the wounded person.

I must not here omit mentioning a poetical club, instituted by myself and some of my friends; from which, besides its affording us many very pleasant hours, we derived much real advantage. We met occasionally to read together little pieces of our own production. These were afterwards sent round to all the members for their several remarks, which were discussed at the next meeting. After some time, our institution received a very great accession from the Aulic

Counsellor Schutz being prevailed on to become our president. It may easily be supposed how much the consciousness that our works were to pass under the inspection of so excellent a judge, stimulated our zeal. He was extremely candid to our defects, and set an example as a critic, which, sorry am I to say, the critical corps, at whose head he now stands, have not thought proper to follow.

In my eighteenth year, I was admitted a member of the German society at Jena, which I then considered as a very high honor—an error I have long since retracted. Of the essays read in that assembly, I recollect only one, which contained an elaborate defense of the Emperor Julian. But I remember also, that even in those days the silly tales invented by various sects of religionists, and the blood-thirsty rancour with which they persecuted each other, excited my utmost abhorrence.

Some months, spent very pleasantly during the summer, in frequent visits to the garden of Clippstein, gave existence to a small collection of poems, which, by means of my friend Musæus, were printed. I cautiously avoid mentioning either the title of the collection, or the name of the publisher, since the curiosity of some readers might be sufficiently awakened to induce a wish of bringing the babe once more into light, by which I am conscious that I should be no gainer. At that time, however, the publication gave me inexpressible satisfaction, and I eagerly searched every catalogue that fell into my hands, in hopes of finding my beloved volume among the list.

Whence comes it that we feel such exquisite sensations of delight on our admission into the *sanctum sanctorum* of authorship? By what claim does the

young author regard his first publication as a credential to the public? Does he consider the art of embodying the effusions of his imagination so as to render them visible to others, in the light of an *acquired* merit? Does he forget, that poets, equally with mechanics, have been born beneath a roof of straw? that the organization of the frame, and the irritability of the nerves, or the activity of their juices, if juices they have, constitute the wonderful variety we behold in mental propensities, or what is commonly called talent? consequently, that the art of writing poetry can be as little esteemed a merit of his own acquisition as corporeal strength or beauty.

In order to give a public proof that I was not trifling away my time solely with amusing litterature, I closed my academical career at Jena, in my nineteenth year, with taking the character of an opponent at a doctor's degree. Soon after, I returned to Weimar, where I studied the Pandects with extreme diligence, was examined by the principals in the law, and admitted as an advocate. Here, while I was waiting for clients, I continued to be myself a zealous client of the Muses.

Two or three years before, a satirical ballad had escaped my pen, reflecting, perhaps unjustifiably, on the fair ladies of Weimar. To atone for this transgression was now my first object, and I sung their beauties, and their virtues, in such elaborate strains as I hoped would entirely efface all unpleasant recollections. My offense originated in the following circumstance.

A figure-dancer had been exhibiting his feats at Weimar, who had a singular art of displaying his fine Herculean form to the utmost possible advantage, by the great variety of his attitudes, and the graceful

movements of his body. Scandal soon began to be buzzing about the town a report that he had made a deep impression on the hearts of many of our ladies. This rumor reaching my ears, a thought struck me to make the story, no matter whether true or false, the subject of a ridiculous parody on Bürger's ballad of the *Women of Weinsberg;* and I must own, that after a lapse of sixteen years, I still consider it as one of the best pieces of humor I ever produced. But in proportion to its merit was its offense; and the more credit it gained, so much more did it draw on me the heavy indignation of every female in the town.

The summer after my return from Jena was one of the happiest periods of my life, since I then first enjoyed the entire and confidential friendship of the admirable Musæus. I have already related, in my sketch of this worthy man's life, that we used to meet daily in his garden. We wrote together at the same table, using the same ink-glass, and even now I seem to behold the pleasant and good-natured smile that illuminated his countenance, the animation that beamed from his eyes, when he was about to commit to writing some humorous idea that had struck his fancy. He generally read over to me in the evening what he had written in the course of the day, though sometimes this entertainment was deferred to the end of the week. Was it then surprizing, that as I had already endeavoured to imitate Wieland and Brandes, Göthe and Hermes, I should now be struck with a passion for taking Musæus as my model?

About that time, Wittekind of Eisenach had formed a plan for publishing a miscellaneous work, consisting of tales, poems, &c., which was intended to be

very voluminous, and to which he had given some common-place title that I have now forgotten. I was invited by him to become an assistant in this publication; but to that I would not consent, unless I had permission to give it a more attractive name. The publisher made no difficulty of complying with my terms, and I accordingly baptized the child by the name of *Ganymed for the reading world.* I wrote a preface for the first volume, and contributed toward it, *I, a History in Fragments*, into which I endeavoured to transfuse Musæus's original turn of thought and style. My second production this summer was a collection of tales. These were published by Dyck at Leipzig, and were honoured with being printed in a very elegant manner. He has since conferred another honor on them, wholly unexpected by me, and not quite so satisfactory, in republishing them without my knowledge or consent, considerably altered and enlarged. A few weeks ago, wishing to form a complete collection of my works, I sent to Leipzig, among other things, for this insignificant production. I opened it, and began reading; when, to my astonishment, I found there was a great deal of which I had not the slightest recollection. I could not imagine how it could happen, that I had so totally forgotten what was written by myself. I read on: but my surprise only increased; for still what I was reading seemed in great measure new to me, till at length I was thoroughly convinced, that many things were introduced of which I was not the author.

Yet, in consideration of the joyous day purchased with the money I received for the first publication of of my tales, I pardon the subsequent offense. It was on my mother's birth-day, and to the last moment of

my life I shall call up the recollection with transport. In a garden, decorated with garlands of flowers, part of which were formed into the initials of our names, I surprised her with a rural entertainment. In the preparations for this, the good Musæus, who was always eager to promote such innocent amusements, had busied himself extremely. A stage was formed by live hedges, on which a short and affecting little drama was performed by some children; soft music played among the trees and shrubs, and in the evening the whole garden was illuminated with coloured lamps. It was the happiest day I ever experienced. Even *now*, the recollection brings tears into my eyes, since *then* I saw tears of transport standing in those of my mother. Yes! Dyck is pardoned!

The third child I brought forth in Musæus's summer-house, was a comedy in three acts, called *The Triple Vow*. Passages and single scenes were not amiss. It was written with the intention of being played in a private theatre at Weimar, after the Duchess's delivery, but unluckily only in case of her presenting the world with a Prince; and as it was her royal pleasure on this occasion perversely to produce a daughter, the performance fell to the ground, nor has the piece ever appeared in print.

In the Autumn of 1781, I went to Petersburg,[4] the

[4] Here is some reticency of narrative. Through what influence the old general Bawr adopted Augustus is not explained: yet the patronage was as unbounded, as it was sudden. After engaging Kotzebue in his service, the general did not live two years; yet during that short period he marries his protectee at Petersburg to a woman of condition, and obtains for him the reversion of a high situation at Reval, that of President of the government-magistracy for the province of Esthland. Kotzebue had not time to display industry, not opportunity to display talent in his professional career; on the contrary he seems to have amused himself with launching a magazine entitled *Ganymed*, with writing a novel *Ich, eine Geschichte*, and with bringing out a tragedy *Czar Demetrius*, which involved him in litigation with the police, and rather required defensive protection than assisted his advancement in life.

Frederic William von Bawr, the patron of the German Shakspeare, was born in

celebrated poet Lenz, author of the *New Menoza*, was my predecessor in the office to which I was now appointed. He had excited much dissatisfaction in his post, since, instead of attending regularly to the necessary public business, his attention was frequently diverted to a poem he was writing, for which there was no necessity at all. I resolved, therefore, to take warning from his example, and, avoiding the rock upon which he had split, to forgo the Muses entirely; but *naturam si furcâ expellas.* An entire half year indeed elapsed, in which, adhering firmly to my resolution, my superiors could not entertain the least suspicion that a spark of poetry illumined my breast, or that my name had ever appeared in the catalogues for Leipzig fair. This reserve, on the subject of my literary attainments, originated in observations I had myself made; by which I was convinced, that in the world at large, a being who understands nothing but how to

1735 at Biber in Hanau, where his father was chief forester. Early accustomed to land-surveying he became a distinguished draftsman, and took plans of districts and fortifications with singular ability. These geometrical talents introduced him into the service of Hesse-Cassel: and from a subaltern situation in the artillery corps he rose successively to the rank of lieutenant and captain. In 1756 he was sent to England at the head of a Hessian regiment, which had been engaged by the British Government. In 1757 he returned with these troops to Germany, and was encamped with an army of observation near Hameln: the services he rendered to the allied armies in 1758 and 1759 drew the attention of the king of Prussia, Frederic II, who ennobled him, and gave him the command of a regiment of hussars with the rank of colonel. In this capacity he was placed under duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, and executed the office of quarter-master-general until the peace of 1763. He then retired to a country-house near Frankfurt on the Mayne, and appeared to welcome repose.

In 1769 however he passed into the service of the empress Catharine of Russia; became major-general, and quarter-master-general in the Russian service, and in these capacities made in 1770 and 1771, under general Romanzow, two campaigns against the Turks. After his return to Petersburg he proposed to the government some plan for rendering the salt-works at Novogorod more productive, and was intrusted with the superintendance at a salary of 6000 rubles. He returned to the army in 1773 with the rank of lieutenant-general, made plans for an aqueduct to supply Moscow with water, and also for deepening at Petersburg the canal of Fontanka, for which patriotic services he received the orders of St. Anne, and of Alexander Newski. He obtained in 1780 the commandership of the military order of St. George, afterwards a provincial governorship, and died in February 1783. He published in French an historic and geographic memoir on Moldavia and Wallachia with maps, dated 1781.

make rimes, is considered, and perhaps justly, as of very little account.

An accidental occurrence, however, once more irresistibly drew forth my vanity from under the charitable controul of reason. The great and excellent engineer, General Bawr, passing through Riga, met by chance with the collection of tales already noticed. The name caught his immediate attention; he started, and enquiring particulars respecting the author, learned to his no small surprise that it was the same Kotzebue who then laboured, under him, at a very different species of employment. He purchased the book, brought it back with him to Petersburg, and one day at table produced it unexpectedly. The color that instantly rose in my face betrayed me, and the applause I received on this occasion blew the embers, still smothering in my bosom, again into a blaze.

By degrees I resumed the delightful occupation of devoting my leisure-hours, which indeed were but few, to my old literary pursuits. A German theatre had been for some little time established at Petersburg, but on a very indifferent footing. A lady, of the name of Teller, was the only one among the performers who possessed any real talents for the stage. The next in rank to her, for ability, was Fiala, a specimen sufficient to give an idea of their general mediocrity. The receipts of the house were very small, and the whole institution was on the point of falling to the ground, when the intriguing Fiala applied to General Bawr, intreating him, as a German, to take it under his protection, and to use his influence with the Tzarina for procuring its enrollment among her Imperial theatres. This was accordingly done, Bawr undertook the direction himself, and from that moment I was restored to my own element.

I wrote a tragedy, in five acts, called *Demetrius, Tzar of Moscow*, taken from the well-known story of the true or false Demetrius, who according to report, was murdered as a child at Uglitsch, but who afterwards appeared supported by the Poles, and dethroned the traitor Boris Godunow. The world needs not now to be informed, that the best historians are divided on the question whether or not this Demetrius was an impostor? A strong prejudice was at least awakened in his favor, from the woman who was undoubted mother to the child supposed to have been murdered, bursting into an agony of tears, in the midst of a numerous assembly of the people, at beholding the adventurer, as he was called, and with the wildest effusions of joy, acknowledging him as her son. It is however, alas! but too certain, that policy has often engaged even maternal tenderness in its interest, and those tears might not improbably be artificially shed by Maria Feodorowna, from hatred to the usurper, and a desire of revenging herself by contributing in any way to his downfal. Be this as it may, I did not like, in my capacity of tragedian, to produce an impostor as the hero of my piece, and accordingly I supported his being really the dethroned Prince.

When my drama was completed, I read it to a small but chosen circle. The then Prussian Ambassador at the Russian court, and the President of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Petersburg, men of acknowledged and distinguished taste in literature, were among my audience. The piece was approved, probably more from the indulgence of my hearers than from its own merit. Such, at least, is the impression I now have on the subject, as I should by no means venture at present to bring it upon the stage. General

Bawr ordered it to be immediately performed, and very splendid dresses and decorations, after the old Russian costume, were prepared for it.

As the Tzarina had consigned the entire management of the theatre to Bawr, he thought his own fiat sufficient, and that it was unnecessary to lay the manuscript before the theatrical censor. But this piece of negligence nearly proved the overthrow of all my transports. As the intended day of representation approached, and had been announced in the public prints, the Governor of the Police sent one morning to the theatre, prohibiting the performance. Fiala, thunderstruck, hastened to General Bawr, and the General to the Governor, to assure him that my tragedy was perfectly inoffensive. But this signified little. It appeared, that Peter the Great had issued an Ukase, expressly declaring Demetrius an impostor; and this being still in force, was more incontestable evidence against him, than the tears of his mother were in his favor. In vain did I urge, that I was wholly ignorant of the existence of such an Ukase: it was still asked how I dared, in the very face of an Imperial decree, to present my hero to the public under the title of Tzar of Moscow.

Esteem and consideration for General Bawr, however, at length removed even this difficulty, and the Governor of the Police consented to the representation of my play, yet not without previously sending an officer to me with an injunction to make such alterations, as that Demetrius should be publicly unmasked, and displayed before all the people in his true character of an impostor. Mortified to the last degree at the idea of thus mutilating my offspring, I represented to the officer that the piece might as well be

thrown at once into the fire; but my remonstrances were of no avail, he resolutely insisted that this trifling alteration should be made. My only resource was in another application to the General, who once more stood my friend, and finally procured a compromise of the matter. The performance of the piece, as I had written it, was permitted, on condition of my making, in my own person, a solemn declaration that I was firmly convinced of the imposture of Demetrius, and in representing the matter otherwise in my play, had only been guilty of a poetical licence.

All obstacles being thus at last removed, my unfortunate tragedy was performed before a numerous audience, whose curiosity was considerably increased by so many demurs. It was received with an applause to which the forbearance generally practised toward youth could alone give me any pretension.

Soon after I wrote a comedy, *The Nun and the Chambermaid*, that proved extremely successful, though from a very different cause. The abolition of Convents, in which Joseph the Second was then deeply engaged, and the blockade of the Dutch fleet in the Texel by an English squadron, furnished materials for the plot, and much as these events attracted the public attention, a piece founded on them could scarsely fail to please. Added to this, it was beyond all comparison better played than Demetrius.

I come now to the period of my life that I passed at Reval. During the first summer of my residence there, I spent the greatest part of every day in the delicious shady walks belonging to the castle of Catherinenthal, and read more than I wrote. In the autumn I visited for the first time the dismal and dreary environs of Kiekel, abounding with forests and mo-

rasses. Yet, through the enchanting smiles of affection, and the genial warmth of friendship, even this miserable country was transformed into a paradise.

Ye worthy! ye excellent people among whom I then lived! in your circle I learned that mortal man may be far happier in such a spot, though surrounded by the growling of bears, and the howling of wolves, than in the midst of polished society environed by the honied tongues of hypocrites and flatterers. Your forests were inhabited by beasts of prey, but calumny dwelt not in their dens; frogs and toads croaked in your morasses, but envy had not reared her altar in the midst of them. The lime-trees indeed assumed not their lovely verdure till the spring was far advanced, and the roses were even more tardy in unfolding their sweets, but innocence and joy were perennial plants in your gardens. The soil was sparing of its fruits, but benevolence needs not abundance! A groschen ($1\frac{1}{2}$ pence) is a rich present when moistened with the tear of sympathy, and a louis d'or has no value without it. Oh fleeting time! scatter, if thou wilt, the rest of these pages to the winds of heaven, only let this one—this on which I now inscribe the beloved names of Frederick and Sophia Helena Rose—let this one remain untouched! for thou wouldest snatch it from the altar of virtue and affection, on which I place it as an offering of gratitude.

Neither did the Parnassian maids refuse to embellish this forest. The two first dramas I ever wrote, which I consider as possessing some degree of real merit, *The Hermit of Formentera*, and *Adelaide of Wulfingen*, were written at Kiekel. The former we played among ourselves, and this private performance revived my passion for the stage with even increased

violence. To that passion Reval was indebted for the institution of an excellent private theatre, which produced both actors and actresses of no common talents. It was opened with a comedy of mine, called *Every Fool has his Cap.* As a true German, I could not yet wholly shake off my propensity to imitation, and this piece had much the same degree of resemblance to Molière's *Avare*, as a sugar figure has to those made in biscuit at Dresden. For this reason I keep it snug in my drawer with a variety of other papers.

In the autumn of 1787, I was first seized with an illness, which for several years held me suspended between death, and what is perhaps still more to be deprecated than death itself, the apprehension of sinking into a confirmed melancholy. It was during the height of this disorder that I wrote *Misanthropy and Repentance* and *The Indians in England.* These two pieces were finished in the space of not more than eight or nine weeks. Never, either before, or since, did I feel such a rapid flow of ideas and imagery as during that period, and I believe it to be undeniable, that by some kinds of illness, particularly those in which the irritation of the nerves is increased, the powers of the mind are abundantly elevated, as diseased muscles alone produce pearls.

In the year 1789, I wrote *The Virgin of the Sun, The Natural Son,* and *Brother Maurice.* I also proceeded in the collection of my miscellaneous writings. The little romance of *The Dangerous Wager,* was another production of the same year.

Many very absurd things have been said and written on the subject of *Misanthropy and Repentance.* Among other accusations brought against me, it has been urged that I have not administered strict poetical

justice, in granting unqualified pardon to Eulalia, and restoring so great a criminal to her station in society and to every joy of life. But no one seems to have considered the dreadful punishment she has necessarily incurred from the recollection of her own misconduct, or to have examined whether any pardon could release her from those reflections, and whether a woman with such a mind, labouring under the pressure of a sullied conscience, could ever be happy again.

As an interesting anecdote never can be ill-timed, I trust I may be allowed here to introduce one, related to me by a person of great credibility, and which, though I cannot undertake to pledge myself for its veracity, I have reason to believe true. At the time when *Misanthropy and Repentance* was played very frequently at Vienna, the following squib was one morning found in the Emperor Joseph the Second's audience-chamber. "In this place is performed daily, *Misanthropy* WITHOUT *Repentance*." One of the severest, and I am inclined to think, one of the most undeserved sarcasms ever put forth against a person in that exalted station.

At my return from Pyrmont, where I spent some time in the year, 1790, I, unluckily for myself, dipped my pen in foreign gall, and wrote some sheets,[5] of which I can truly say, that they were, alas! damned to too much renown. On these I have sufficiently explained myself in a periodical publication: and can only now add, that I still retain the sentiments I then delivered, and consider every word there written as the purest truth. The worthy Zimmermann is now no more. It must not be said, *De mortuis nil nisi bene*,

[5] The Aristophanic drama in four acts, here alluded to, is entitled *Doctor Bahrdt mit der eisernen Stirn*, and was printed in 1790.

but *de mortuis nil nisi vere.* I have no longer either good or evil to hope from him; and I may surely be believed, when I repeat from the fulness of my heart, that he was an excellent man.

While I was myself preparing this scourge to embitter my whole life, the arm of fate was in a still more fatal way awfully extended over me. The best of wives was suddenly snatched from this earth, during our three months' visit at Weimar to my beloved mother, at whose house Frederica stayed to lie in, and was brought to bed of a daughter. The disease, which carried her off, was a puerperal fever accompanied with delirium. Poignant anguish for her loss drove me as a fugitive into the wide world. I fled to Paris, and remained for half a year amid the bustle of that capital, without so much as giving a hint to our ambassador of my being there. But wearied, after a while, with living in the midst of such convulsions, I transferred my abode to Maynz, which then enjoyed profound peace and tranquillity. Here I arranged for the press a detail of the heavy calamity I had experienced, and of my consequent wanderings, which was soon after published under the title of *My Flight to Paris.*

Here in fact terminates the autobiography of Kotzebue, the history of his education and literary life. His *Flight to Paris* is an agreeable book of travels, which depicts the French metropolis during an agitated period in the latter half of the year 1790: but although he describes in great detail the stages of his journey, his companions in the Diligence, the monuments of art he inspected, and especially the plays he saw acted, yet it is only in this last department of criticism that his observations have any peculiar value. These indeed paint the genius of the individual.

Kotzebue well points out how completely Voltaire understood the French mind, and how admirably he foresaw the republican turn which Parisian opinion would take, when the pressure of a fashionable loyalty was withdrawn. These prophetic passages occur in Brutus, and the following are singled out as having excited tumultuous plaudits at the threatre;

Destructeurs des tyrans, vous, qui n'avez pour rois,
Que les dieux de Numa, vos vertus, et nos loix!

Nous avons fait, en lui rendant hommage,
Serment d'obeïssance, et non point d'esclavage.

Sous un sceptre de fer, ce peuple abattu,
À force de malheurs, a repris sa vertu.

Je suis fils de Brutus, et je porte en mon cœur
La liberté gravée, et les rois en horreur.

Sois toujours un héros—sois plus, sois citoyen!

Arrêter un Romain sur de simples soupçons,
C'est agir en tyrans!

Dieux! donnez nous la mort plûtot que l'esclavage!

The two following passages, on the contrary, nearly proved the occasion of a tumultuous hoot.

Rome a changé de fers, et sous le joug des grands,
Pour un roi qu'elle avoit, a trouvé cent tyrans.

Quel homme est sans erreur, et quel roi sans foiblesse?
Est-ce à vous de pretendre au droit de le punir?

Vous, nés tous ses sujets, vous faits pour obéir? ·
Un fils ne s'arme point contre un coupable père,
Il detourne les yeux, le plaint, et le révère.
Les droits des souverains sont ils moins precieux?
Nous sommes leurs enfans, leurs juges sont les dieux.

Kotzebue praises *Le Reveil d'Epimenide*, and *Les derniers moments de Jean Jacques Rousseau*, from which last piece he infers that the French will return to the natural school of dramatic poetry.

After Kotzebue's return home from his wanderings he again married another Russian lady; a widow, who had already a family by her first husband, but, for some unexplained reason, connected probably with his literary enterprizes, he came to reside in Germany. During the three years which he passed in that country, principally at Weimar, he accepted for a time the direction of the imperial theatre at Wien, (Vienna) where he brought out a dramatic after-piece, imagined at Paris, which succeeded on various German theatres, under the title of *The Female Jacobin Club*. *The Noble Lie*, *The Parrot*, *Count Benyowski*, and *Sultan Wampum* are also plays, which first made their appearance on the theatre at Wien.

The wife of Kotzebue did not feel at home among the Germans; she was anxious to revisit her native country, and to dwell once more among her relations. With a natural politeness her husband sought to gratify this wish, and having applied to the court of Vienna for leave of absence, and to the Russian ambassador at Berlin for a passport, the unsuspecting couple left Weimar, passed through Berlin to Königsberg, and thence to Memel and Riga. Immediately on passing the Russian frontier president Kotzebue

was arrested, and transferred with his family, under a guard of Cossacks, to the governor of Mittau, and thence, in like manner, to Petersburg.

Under the title, *The most remarkable Year in the Life of Augustus von Kotzebue,* a very interesting account of this event, and of his consequent exile to Siberia, has been published by the illustrious sufferer, and well translated into our language in 1802, by the amphibious pen (his verse is as lively as his prose) of the Rev. B. Beresford, formerly English lecturer to the queen of Prussia.

Kotzebue has not explained the cause of his arrest; on the contrary, he affects to be ignorant of it; but in the preface he gives this intimation. "A book entitled, according to the reports of some *The White Bear,* according to others *The Bear of the North,* has been ascribed to my pen. There are people too who pretend to have read it. Some maintain that this book was written by another person, whose name began with the same letter as mine, and that I was the victim of this mistake. Others there are who lay indiscreet conversations to my charge; while others again attribute my banishment to certain satirical passages, which they have discovered in some of my pieces composed ten years ago. Among a variety of conjectures, no one, however, imagined the real cause, which originated in a *momentary* impulse of suspicion."

If the apologue here alluded to, gave occasion to that conspiracy, which transferred from Paul to Alexander the sovereignty of Russia, and if a momentary suspicion was really entertained that Kotzebue was the poet of the fable, the act of banishment receives a natural solution. Kotzebue's narrative is any thing

but sincere: it bedaubs with loyal flattery, both the insane emperor Paul, and his immediate successor; and seems throughout to have been drawn up progressively, during his exile and his return, under the impression that his papers would be seized, and severely examined in high quarters. The intimation, just quoted from the preface, is not in the least glanced at during the lonely traveller's reflections, or in his formal memorial, and could only, it seems, be safely evulgated after the accession of Alexander. Persons of great influence, stationed in immediate contiguity to the imperial court, must secretly have protected Kotzebue, both to obtain a reversal of the decree of banishment during the life-time of Paul, with an indemnification for his sufferings from that act of despotism, and still to continue to him, under the new reign, increasing marks of imperial favor, beside placing him in the singular predicament of witnessing, as it were, the catastrophe of the tragedy, of which it had been pretended this inventive dramatist imagined the plot; for he slept in the imperial palace of Michailoff on the night of the 11th March, 1801, which transferred to Alexander the imperial dignity. Kotzebue however disclaims all suspicion of what was going forwards, and, (vol. iii, p. 74,) when he describes his last interview with the emperor Paul, adds: "neither of us then entertained the least suspicion, that we had seen each other for the last time."

Kotzebue was sent at first to Tobolsk on the Irtisch. By the governor there a residence was assigned to him at Kurgan, where he received the news of his recall. But even into Siberia his reputation had penetrated: he saw performed at Tobolsk (vol. ii, p. 19) his *Misanthropy and Repentance*, and his *Natural Son*, and the

players were preparing to get up *The Virgin of the Sun.* The whole account of these dreary regions, so unwillingly visited and so seldom described, which civilization, or despotism, have allotted for the extreme home of their refractory offspring, is geographically valuable; and the author's observations every where attest the consoling fact, that benevolence is in all soils an indigenous plant, and that, where education and religion have neglected its culture, it still grows wild in the heart of man.

After the triumphal acquittal of Kotzebue, and the necessary stay with his wife's relations, he revisited Revel, apparently in the suite of the emperor Alexander, who was desirous of signalizing his accession by the abolition of vassalage in Esthland and Livonia. This measure was still in process, when Kotzebue, perhaps to evade difficulties of execution to which his official situation made him liable, determined on taking his wife to Italy for a tour of pleasure. The account of his journey was published at Berlin, in four duodecimo volumes, dated 1805, and translated into English the year following. Italy is so well known, and so little of peculiar, unless in the theatric criticisms, marks this description, that it may suffice to notice one short anecdote. Kotzebue saw his own *Misanthropy and Repentance* performed in an Italian translation. When the piece came out in London with the unmeaning title of *The Stranger*, the English were shocked at the forgivingness of the husband, whose dignity they thought was committed by the final reconciliation; but, in Italy, the boxes were in a titter at the husband's distress, and poor Misanthropy got heartily laughed at for making such a grievance of his wife's infidelity.

After travelling through Italy, Kotzebue chose to

remain in Germany, and finally settled at Manheim, where he conducted a periodic miscellany. This magazine, though in a religious point of view liberal, or free-thinking, was in a political point of view devoted to the politics of the holy alliance, and attacked the patriotic writers of Germany, the friends of freedom, with unsparing hostility.

Kotzebue, though a native of Germany, had migrated to Russia, be it observed, before he was of age: he owed to his adopted country a steady patronage, and a high preferment, and his children, on the side of both mothers, were Russian denizens. It is hardly equitable therefore to designate him as false to his country, if he advocated the politics of the court of Petersburg. Yet the hatred he incurred in Germany by so doing is indescribable. He was assailed as a traitor to his fatherland, as a foe to freedom, as a spy of Russia, as a conspirator with despots, as a tyrant of the press: and so fanatically violent became the public indignation against him, especially among the students at those universities which patronized liberal opinions, that it was agitated in their club-rooms, and at their debating societies, whether it were not a duty to remove Kotzebue by assassination. It is pretended even that some secret society of Illuminees formally devoted his memory to execration, and his person to extinction; and that five enthusiasts were found to throw dice for the honor of being his executioner.

This is no doubt the dream of some abbé Barruel of the day; but it is too true that a young man of twenty-four years of age, named Ralph Henry Sandt, of whose previous character nothing amiss has transpired, and who was destined even for the ecclesiastic profession, called on Kotzebue at Manheim, in 1819,

on the 11th of March (as if Nemesis on that day had a right to claim her victim), and under pretext of delivering from the Muses of Erlangen a tribute to his merit, stabbed him to the heart with a dagger. The assassin then walked into the street, self-satisfied like Felton, and, after boasting of the deed, stabbed himself also. The wound was not mortal: he was arrested, disarmed, confined, cured, tried, condemned, and beheaded.

Kotzebue, by his two marriages, left fourteen children. The eldest son became a captain in the Austrian service; the second a lieutenant in the Russian marine, and progressively the conductor of a voyage of discovery; a third son Maurice has published an account of the Russian embassy to Persia, and the whole family is said to possess an hereditary tendency to excellence.

Let us pass on to the survey of his chief productions.

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§ 4.

Some account of the principal plays of Kotzebue.

ACCORDING to my judgement Kotzebue is the greatest dramatic genius that Europe has evolved since Shakspeare. In the hundredfold variety of his effusions are comprehended plays of every form: farces, *Hyperborean Ass, Female Jacobin Club, Blind Love, &c.:* comedies, *Indians in England, False Shame, Captain Belrond, &c.:* melodramas, *Hermit of Formentera, Devil's Country House:* mixt or sentimental dramas, *Misanthropy and Repentance, The Natural Son, La Peyrouse:* household tragedies, *Self-immolation:* classical tragedies, *Octavia:* and especially that vaster and more difficult form of art, which may best be denominated the gothic tragedy, of which Shakspeare's *Macbeth,* and Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell,* are perhaps the noblest specimens, but of which Kotzebue has added a full score to the dramatic repertory of Europe: *Virgin of the Sun, Spaniards in Peru, Count of Burgundy, Johanna of Montfaucon, Bayard, Hugo Grotius, Gustavus Vasa,* &c.

Rapid in his habits of composition, Kotzebue has seldom time for an artful structure of plot, or a profound estimate of character; but he is well aware how entirely the arts of the theatre concentrate the attention of an audience on the passing scene; and that provided the present situations be stimulant, and the

actual effect impressive, the spectator has not leisure to care or to enquire whether the personages were brought together by the wand of a conjuror, or by the pretended fortuitousness of a nicely contrived probability. Accordingly he makes free use of the extraordinary—discoveries of near relationships between persons, who have spent their lives together without suspecting their kinship, or who meet for the first time—personages arrived from the antipodes, Hindoos, Arabs, Negroes, Otaheitans, all habited in their proper costume—moral prodigies, as filial piety robbing a father, complaisant beauty in want, chaste concubines, wicked christians, respectable adultresses, bigamy from duty—such are the marvellous combinations to which Kotzebue too frequently recurs for the basis of his scenes. Yet his dialogue is written with a liveliness, a variety, and a boldness of appeal to the fairest sentiments and dearest feelings of our nature, which never fail to arrest attention, to captivate sensibility, and to provoke applause.

The earliest of Kotzebue's plays is *Tsar Demetrius*, which, if I err not, was printed at Petersburg, but is not comprehended in the German collection of his plays. It differs from the Demetrius of Soumarokoff in that it describes this prince not as an impostor but as the rightful sovereign, and will probably be revived in Russia, when a more settled order of things shall have prepared a tolerant censorship.

The Hermit of Formentera bears some resemblance to Shakspeare's Tempest. The night has been stormy; the hermit, accompanied by his aged attendant, has risen early to visit the beach, and see if any sufferer needs assistance. He finds a ship-wrecked female in a Turkish dress, drifting ashore by the help of a plank.

He assists her to land, and places her in his cell, while her raiment is dried in the sun. Selima is the daughter of an Algerine corsair, who had left home in concert with a Spanish slave. Hassan Mahmud, her father, occasionally visits Formentera, and, in return for the accommodation of the hermit in providing him with water and vegetables, is in the habit of leaving clothes and articles of use. He arrives this very morning, bringing with him Pedro, and Pedrillo his valet, two Spanish captives, whom he had seized the day before, and spared, without knowing that Pedro is the lover of his daughter. There is still another knot. Pedro, in his wanderings near the hermitage, finds a marble tomb laboriously sculptured with the name of his mother. She had been wife to the hermit, whom her family would not receive, and, having died early, a grandmother adopted and brought up their only child. The goodness of the hermit removes every difficulty: in a series of interesting scenes, each of which involves some critical recognition, Selima is reconciled to her father, married to her lover, and the hermit is once more attached to society by the bonds of paternal affection. The tolerant spirit displayed during the catastrophe is nobly affecting: and the improbabilities are readily forgiven for the incessant stimulancy of the situations.

Adelheid of Wulfingen is a story of the thirteenth century, in which an incestuous marriage occasions the distress, and Adelheid, like Medea, slaughters her children. Such plots may be borne in the closet, but good taste has ceased to patronize the exhibition of Oedipus, or of the Mysterious Mother. Prejudice may have led to excessive remorse; but not therefore would a civilized audience conspire to abolish it.

Misanthropy and Repentance is well known on the English theatre by the title of 'The Stranger.' Eulalia, a very young wife, had eloped from her husband, and lost her galant. She is become penitent, and, under the assumed name of Mrs. Miller, (in English Mrs. Haller,) is become housekeeper to a countess. Her virtues, displayed during a retreat of three years, have won the esteem of all. Meinau, her husband, is become misanthropic through disappointment, and lives secluded at the park-gate lodge, where Eulalia inhabits the residence. They become aware of each others merits, and, when, by an accident, they are brought together, their wordless interview is deeply pathetic. Calmer explanations ensue; both parties are decided for perpetual separation; Meinau grants the desirable settlement, returns her jewels; and is about to withdraw, when the appearance of their children recalls a passion which decides their reconciliation. This solution has been called immoral, I know not why. If in cases of adultery the general rule ought to be repudiation; there may, in particular facts, be qualifying circumstances, which justify a departure from it. Improbable it no doubt remains, that such a woman as Mrs. Miller should ever have quitted her home with a seducer; but at such virtues and such penitence as hers, even he, who lived without sin among us, would not have thrown the first stone.

The Indians in England has originality, vivacity, variety of character, some affecting and several laughable scenes, which with little alteration might supply to our theatres an agreeable after-piece. It was translated in 1797 by M. A. Thomson, and inserted in his German Miscellany.

The Negro-Slaves is an attempt at compressing into

one deeply affecting piece the more prominent facts of distress, which the evidence respecting the slave-trade had at that time brought into general notoriety. By representing them all as occurring on a single plantation, there is libellous exaggeration; but a woof of horror has been woven, the contemplation of which in our closets, and the representation of which on our theatres, cannot but tend to stimulate new efforts in behalf of an oppressed race of men. From the translation published in 1796 the following scene is borrowed.

"*A negro-woman enters with a dead child in her arms.*

Negro-woman, (wildly and out of her senses.) Away! Away! this place belongs to my child!

William, (jumping up.) God! what is that!

Negro-woman, (on her knees close to the grave.) Rest quietly here, poor worm. There, underneath, resides a good man who will protect thee.

William, (shuddering.) Truro, what does this mean? the child bleeds.

Negro-woman, (looks round, laughing.) It bleeds? Certainly it bleeds. Look at these drops on my gown —and these—and these—one—two—three.

William. Whose child is it?

Negro-woman. (She presses it in her arms most ardently.) It is my child!

William. Who killed it?

Negro-woman, (smiling.) I killed it.—Who but a mother could take pity on her own child?

William. God have mercy on thee, unfortunate mother!

Negro-woman. Aye, God have mercy on me!

William. Why didst thou this?

Negro-woman. Ought not the mother to take care of her child?

William. What impelled thee to this horrible deed?

Negro-woman. Maternal love! My poor child would have been many a long year tormented; whereas, now its torments lasted only three days.—It was born three days ago.—I was very weak and ill, the Overseer came, and desired me to press some sugar between some heavy metal cylinders. I was not able to do this, and therefore he beat me.—*(Uncovering her shoulder)* See, how he scourged me, see how the scars of the whip extend from my neck quite down, over my breast.—And whenever, after, I wished to give milk to my child, there came out blood.—Two days did my poor child live upon blood, which it sucked from the swellings, and it cried so pitiably.—*(Smiling)* Now it cries no more.

William. Ah! what hast thou done!

Negro-woman. My duty. Would to God, my good master, that my mother had destroyed me at the time I was born! I have not a joy in the world! God has created Blacks only to suffer. I was stolen from my parents when an infant, and sold for a copper kettle. My days dragged on between work and hunger, and my nights were passed in feverish sleep and tears, till they gave me a husband that I might bring more slaves into the world. Three times did I hope and fear to become a mother, three times I miscarried from overwork. We are used worse than dogs in the same situation, for they are spared and left at home: but the Negro-woman must work till she rolls in the sand with the pains of child-birth. This child was the first ray of joy that shone upon my life. I heard its little voice. It lay upon my breast—I rejoiced. I felt what

joy is to a happy being!—Sweet intoxication of motherly love! Alas! it is vanished.—I have been waked to new torments, to new redoubled torments. I was not to suffer alone, any more—this poor creature was to share my torture. When the Overseer scourged me—God knows! I bore it patiently, and covered my child with my arms—but a stroke chanced to fall on my child—I then went out of my senses—I then drove a nail into its heart—It did not cry—It just moved once—and see, it is dead—would to God, my good master, my mother had been as compassionate, and had destroyed me at the time I was born!

William, (quite subdued.) My heart will break!

Truro, (wiping the tears from his eyes.) I have lived through many such scenes, and yet I cannot grow accustomed to them!

Negro-woman. Flow gently, innocent blood! flow down and wash the bones of a man who was pious and good. Ah! here rests a dead man—he was white, but humane. He compassionated me, he bought me, because I was unhappy. He died soon after, and I am again unhappy! but this will not last long! No, not much longer! They will torture me for loving my child so much, I am sick and weak, and shall not survive their tortures. God be thanked! I shall die soon! —thou weepest!—Can a white man weep?—let me see—they really are tears—do not cry—give me those tears—I am so poor, that I have no more even of them.—I washed my child's wound with my last tears. (William *covers his face, and throws himself on a bench in the arbor.)* See there, a white man, who has humanity. Go down to that dead man; here above-ground, you stand alone among your brethren.—Hark! what was that? did not I hear the Overseer's voice?—Good

night, dear child! Sleep well—Now, they will scourge thy mother, but thou art taken away from misery.—Rest quietly upon this grave—rest tranquilly—sleep well—*(She kisses the child once more, and is going)* No, I cannot however leave it here! It is dead, but the mother's heart yet lives—Oh my child! my child! *(She presses it in her arms, and runs away, with marks of despair.)*

Truro. You are crying, good master? Alas! that does me good!—I have not seen it a long time.

William, (hiding his face.) Leave me alone, Truro.

Truro. You are not alone. The spirit of your father hovers around you—the spirit of the father of us all! *(He kneels close to the grave.)* Oh thou good old master! Oh that I could with my nails tear thee up from the earth!"

Two distinct catastrophes have been provided by the author: the one fortunate, in which William (the benevolent brother of the cruel planter) buys the plantation, and emancipates the sufferers, which seems fittest for the theatre: the other unfortunate, in which his intended benevolence effects its purpose too late, but which seems fittest for the closet. The translator, therefore, should have thrown into the note the opposite termination.

Of *Count Benyowsky* the plot is new; the characters are consistent, various, and distinct; curiosity is progressively and forcibly agitated; and the catastrophe is affecting and well-contrived. The scene is laid in Kamtschatka; where Russian exiles, dissatisfied with their hopeless condition, are plotting to seize the vessel of a merchant, and to fly from the military despotism of the Governor into some South Sea iland,

the supposed abode of liberty and plenty. Crustiew, a schoolmaster, has been the tutor of the conspirators. Benyowski arrives; his natural ascendancy soon places him at the head of the enterprise: but his talents also attract the notice of the Governor, and he is employed to teach French to his daughter Athanasia. She conceives an ardent passion for her instructor, learns the secret of the conspiracy, and desires to fly with him. Benyowski acquaints Athanasia that he is already married: but she persists in choosing to share his fortunes. Stephanoff, another conspirator, is jealous of Benyowski, and betrays the design. Great embarrassments ensue. At length, the resources of Benyowski repel every obstacle: the Russian officers are secured; and the Governor finds himself a helpless spectator of Benyowski leading his daughter to the vessel which is to liberate the rejoicing colony. The old man addresses himself to her filial tenderness, and to the Count's generosity; but the scene is too fine to be told—it must be transcribed.

"*Benyowsky.* Bring the governor in chains upon the rampart,—shew him to the people,—his head answers for our safety. *(Conspirator exit.)*

Athanasia. Mercy! mercy!

Benyowsky. Be not alarmed, only a vague threat—the people love your father.

Athanasia. Who does not love him?

Benyowsky. They will tremble for his life, and let us go in peace.

Athanasia. Ah, Benyowsky, you have it still in your power to re-establish all things. Once more give me up and restore me and yourself to my father. Set him at liberty! Open the gates! You have fought as a

hero, now act as a man; your enemies are subdued, subdue yourself! exchange the laurel of victory for the myrtle of love, the dangers of the sea for tranquillity in my arms! Come to my father, loose his fetters, receive in return together with his blessing, pardon for your followers, repose to your conscience, and you will confer on me happiness inexpressible!

Benyowsky. Athanasia, whither roves your fancy? My wife—

Athanasia. Ah! I know not what I say!—

Benyowsky. The die is cast! The great wheel of destiny irresistibly rolls on. What mortal might shall grasp the spoke?

Athanasia. Heavens protect me! or this confusion will overwhelm me.

Benyowsky. Sister, I will perform what I promised you.

Conspirator, (comes back.) It has taken effect.

Benyowsky. Is every thing quiet?

Conspirator. They tremble at our threat, and intreat for peace.

Benyowsky. The governor—

Conspirator. Exhorted them from the rampart, not to spare his person.

Benyowsky. Ha!

Conspirator. Storm! called he; I command it in the name of the Empress.

Benyowsky. Noble and great!

Conspirator. But in vain.

Benyowsky. It is well! nothing now detains us, let the drum beat, that the dispersed may collect themselves. Take the governor in the midst of you, in the harbour we will set him free. Load well your guns. Place cannon at the head of our forces, march by them

with lighted matches. There shall be no more hostility. No tumult, no shouts of triumph; nothing to re-animate the rage of the people. Go, I follow you. *(Conspirator exit.)*

Benyowsky. Come, dear Athanasia.

Athanasia, (hesitating.) Oh! my paternal roof!

Benyowsky. Look not on the past.

Athanasia. Here was I born! Here have I been fostered by a mother's love, and a father's tender care.

Benyowsky. Do not embitter your departure.

Athanasia. For the last time!

Benyowsky. Still you may choose.

Athanasia. No, never shall I see again this abode of my youthful joys! Never shall I hear again the mild voice of my father!

Benyowsky. You torture yourself and me.

Athanasia. Forgive me! *(A drum is heard.)*

Benyowsky. The minutes are precious.

Athanasia, (suppressing her anxiety.) I am ready.

Benyowsky. Beloved girl! separation from you would be terrible! though still, even now the choice is in your power. Remain or go.

Athanasia. Remain!—Ah, my father! Beat the drum! Beat the drum! that the noise may drown my voice!—Away, away! bear me away!

Benyowsky. Come to my brotherly arms.

Athanasia, (once more looking sorrowfully around her.) Blessings on my old father! *(Exeunt.)*

(The scene changes. The back ground represents a part of the harbour. The frigate ready for sailing; the crew busily employed, the confederates run backwards and forwards. Confused noise heard on all hands: "heave the anchors!—Unfurl the sails!—The wind is north—East and by East: Pilot!—Hollo there!

They are coming!—Yonder is the party winding down the hill—Good luck to us! All is ready!—Huzza! Huzza!")

(Benyowsky, Athanasia, Crustiew, and the other conspirators come forward. Governor in chains, under a strong guard, exhausted with rage. Mean time Crustiew and the confederates run to the ship, make arrangements, give orders, &c. Benyowsky approaching the Governor. Athanasia remains fearfully standing at a distance.)

Benyowsky. I have now but a few moments. Do we part as friends?

(Governor throws a look of contempt upon him, turns away from him and gnashes his teeth.)

Benyowsky. That I was taken prisoner fighting against Russians, was that a crime?—That I have this day burst these hard fetters, is that a crime? *(Governor keeps a sullen silence.)*

Benyowsky. Honor and patriotism summoned me; to the fate of these my brothers an oath bound mine. *(Governor does not answer.)*

Benyowsky. I had left at home a pregnant wife—Old man! what wouldst thou have done in my place? *(Governor stubbornly silent.)*

Benyowsky. Am I not worthy of one word, of one look? It is well! What grief and rage do now condemn, your cooler blood to-morrow will excuse—Farewell!

(Governor grasps his chains in fury, and attempts to rush upon him. He is restrained. He sees Athanasia, beats his forehead, with redoubled fury, and laments aloud.)

Athanasia, (throws herself at his feet.) Pardon, my father.

Governor, (*turning from her.*) Who speaks to me?

Athanasia. Your blessing.

Governor. My curse pursue thee across the sea! mayst thou hear it in the storm! hear it in the arms of thy paramour! Tremble at it when the lightning flashes! and when the sun shines forth, think on thy father's grave. When the thunder roars, may it sound my curse into thine ear, and if a soft breeze murmur, mayst thou fancy it thy father's dying groan. May all abandon thee at thy last hour, as thou abandonest me; let nought but the image of thy wrathful father float before thy fevered brain! Shouldst thou bear children, a grandsire's curse be their inheritance! May their ingratitude revenge me on their mother! (*Athanasia sinks speechless and half dead into Benyowsky's arms.*)

Governor, (*moved by the sight of Athanasia.*) Stay with me, my child! my dear deluded child! remain with me! I am old and infirm. When thy mother died, she said to me, weep not, I leave you Athanasia. Wilt thou make a liar of thy dying mother? a few weeks, perhaps only a few days, how soon they are gone! Then will I lay myself down and die, and thou mayst say—I have fulfilled the commands of my mother, I have closed my father's eyes.

Benyowsky, (agitated.) Spare her!

Governor, Thou art my only joy! my only consolation! I love thee with a father's fondness;—so will no vile seducer love thee;—satiated in thine arms he will repay thee with disgust;—whilst thy old father, in return for his blessing, asks but the gentle pressure of thy hand upon his eyelids, when they would close themselves in death. Oh! that these locks were not already grey, in this sad moment would they whiten, and the sight perchance might move thee. (*Athana-*

sia attempts to raise herself and falls fainting back.)

Benyowsky, (very much moved.) God of heaven! help!—Seize her and bear her away!

Governor, (beside himself with anxiety and grief.) Count Benyowsky, if thou believest in God, hear me! I have never offended thee! I have shown thee all the kindness in my power! Thou hast robbed me of my all. Thou hast robbed me of my rank and honor! Leave me my daughter and I still am rich! Count Benyowsky, if thou believest in God, hear me!—For thine own wife's sake, who prays for thee at home! How can God grant her prayer, if thou robbest me, a poor old man, of this my only jewel. For thy child's sake, which thou knewest not when thou wentest from home, if thou wouldst not that it make thee a wretched father! What wouldst thou do with her? see already she is a corpse—restore to me the corpse of my daughter! *(He falls upon his knees, and stretches out his hands towards heaven)* Count Benyowsky, I have no words—I have no tears, but God has thunder!

Benyowsky, (very much agitated, lays the fainting Athanasia in the arms of the kneeling old man.) There you have her, old father! *(He draws out the picture of his wife.)* Emilia! my wife!—Away, on board! *(Confused tumult. All hasten on board.)*

Governor, (pressing his daughter to his bosom in extacy, while he stretches out his other hand toward the ship.) God bless thee, stranger! God Almighty bless thee! *(The curtain falls.)*"

Brother Maurice was a poor nobleman, obliged to leave his aunt and sisters in narrow circumstances, and to embark for the Indies in quest of a maintenance.

After having rapidly acquired the fortune of a nabob, he attempted to return through Arabia, where he was plundered of that portion of his property which had been intrusted to the caravan, and was himself made slave to a Bedouin Sheik. Omar, the son of the Arab chieftain, attaches himself to Maurice, learns of him an European language, obtains his liberty, and accompanies him to Europe: he has saved the life and he enjoys the friendship of Maurice. The piece opens soon after the arrival of the two friends in the sea-port at which the female relatives of Maurice reside, in industrious obscurity. They have just been removed to better lodgings, and are engaged in hiring an additional maid-servant. Maurice is represented as endowed with an excellent head and heart, but as having gotten rid of every prejudice, which the freaks of modern philosophy have attacked. He proposes to each of his sisters that she should marry him: but, finding them otherwise inclined, he gives the one to a painter, and the other to his friend Omar. He next applies to the maid-servant, who, after various hesitations, thinks it her duty to tell him that she has already a little bastard, five or six years of age, by a person who is lately dead. Maurice likes both the child and the mother, and determines to marry her. He is willing to let his property become a common stock; and his friends are willing that he should: they agree to lay it out in what is necessary for colonization, and, being rather unfit for Europe, to set off together for the Pelew Ilands. Some episodical personages serve to prolong the piece by farcical incidents.

Much originality, consistency, interest, and nature, are manifest in the groupe of characters here assembled. The feeling, generous, bold, and naked honesty

of Maurice; the negro-fidelity and fiery sensibility of Omar; the lofty reserve of Moll, who is incurring the reproach of avarice in order to obtain the means of beneficence; the tender melancholy of his Julia; and the lively petulance and amiable caprice of Nelly, so bewitchingly employed in taming and rewarding the half-savage Arabian;—afford a high degree of variety and of pleasure. The most peculiar scene is perhaps that in which Maria meets the offer of marriage from Maurice by acquainting him with her previous amour: here is a translation of it.

"*Maria, (leading in a little boy to Maurice.)* See.

Maurice, (advancing towards her.) At length then, you fibber, you are return'd. Are these your quarters of an hour? For this I expect that in future you turn my months into quarters of hours.

Maria. I have waited awhile behind the hedge; you were not alone; and I wanted to collect myself—to prepare myself:—my eyes were so red.

Maurice. Sweet girl, a red *cheek* I will allow you: for virgin shame reddens the cheek:—but grief the eyes. My wife must have tears only for *another's* sorrows.

Maria. The generosity of a man can dry bitter tears: but generosity is not omnipotence: it cannot blot out the past, it cannot raze the written troubles of the heart. Your wife——good! great—man! there was a time when I might have fancied myself worthy of such a title:—but of those sweet days of innocence, nothing now is left to me but the courage to tell you—that they are no more. This boy is my son. *(She clings about the child, and takes him to her arms.)* Charles, Charles, to thee thy mother made a great sa-

crifice; and in return thou shalt one day curse me for having given to thee a dishonourable being. *(She rises up again.)* Farewell, Sir. My thanks and my blessing swim in those tears. I owe you much. You lifted up my soul anew. You gave me occasion to discover that I am still not wholly unworthy. Yes, Sir, to you I can willingly own it—I felt so bowed down, and so debased, that I dared not even pray to my God; for I had only words to atone for my faults: but the sacrifice which to-day I make to duty and to virtue, will restore to me some claim on my own esteem. I thank you, Sir. You have saved a wretch! —for who is so wretched as she who has lost her own esteem? The remembrance of this last hour will sweeten many moments of my life. I can again pray to God; and your name shall mingle with every breath of my gratitude. Farewell.

Maurice. Stay. *(He takes her by the hand, and after a pause beckons the child.)* Where is thy father, child?

Child. He is dead.

Maurice. I will be thy father, boy.

Maria. O! God!

Maurice, (turning from the child to Maria.) Thou art again flinging a prejudice in my way, and I—do not stumble at it, but tread it under foot. Look at this diamond *(shewing her his ring)*, it is handsome, it is of the purest water, it is mine. I am not the first who possessed it; though I trust it shall be buried with me. I joy in it as much as if I had myself dug it from the mine of Golconda. *(He takes her cordially by the hand.)* I feel, Maria, that thou canst make me happy such as thou art. Thou speakest of a time when thou wast better: I tell thee thou art better now. Thy innocence was ignorance, was custom: thou wast good,

because it had been told thee to be good. Now thou knowest *why* thou art good; now thou art virtuous: —and shall I cast away the felicity of my life out of deference to a whim?—refuse a rose because a butterfly has rifled it? What, thou *hast* been I have no right to ask. I know what thou *art,* and what thou *wilt* be to me. Why dost thou not ask me whether I have ever been a pure young man, a stranger to incontinence? In my eyes, both sexes have equal rights. To day begins a new life; the present is clear: the future smiles: the past lies behind us like a cloud which the wind has driven by. Dwell not enthusiastically on thy woes. Think of thy sorrows only with the glad feeling that they are no more. Whatever troubles thee henceforth, let me share it faithfully with thee.

Maria, (deeply moved, labours to express her gratitude in gestures: she cannot speak. At length she turns to the child, looks alternately at him and at Maurice, and with faultering voice says,) And this child?

Maurice. I am his father; he is my son. The mother to whom *I* owe him is not indeed named *Pleasure,* but *Affection.* Nature did not force him on me as a son in an hour of intoxication—he is my son by the choice of my heart. Come, my boy, shake hands. *(He offers his hand to the child, who takes it and caresses him.)* Here I promise thee, in the face of those who take most concern in thy fate, in the face of God and of thy mother, that I will truly and faithfully be thy father. I will so act toward thee, that, when we meet thy real father before the throne of God, he shall not dare to say—*the lad is mine.*

The Child, (drawing back his hand.) You hurt me.

Maurice, (smiling.) He understands me not: but God has understood me; and thou too?

Maria, (with deep emotion.) I have.

Maurice. So much, then, is settled. I am by this time known to thee; and I may now more confidently repeat my question: Sweet girl, wilt thou be my wife?

Maria. You deserve an entire heart.

Maurice. And if I deserve, I shall have it. If any of thine affections yet cling to other objects, time will separate them; and every day will add to the wholeness of my possession. This very feeling of progress is a new enjoyment.

Maria. Yes, I shall love thee. As yet I cannot: you are too much my benefactor: we are not equal enough to each other:—but if esteem and gratitude be the preparations for real love—as I think I feel they are——then——yes—

Maurice, (snatches her hand with transport.) Speak after me. Thou—

Maria, (bashfully.) Thou—

Maurice. I love thee.

Maria. Thee.

Maurice. I am thine.

Maria. Thine.

Maurice, (clasping her in his arms.) Mine. Here, my child, thou belongest to our trefoil-leaf. *(He lifts up the child, who throws a hand round each of their knecks.)* The knot is tied. *(He sets down the child, and lets go the hand of Maria.)* It is completely tied in my eyes; in thine it still wants another ceremony. Come. Follow me to the clergyman?"

In this as in many others of his scenes, Kotzebue must be thought to tread on the brink of moral licentiousness. By putting a case, in which the feelings of an audience are drawn to sympathize with a man who

overlooks, in his wife, the stain of previous incontinence, there is danger lest the general rule of purity should become enfeebled in the public imagination.

The young *Count of Burgundy*, savèd in his infancy from the massacre of his family, has been educated, ignorant of his rank, by a hermit, in Switzerland, and has rendered himself agreeable to Elizabeth, the daughter of a poor Swiss knight. News is brought that the usurper of the sceptre of Burgundy is dead; and the hermit now reveals to Henry the secret of his parentage; and sets off with him and the friendly messenger for Arles, in order to lay claim to the vacant inheritance. They carry with them the coronet, sealring, and cup, of the murdered Count, with other documents necessary to prove the pedigree and right of the young Henry. In the neighbourhood of Arles they stay during the night at an inn: where some persons, observing the regalia in possession of the hermit, denounce him and his companions as conspirators in the massacre of the Count's family. The death of the usurper having withdrawn all supposed protection, every one is clamorous for their punishment; and they are dragged in bonds before an assembly of the burghers of Arles. Now follows one of the finest scenes, or rather acts, in any of these dramas. The stormy anger of the populace, clamouring for the execution of these suspected innocents, but mingled with a thousand bursts of affection for the murdered Count, the father of his country, whose benefits eighteen years of usurpation had not effaced; the hermit gradually obtaining leisure for defense, relating his story, and, instead of the murderer, discovering himself as the preserver of the rightful heir; and the glow of enthusiastic triumph with which Henry is welcomed

by the agitated and altered crowd; are truly admirable. They break open the convent in which his widowed mother, Matilda, has immured herself; and she is led to her son at the critical moment of his recognition and restoration.

"SCENE II. Several Citizens run across the Stage calling, "ring the alarum bell!"—" ring the alarum bell!"—Another Multitude throng into the Place, among them BLOCK, *the Joiner, and* BENEDICT, *the Cooper.*

Block. This way, this way, citizens—here—to the castle.

Ben. What's the matter now, neighbour Block?

Block. Neighbour Benedict, throw aside your work! —horrible things are come out—the day of revenge is at length arrived!

The People. Revenge! revenge!

Ben. Revenge!—on whom?—for what?

The People. Drag the murderers hither—let them bleed under the very windows of the castle!

Ben. What murderers?

Block. They have taken into custody some pilgrims —Count Albert's seal-ring was found upon them.

One of the People. And the drinking-cup with the arms of Burgundy upon it.

Ben. Just God! it was thy avenging angel sent them to Arles!—Where are they, neighbour Block?

Block. They are dragging them to prison.

The People. Let 'em be brought hither!—ring out the alarum bell!—*(The alarum bell is rung, the throng encreases every moment,—they jostle each other—talk—shout.)*

Ben. Oh joy! joy! that I have lived to see this

day!—See Nicholas, how these honest men still affectionately cherish the memory of their murdered lord! —Thus do kind actions shoot forth like flowers from the grave of the righteous! Spirit of Count Albert! arise from thy tomb, and behold how the blood of thy grateful people still boils for revenge! *(The gates of the castle are opened.)*

Several voices call. Make way for Count Hugo!—Make way for the Governor!

SCENE III. Enter Count HUGO VON WERDENBERG *from the Castle.—He walks into the midst of the Multitude.*

Hugo. What is the matter, my children?—what brings you hither?——*(The people throng round him, every one eager to tell the story, but nothing can be heard except a confused noise.)*

Hugo. I do not understand you!—Speak one at a time!

The People. Master Martin, do you speak.

Martin. I had been two days in the country upon business; and as I was returning home, happened to sleep at a village, three miles off. When I had looked after my cattle, I laid myself down, with several other travellers upon the straw. It was then dark, but the next morning, as soon as the day was dawning, I awoke, and began to look about me, and examine my companions. An old man, in a pilgrim's cloak, lay next to me; he had kicked his cloak aside as he slept, and I saw that he had a coat of mail underneath it. Well, this you may be sure raised my curiosity, so I examined him more narrowly, and then I perceived on his hand, a seal-ring, which for all the world answered the description I have heard given of that

Count Albert wore, and which was missing from his finger when he was murdered.

The People. The murderer of Count Albert!—He is found! he is found!—Revenge! revenge!

Hugo. Silence! silence!—let us hear further.

Martin. I felt as cold as ice in all my limbs, but still I was not quite certain about the matter, till I perceived, at the old man's feet, a great silver cup.—Most likely they had been drinking out of it over night, to their happy return home.—Well, I took up the cup to look at it, and behold! the first thing that I saw was the arms of Burgundy engraved upon the side.

The People. Enough! enough!—Bring him hither! bring him hither!

Hugo. Be silent, my brethren! let your fellow-citizen finish.

Martin. I made no more ado, but was drawing out my knife, that I might dispatch the old villian to the other world, when he opened his eyes. Close beside him lay a stout looking young man, and another fellow habited likewise as a pilgrim. He waked them, they rose up hastily, and very contentedly proceeded on their way to the town. I joined company with them, that I might not lose 'em out of my sight, and by the way, the old man began to ask me, first about one thing, then another; whether the citizens of Arles still thought with love and sorrow on their good Count Albert?—Whether they hated his murderers? and other such like questions. Also about you, my lord Count, they made several enquiries, and seemed quite rejoiced to hear that you were still alive and well. When we came to the gate, I called to the guards for help; we searched their portmanteau, and there

we found, among other suspicious things, swathes ornamented with the Burgundian arms, and the letter H, beneath an Earl's coronet.—Ah! for certain, they must have belonged to the poor little Count Henry, whose innocent blood the villain had spilt.

The People. Revenge! Blood!—Drag them hither!

Hugo. Ye citizens of Arles! a heavy yoke hath long oppressed you—ye know what mischief an overhasty sentence may produce; be slow to punish, investigate this matter cautiously.—The prisoners cannot escape you;—hear them, and judge them coolly, that this yet scarsely purified soil, may not reek again with guiltless blood.

The People. He is in the right!—He is in the right! Let them be heard!—examine them directly!

One of the People. Look! look! the guards are bringing the old man hither.

The People. Hither, guards!—hither! to justice! to justice!

SCENE IV. PETER, *bound and conducted by the Guards, enters, with a serene and steady Countenance.*

Hugo. Place him in the midst of us.

One of the Guards. It was his own request to be brought before the people.

A voice in the back-ground. Look whether he has a coat of mail under his cloak.

(Some of the people who stand nearest to PETER, *snatch off his cloak, and cry)* Yes! Yes!

A voice. Look whether he has the seal-ring on his finger. *(Some of them raise his fettered hands)* Yes! Yes!

The People, (with horrid shouts.) Cut him down!—

Tear him to pieces!—Stone him!—

(They all throng about the Prisoner.)

Hugo, (pushing them back with all his strength.) Guards! protect him!——Back! back, my friends! ——Yet hold a few minutes!—yet hear him! Ye citizens of Arles, if still ye love me, I conjure you by the ashes of your murdered Count!

(Some of the most moderate among the citizens side with Hugo and the Guards, crying,) Back! Back!—He has called upon the people, let us hear what the criminal can say for himself.

Hugo. Silence! Silence! I conjure you, in the name of justice, to let the scales be poised before the sword be lifted! *(The people are silent, then Hugo addresses Peter.)* You understand what heavy crimes are laid to your charge?

Peter. In vain does a dishonourable death threaten my innocence!—tears of joy will notwithstanding roll down my cheeks and moisten the bands which I bear with honor. Oh! with what transport do I witness the ardent love for good Count Albert, which after eighteen years still glows in his subjects hearts! He was my friend!—my benefactor!—accursed be his murderer!!!

The People, (with murmurings.) His friend!—his benefactor!!

Peter. Ye citizens of Arles!—ye formerly beloved fellow-citizens!—is there no one among you who recollects me? *(A murmuring noise, the people all press about him and examine his features. Peter turns to Hugo.)* Nor you, neither, my brother in arms?

Hugo, (observing him attentively.) That voice, indeed, does not seem wholly strange to me!

Peter. Gracious powers! have age and sorrow so

transformed my features!—Will no one welcome home John von Bonstetten?

The People. John von Bonstetten—'T is he! 'tis he himself!

Hugo, (embracing him.) John von Bonstetten!—my friend!—my brother in arms! Has the grave given thee back again!

One of the People. Yes, yes, I recollect him now!

Another. And so do I!

A Third. Aye, a noble fellow!

A Fourth. The bosom friend of good Count Albert!

The People. Loosen his bands!—Bear him in your arms!—Carry him to the grave of his murdered lord! *(The Guards unbind him.—He throws off his cloak, and appears equipped as a knight.—Then exclaims with animation.)*

Peter. Yes, to the grave of my beloved Albert!—— Thither, ye citizens of Arles!—There crown his only son as your rightful lord.

The People. His son!—His son!!!

Peter. Restrain your transports!—Hear me!—hear the voice of a friend!——In that fearful and bloody night, when my ears were assailed on all sides by the clashing of the hired murderers' swords, and the piercing cries and groans of the dying—when my beloved, my honoured lord lay bleeding before me, and his elder sons gasped in the agonies of death, I called my wife, to whose care was entrusted the youngest son, then in swaddling clothes, and bade her hasten to rescue her treasure. I took the seal-ring from the finger of the Count's dead body, and his silver cup from the table; and through a secret door escaped from the castle, with my Agnes and the infant Henry. In the thickest darkness of night, under horrible anxieties of

mind, we sought the most unfrequented places, and wandered on through bogs and moors, amid thorns and thistles, scarsely knowing whither we went. Yet the return of light served only to increase our terrors, since it left us so much more exposed to the assassins, by whom we doubted not we were pursued. During the day we concealed ourselves in the corn fields, and appeased our hunger with the unripe ears. The Almighty extended his protecting arm over your prince. —We reached the borders of Burgundy in safety, and from thence I despached back to Arles our only companion, my faithful servant Bruno, charging him to remain there, and secretly to watch the passing events till he could be the messenger of happier tidings. In a poor and solitary hermitage, at the foot of the Alps, I guarded the dear pledge which heaven had thus wonderfully consigned to my care. The infant bud blossomed into a lovely boy—the boy ripened into a vigorous man. Ye citizens of Arles, to day I bring him back to you—receive him and your future happiness from my hands!

The People, (in the highest extacies.) Where is he? where is he?

Peter. He was dragged with me to prison.—The hand that should sway your sceptre is loaded with irons.

The People. Haste! haste!—He lives! he lives!—Count Albert's son still lives!

(The People hasten out, shouting and huzzaing; only Hugo and Peter remain.)

Hugo. Am I then awake, or do I dream!

Peter. Give me thy hand, Hugo: Often on this spot have we shaken hands at parting, as we returned home from the castle after a cheerful repast.

Hugo. Ah, whither are those happy times flown!

Peter. They will be revived.—My Henry is a thrifty shoot from the old Burgundian stem. I educated him as a man poor and humble.—Happy the prince who has known poverty!

Hugo. Where is thy good Agnes?

Peter. Oh! recal not mournful recollections, at such an hour!

Hugo. I understand you but too well.

The People, (at a distance.) Huzza!! huzza!!—Long live Count Henry of Burgundy!

Peter. Ha!—they return!—Rejoice, Hugo, thou wilt see a noble youth.

SCENE V. HENRY *enters, surrounded by the People, some of whom bear him in their Arms.*

The People. Here he is!—here is the young count!—what an eye!—how like his father!—what a smile!—so like his father!—Long live Count Henry!

Some voices in the back-ground. Let us see him too!—we cannot see him!—raise him up!—lift him on your shoulders!

Benedict. Here! here!—Heave him up upon my tun.

(Henry is lifted upon the tun—a loud shout of joy resounds through the air.) Long live Henry, Count of Burgundy!!!

(Drums, trumpets, and martial music, play on the balcony of the castle. Henry attempts to speak; he turns first to one side, then to the other, but is unable to utter a word, and at last bursts into tears.)

Several voices. He weeps! he weeps!

Henry, (with a broken voice.) You see me now for the first time, and already you love me!—for this I

am indebted to my excellent father—may his blessing rest upon me!

The People, (throwing up their hands toward heaven.) The blessing of count Albert rest upon his virtuous son!!!

Henry. If I cannot be to you what he was, I will yet love you even as he loved you. *(He raises his hands and eyes towards heaven.)* My brethren, unite with me in thanks to heaven for my wonderful escape.

The People all kneel. Thanks! thanks! to God!

A female voice is heard behind the scenes. Where is he?—where is my son?

Some of the People. His mother comes!

SCENE VI. The Countess of Burgundy rushes upon the Stage—the People turn to her exclaiming—"Your Son! —your Son!"—and point to Henry: she presses through the Crowd, looks wildly at him, stretches out her arms toward him, and sinks speechless upon her knees.

Henry. My mother!!! *(He attempts to spring from the tun; the People throng round, and lift him off; when he throws himself into his mother's arms.)*

The People. Long live countess Matilda!—Long live count Henry!

(Trumpets, drums, and other instruments, play again on the balcony of the castle.)

Matilda. Am I then still a mother!—Is this, indeed, my son!—Thou only treasure, snatched from the hands of ruffians!!! *(She contemplates him with looks of the wildest transport and affection.)* Oh, all things in this world may be erased from the memory!—all may be forgotten!—all, all, save maternal love!

Henry. My mother!—grant me your blessing also!

Matilda. The blessing of your noble father rest upon you!—A prince must be blessed by his people, not by his mother.

Henry. I will endeavour to deserve my people's love—and yours, too, my mother!—I call heaven to witness my solemn vow!

Matilda. Now, now for the first time will my solitary cell resound with maternal transports!—No longer shall I kneel before my crucifix to imprecate revenge; but henceforwards offer incessantly my warmest tribute of praise and gratitude for this unhoped-for mercy. Oh, with what rapture does a mother pay this tribute to the universal Father!

Peter. Gracious countess!—permit a faithful old servant to kiss the hem of your garment.

Matilda. John von Bonstetten!—How can I ever repay you?

Peter. I should pity my own heart, if a scene like this did not repay all.

Matilda. When for the last time you wished me good night in yonder hall, who could have thought that the morning when we were to meet again, would not dawn till after the lapse of eighteen mournful years!—Where is your worthy Agnes?

Peter, (after a solemn pause.) Her morning has not yet dawned.

Matilda. I understand you!—Our son, then, is the only treasure spared to both!

Peter. Henry, Count of Burgundy, allow me to be the first to swear homage to our new lord! *(He kneels, Henry throws himself into his arms.)*

Henry. Distress me not with this humiliation!—Withdraw not from me the sweet name which my heart never can renounce! Still call me your son!—Be not

ashamed of me, even in the presence of a whole people!

Peter, (clasping him in his arms.) My son! ! !

Henry, (with a noble ardour.) People of Burgundy! if ever I fulfil the hopes your love has formed—if I succeed in supplying to you the loss of my noble father—to this man alone will your gratitude be due. He carried nothing with him to the desert, save that of which no tyrant could bereave him—his virtue! As a child I loved him, as a youth I admired him, as a man I will emulate his example!—He is not the next below me, he is the first above me!—Whatever blessings you may henceforth enjoy, through me, they will be only shoots growing up from the germs he planted!—If for one moment I can forget what he has been to me—what he still is—and what he ever will continue—may heaven eternally forget me!

Peter. To produce noble fruit from a noble germ is but a trifling merit.

Matilda. My son, all that I see, all that I hear, makes my heart proud that it was I who bore thee."

The rest of the play is comparatively flat. Henry goes in disguise to Switzerland in order to seek his Elizabeth, and surprises her with the offer of a throne. She returns with him to Arles; and the piece concludes with their coronation.

False Shame is a very skilful comedy: full of delicate and new situations, scarsely improbable. The characters are various, natural, and consistent, and the moral is good. There is so much of local nature in this play, and the situations are poignant so much more from the characters than from the circumstances of the personages, that I shall not offer an analysis of the plot: especially as the piece has been entirely and ele-

gantly translated into English, by the late Mr. Robert Harvey, of Catton, near Norwich, 1799. It is nearly the best German comedy familiar to me:—the author of *Minna von Barnhelm* may frown: but does all the patient art of *Lessing* attain the glow of *Kotzebue's* rapidity?

A play on the subject of the misfortunes of *La Pérouse*; who is here supposed to have been shipwrecked in the South Seas. Malvina, a female savage, has saved him from the waves, and has conveyed him to an unoccupied iland; where he lives with her, and has a son. In secret, he vents his sorrow for those whom he left behind in Europe: he observes a sail: he makes signals: the vessel approaches. A female and a boy are landed from a boat: they are the wife and son of *La Pérouse*, who had sailed on board the ship sent in search of him by the Convention. The two women gradually discover each other's relation to *La Pérouse*; their equal claims, their jealousy, their warm affection for him, and their children, supply interesting moments: but the parallelism of their situations is too complete, and gives an antithesis to their alternate speeches which often fatigues.—The brother of Madame *La Pérouse* now intervenes. He descants on the revolution of France and the insecurity of happiness in Europe: he proposes to the party to establish themselves in the South-Seas, and to detach him with the vessel for other companions. The plan is determined, and the two women consent to live, in sisterly union, with *La Pérouse*.

Wild Oats (for I know not how else to render the title *der Wildfang*) is an amusing farce, no doubt, on the stage, but is unfit for the closet. The endless disguises of the young lover, and the comic perversi-

ties of situation which occur, fill a busy but not very original plot.

The Natural Son, first printed in 1791, was represented at Covent Garden theatre, under the ill-chosen title of *Lover's Vows*, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Inchbald, who undertook to accommodate for the English taste the translation of a foreigner. It was successful; but a better and more faithful version was executed in 1798 by Miss Anne Plumtre, then of Norwich, to which is prefixed a preface, which explains and criticizes judiciously the variations from the original adopted at the play-house.

Baron Wildenhain had seduced and abandoned the companioness of his mother, gone into the army, and married a noble lady, who is deceased, and has left him an only daughter. The son of his mistress, a common soldier but well educated, is come to visit his mother, whom he finds in great distress, reduced even to beg for alms. From filial piety he commits a highway robbery, and progressively discovers that the baron, he has stopped, is his own father. There was however in the conduct of the young man a degree of spirit and feeling, which interests the baron, who enquires after the mother, visits her, and recognizes the Wilhelmina, to whom he had early promised marriage. By the interference of a pastor, to whom the baron's daughter is attached, all impediments are overcome, the father marries Wilhelmina, adopts Frederic, and gives his daughter to the pastor. Many of the scenes are affecting; the first meeting between Frederic and his mother, and her narration of the story of his early years, are among the best: and the conclusion is fine, but sufficiently known to render an extract needless. There is a play of Diderot's with the same title, which

however in nothing resembles the piece of Kotzebue: but there is a play of Gesner's, called *Erastus*, whence several reminiscences have been transplanted.

The Virgin of the Sun is a truly fine poem. Of all tragedies, which do not include a single murder, and of which the catastrophe is perfectly happy, this is the one which excites the deepest interest, and carries furthest the fear and pity of the spectator. The plot is remotely derived from the Incas of Marmontel, and more immediately from a German opera, set to music by Naumann, in which this story was first dramatized. Cora, a virgin of the Sun, has broken her vow of chastity in favor of a young Spaniard, named Alonzo. At the opening of the piece she has given him an assignation, and complacently reveals to him her pregnancy. He is alarmed, being aware that death awaits her, as the legal punishment of this transgression, and advises flight. Rolla, also the lover but not the successful lover of Cora, generously undertakes to facilitate her escape. Meanwhile Cora has been missed from the temple; spies are set over her; the high-priestess questions her, and Cora acknowledges her situation. The priestess, veiled in mourning, goes in procession, with the other virgins, to the Inca's palace, to denounce the crime of Cora. The priesthood is convened; and sentence of death, according to law, is passed on the guilty lovers. The Inca, and the high-priest secretly lean to mercy; but feel, alas! compelled to acquiesce in the order for execution. Four priests are employed to dig the grave in which Cora is to be immured, and sing a dirge, or curse, during their toil. Rolla passes by, and infers the doom of Cora. Furious he mingles among the soldiery, and stirs up the army to revolt against the fatal sentence.

Meanwhile the progress of punishment proceeds. The father and brother of Cora are put in bonds preparatory to destitution and degradation: she takes leave of them and obtains their forgiveness. The Inca now assembles the court of justice, before which the priests are to lay the award of the ecclesiastic tribunal. Ataliba, prone to mercy, liberates the father and brother of Cora, and suggests to Alonzo a plan of defense; but the lovers prefer dying together, and each claims the original guilt. The court is interrupted by seditious cries. The army has risen at Rolla's instigation, and he comes rebelliously to extort the deliverance of Cora. The Inca refuses to be dictated to, and commands Rolla to disarm. Cora takes from him his bow and his sword, and induces him to submit. Ataliba pardons him. Encouraged by the high-priest, and convinced from the temper of the people, that the time is come for abolishing these human sacrifices, he pronounces the pardon of Cora, and abrogates the law of death. The piece concludes with loud and universal shouts of 'Long live the Inca.' In progressive interest, variety of pageantry, depth of pathos, and felicity of solution, this piece has few rivals on any theatre: the finest scene is perhaps that in which Rolla learns that he too was born of a priestess of the sun, and that the high-priest is his father—it is not very detachable.

The Death of Rolla, or *the Spaniards in Peru*, has succeeded on the English stage, with some alterations, by the title of Pizarro: it is a second part to the *Virgin of the Sun*, and introduces Alonzo and Cora still wrapt up in each other, and watching the toothing of their infant child. Pizarro, accompanied by his mistress Elvira, and by other Spaniards, is about to attack the

Peruvians, and fixes on a day which they have consecrated to innocent sacrifices. They are not unaware of danger, and although their rites of worship are interrupted, the men are soon at their posts, and the women concealed in the wilderness. Beside the forsaken altar remains only a blind old man with his boy-guide. He bids the lad climb a tall palm-tree, whence the field of skirmish is visible, and by their dialogue the audience is informed, in a lively and dramatic manner, of the events of the battle, during which Alonzo is made prisoner, but Rolla succeeds in repelling the Spaniards. Pizarro determines to execute Alonzo for fighting against his European countrymen; but Elvira, who falls in love with him, attempts to arm him against the life of Pizarro in vain. Rolla, disguised as a priest, has introduced himself into the Spanish camp, and into the prisoner's tent, exchanges costume with Alonzo, compels him to escape, and stays to suffer in his stead. Elvira returns with a poignard, finds Rolla, arms him, and takes him to the bed-side of the sleeping Pizarro; but Rolla disdains an ignoble advantage, wakes Pizarro, and acquaints him with the flight of Alonzo. Pizarro, struck with the generosity of Rolla, permits him to return unmolested. Meanwhile Cora, ignorant of Alonzo's fate, has been to seek his corse on the field of battle. She is surprized by night and storm, takes refuge under a tree, wraps her child in a cloth of rushes, and awaits the return of light. She hears the voice of Alonzo, who is returning in the dark from the Spanish camp. She calls to him, she approaches the voice, they draw nearer and nearer, they meet. But Cora, has strayed away from the resting-place of her child, and cannot find it again. Spaniards have picked it up, and bring it to the camp, where Rolla

still lingers, and recognizes it; he asks of Pizarro the child to carry it back to the mother. Pizarro refuses; and Rolla, sword in hand, carries off the child. He is pursued: a musket-shot attains him: but he succeeds in reaching the Peruvian camp, he has restored to Cora her husband and her child, and dies content with his disinterested love.

This is not so fine a play as the *Virgin of the Sun*; still it abounds with striking situations, and the character of Rolla rises higher than in the former piece. Elvira has a sort of capricious insanity, which leaves many of her actions quite unexplained. The conclusion of the English Pizarro is far inferior to that of the German original.

A comic piece of Kotzebue's, which was extensively popular in Germany, is entitled *Country-town's People*, and satirizes the rage of the Germans for paltry titles. In small towns the wife of every public officer is addressed in society by her title—as if we were to say Mrs. Churchwardeness, Mrs. Deputy-surveyoress of the roads, Mrs. Work-house-Apothecariess, Mrs. Chief-constabless, Mrs. Overseeeress. Sabina, the daughter of the burgomaster at Krähwinkel, has been on a visit in the metropolis, and formed an acquaintance with Olmers, a young lawyer, whom she is daily expecting to make a formal offer of his hand. She has brought with her his portrait: a maiden aunt catches her contemplating the picture, asks whom it represents, and is answered that it is the king. Olmers arrives; his carriage has broken down; it is perceived that he must have sitten for the portrait; and the burgomaster's family imagine him to be the monarch. The preparations for receiving him with dignity are ludicrously awkward: by degrees this mistake is cleared

up, and Olmers is brought down to the level of the family. But now he pleases no longer; and papa is about to refuse his daughter, when it is discovered that he has been appointed to a Private-secretaryship, and, in favor of the title, Sabina is allowed to marry.

Kotzebue wrote a similar satire on the manners of country-town's people in France; but it is not included in my collection of his plays.

Reconciliation has been translated into English: it is a lively comedy. Two brothers have gone to law about a garden, and are consequently at variance. The one has been to sea, is rich, but without heirs. The other is poor, and has an only daughter. The rich man is surrounded by perfidious legacy-hunters: the poor man is chiefly befriended by his physician, who loves the daughter. By degrees the frauds of the legacy-hunters are exposed; the brothers are brought together; the question of the garden is compromised; and both brothers agree that their properties shall be concentered on the doctor and his wife.

The two Klingsbergs is a sentimental drama, in which tragic scenes alternate with comic ones. A father of sixty, who is a widower, has still a hankering after pretty women, and meets his son of twenty with the most mortifying repetition wherever he contrives to call. They become acquainted with a semstress of elegant feelings, to whom the young man becomes seriously attached; but having first made pecuniary offers in vain, he is challenged by her brother, and fights him. The duel is conducted with great nobleness, and terminates in reconciling the combatants, in founding a friendship between them, and in revealing the high nobility of the brother and sister. All obstacles to the union of the younger Klingsberg with

Henrietta gradually disappear, and the piece concludes happily.

Edward in Scotland is translated with some variations from a French original: it exhibits the Pretender's escape in lively scenes, and might succeed here as an after-piece, or rather as a fore-piece; for the interest being of the tragic kind, and the whole drama short, it is adapted to precede a comedy of five acts.

Johanna of Montfaucon is a romantic picture of the fourteenth century, full of business and bustle. Lasarra comes in a pilgrim's disguise to visit the castle of Estavajel, which he finds the abode of domestic felicity and beneficence. He is still in love with Johanna, to whom he paid court before her marriage, and is meditating to carry her off. He intrigues with a condottiere, and accomplishes his purpose: the distress is now complete, but Johanna immoveable. He threatens the death of her son, unless she will agree to accept his hand. Meanwhile Adelbert, who was supposed to have been killed, has collected assistance, recovers his castle, and Johanna, by a fortunate effort cuts down Lasarra with a claymore. There is an underplot, which attaches Philip to the heiress of Granson, and which complexifies the incidents.

The Relations paints the love of two cousins, who, after various difficulties, are united, in consequence of the arrival from abroad of the father of the young woman, whose fortune and generosity removes every family impediment.

Bayard is a biographical tragedy, analogous in plan to the *Thomas Lord Cromwell* of Shakspeare, and not inferior in excellence. The knight without fear and without reproach is in lodgings at Brescia, convalescent of a wound. The daughters of his landlady amuse

him with music and song; and the one, a poetess, betrays a hidden passion. Manfrone, a nobleman of Milan, comes with tempting offers from the king of England, and the Pope, but without shaking the fidelity of Bayard. The surgeon allows his patient to go out, and he determines to visit an unknown lady, whose duenna has enquired assiduously after his health. Miranda feels jealous: Bayard remarks it: and confides to her that he loves a woman, now married, whom, while a page at Carignan, he first knew, and for whose approbation he secretly aspires. In the unknown lady he next discovers his Bianca. The interview is fine, and terminates in a formal agreement to avoid each other, in order to live worthy of each other. The generosity of Bayard is displayed in services to a distressed artist; and to the young man who wounded him. The battle of Marignano has taken place. Bayard has captured a Spanish convoy. He meets on his route the flying Bianca, and declines to see her; but guards her progress. He distributes to his aide-de-camp Tardieu half his booty. Miranda, disguised as a page, comes to attach herself to his fortunes. The French king Francis the First arrives at the camp: he is desirous of being knighted by Bayard: and the ceremony takes place accordingly. In the fourth act; Bayard is about to give a dinner to his brother officers; Manfrone attempts to bribe the page to poison Bayard; but Miranda's fidelity baffles the design: Manfrone is detected and imprisoned. Some fugitives have taken refuge in a cavern, and the soldiers have lighted a fire at the mouth to destroy them. Bayard, as soon as aware, checks this inhumanity, and enters the cave to endeavour to save the unstifled wretches. He finds among them Bianca: she pleads for the life of her

husband: Bayard commutes his punishment into confinement for life. At length the last battle happens, which Bayard wins at the expense of his life: he is brought in wounded, orders his face to be turned toward the enemy, and dies.

One scene, in which, however, there is no historic truth, may serve as a specimen.

BAYARD, TARDIEU, *and* BASCO *are together in a tent.* MIRANDA, *dressed as a boy, her complexion darkened, enters, and speaks at first with faultering voice, and afterwards more firmly.*

BAY. By God, his name is written on his face!
MIR. My mother and my sisters all salute you.
Here is a letter.
BAY. Welcome to me, boy;
How fares your mother?
MIR. Well.
BAY. And how Constantia?
MIR. She 's married.
BAY. That I 'm glad of. How 's Miranda?
MIR. She—my twin-sister—prays for noble Bayard.
BAY. And where were you the time I stay'd in Brescia
Ill of my wound? I never saw you there.
MIR. Oh! at my uncle's, who from early childhood
Had brought me up—alas! he now is dead.
BAY. And yet your mother never nam'd you to me.
MIR. What could there be to say about a boy?
BAY. What brings you hither?
MIR. That the letter says.
BAY. *reads.* You wish to be my page.
MIR. Most ardently.
BAY. Your mother seems unwillingly to spare you.
MIR. She could no longer now withstand my prayer.
BAY. *reading.* It cost her, so she says, a painful struggle.
MIR. But my persistance conquered her objection.
BAY. The rest of what she says to recommend you

Was wholly needless. I retain a sense
Of the long obligation I receiv'd
Under your mother's roof. Yet, my young friend,
You' are still of very tender years.
MIR. The fame
Of your exploits has early ripen'd me.
BAY. You seem not equal to the toils of warfare.
MIR. Courage will counterpoise the want of strength.
BAY. Courage is good, but without vigor useless.
MIR. Strength may have much but zeal has higher worth.
BAY. Yes, when the peaceful virtues are in question.
MIR. A mouse has gnawn a lion's net asunder.
BAY. Here you may have to risk your tender life.
MIR. Still I should fall observ'd by Bayard's eye.
BAY. Well, I will try you. Basco, take the lad,
Teach him to curb a steed, to handle weapons.
MIR. For making arms and horses my delight
My mother chid me oft in early life.
BAY. Came you on horse-back after us?
MIR. I did;
And quickly too: for at the camp I heard
The king is asking for you with impatience.
I bring the news, though other messengers
Were sent in three directions. I outstript them.
Zeal spurred the boy: the boy has spurred his horse.
BAY. Well done, my page, go on, I soon shall love you.
Now, Tardieu, go with me to the camp.
TARD. No doubt. In future you will always find me
More faithful than your shadow; that pursues
Only in sunshine.
BAY. What can Francis want?
TARD. Some dangerous job. Where a man's neck is stak'd
As on the throw of dice in fearful odds
Who 's the first man to ask for: Where is Bayard?
BAY. So much the better.
TARD. I accompany.
BAY. We go on horseback. Basco, guard the prisoners.
Bring half the booty to this knight; divide
The other half between you and your comrades.

BASCO. I thought as much.
TARD. Keep something for yourself.
BAY. I have put out my share at interest.
But off! the morning glimmers.
TARD. Like saint Martin,
He 'd give away his only cloak to others. *(go.)*
MIR. *alone.* Well done, my page, go on, I soon shall love you.
Said he not so? Shade of my sainted mother,
Forgive me now if this my step has vex'd thee.
On thy too early grave the daughter's tear
Has fallen in bitter sorrow. O my parent,
Look from yon higher sphere on him with kindness
To whose high destinies I bind my own,
That, if but once, when dangers cluster round him,
The feeble maiden's faithfulness may save him.
Let but one deed of mine preserve his life,
Contented I cast off fame, fortune, love,
And shroud in cloister-gloom my inward triumph.

This tragedy, however fine, does not paint the Bayard of history: on the contrary, Kotzebue has in fact given a new edition of his own Rolla, in a French costume: a chaste and generous officer inspired by his disinterested love for a married woman to undertake whatever virtue and his country require, is a noble portrait, but not in the spirit of the court of Francis the First.

The *Siege of Zaragossa* is a farce so called from an epic poem composed by the young hero, who, when his native village is taken possession of by the enemy, runs to conceal in the forest this precious manuscript. A neighbour, who observes him, steals the box, passes for the author of the poem, and is complimented by the commanding officer of the hostile troop. By degrees the real author's merit is made known, he accepts

military rank as ensign, and marries a young woman of his acquaintance. Other ludicrous characters and incidents intervene.

The story of *Anthony and Cleopatra* has long been a favourite theme on the theatre: Shakspeare has employed it under that title. Dryden has refashioned the play by the name *All for Love*. Kotzebue has sunk the lovers in the shade, and introduced a high moral interest in behalf of the injured but disinterested Octavia. She has embarked at Brundusium with her children, and lands at Alexandria, where Augustus and Anthony have contiguous armies, in the hope of reconciling her husband and her brother, and of preventing a civil war dangerous to the entire empire. She approaches her brother first, revives in his bosom their early affection, and proceeds with some expectation of success to the tent of Anthony. Cleopatra's jealousy is violently excited by the reception which Octavia and her children receive. She attempts to destroy her rival with a dagger, and by poison, but is prevented. Octavia is willing to submit to every privation, to live as a sister with Cleopatra, provided she can secure the peace of the Roman world. She carries to her brother the outline of a treaty of peace. Meanwhile Cleopatra, who has personal views on Augustus, betrays her fleet to him, breaks up all negotiation, causes her death to be announced to Anthony, who falls on his sword, and who is attended in his last moments by his wife and children. The fate of Cleopatra is not revealed to the audience: her cruelty and treachery have left her without sympathy.

In all these plays there are many situations in common, chiefly derived from Plutarch's life of Anthony; but in the speeches each poet pursues his own idea of

style and costume. Kotzebue has hazarded an unusual mixture of iambic and anapæstic verse, which to my ear has not a good effect.

Self-immolation has been translated into English, but not attempted on the London theatre, and wisely; there are discrepancies with our manners which Kotzebue did not know from observation here, and a catastrophe brought about by the Humane Society would be fitter for comedy than tragedy. Maxwell, a bankrupt, is reduced to the lowest distress, and maintained with difficulty by his wife's skill as a semstress. She had married his reputed fortune by her father's order: but her favourite lover is desirous of relieving her wants. Maxwell and his wife concur in rejecting this assistance; but as he perceives that his wife's distress would terminate by his decease, he throws himself into the Thames. The body is brought ashore and restored to life; and a gentleman, whose son had been drown'd, and who was interested about Maxwell by what he heard during the process of resurrection, gives him a second fortune.

The *Epigram*, and other pieces, which have but a local value, may contentedly be passed over.

Hugo Grotius is one of the most singular and beautiful tragedies of Kotzebue; all the characters are virtuous; but misunderstandings produce a high degree of distress and interest. The scene is laid in and beside the castle of Löwenstein, which stands close to the river Maas, and opposite the town of Gorcum. Hugo Grotius is confined there; but his wife Maria, and his daughter Cornelia are allowed to attend on him: from his sleeping-room he can ascend to the roof of the tower to enjoy fresh air, and books are freely allowed him. He bears his lot with pious com-

posure; and having risen early asks for the Bible which his son Felix had sent him the night before. He detects in the cover a note, which announces, that during the night a boat with a blue streamer will cast anchor close under the tower, and that, if he can slide down from the roof, his son will take him across the Maas to the friendly town of Gorcum. While they are deliberating about the means of escape, a bolt breaks one of the window-panes, to which is attached another note announcing to Grotius the execution of his friend Barnevelt, and the contiguity of Felix in his boat. The attempt to escape is now decided on: and Cornelia endeavours to win over to their plan her lover Maurice Helderbusch, who is a part of the garrison. Their project is to let down Grotius in a basket from the top of the tower at night-fall. Meanwhile Captain Gassweiler, the commandant of the fortress, receives orders to visit Gorcum, and makes over to Helderbusch, who had served under him, the exclusive command at Löwenstein. In his private capacity he was prepared to connive at the escape; but, now that his treachery would also compromise the life of Gassweiler, he does not choose to incur the breach of trust. Felix is on the alert, he gives liquor to the guards, and while his mother and sister are after lowering Grotius from the tower, he is at its foot to receive his father. Cornelia flings him a note, which a centinel surprizes, and reads by lantern-light: he twists the meaning with dexterity, and all is on the point of succeeding, when Maurice interposes to disturb the enterprize: and Grotius is led back to prison. The sword of Felix is drawn against Maurice, who only defends himself: the bitter anger of the sister and the mother; and even the calmness of Grotius in checking all vio-

lence in his behalf, heap on Maurice the most painful sensations. Though now a suspected person Felix stays courageously at his post, and a new plan of escape is concerted. Grotius is shut into a large book-chest, which had so often travelled to and fro that the guards have left off searching it, and in this chest he is to be delivered to Felix. But the guards, become suspicious by the adventure of yesterday, demand the keys, or threaten to break open the trunk. The commandant of the fortress is returned: Maurice is on guard with only a personal responsibility, he infers from the anxiety of the family the real contents of the box, and interposes his authority to prevent its being examined. Grotius is carried off safely, consigned to his son, and the boat is seen from the window sailing toward Gorcum. The revulsion of feeling toward Maurice of the whole Grotius family is finely pathetic. Soon cannons and drums are heard, and the prince of Orange arrives at the castle: he comes prepared to liberate Grotius, and to restore to him his former situation in the republic; but finds that he is fled. He orders an investigation: the wife claims the merit of having contrived the evasion; the daughter claims it, and Maurice claims it. A military tribunal acquits the women, and sentences Maurice to death. Preparations are made to execute the decree. Felix returns also to claim the merit of the deed, and to exonerate Maurice: but the Prince confirms the sentence of the military tribunal. While the last moments of Maurice are apparently approaching, Grotius voluntarily returns. He had counselled peace and tolerance in vain to the Arminians at Gorcum, and comes back disappointed to abide his destiny. A reconciliation is effected between him and the prince of Orange: Maurice is pardoned, Grotius liberated, and all ends happily.

The close of the third act may best be detached.

MARIA *and* CORNELIA, *in the apartment of Grotius.*

CORN. *anxiously.* What means this firing, mother?
Have we succeeded? Is my father safe?
MARIA. Go down—but no. What an unusual pother!
Has he been seized? Are these alarm-guns signals
To thwart his flight? I quake for agony.
CORN. *at the window.* People are running one among the other;
And drums are beating—yet upon the river
All appears quiet.—*(Pause.)*
Our blue streamer floats
Further and further off. See there on board
A man, no doubt my brother, waving to us
In triumph a white handkerchief—he is safe.
MARIA. Is he—or does the distance not deceive you?
CORN. No, no—the longer on the waves I rest
My eyes, the clearer every thing becomes.
It is my brother—hail beloved Felix!
He is now sit down and steering—and the boat
With swelling sail cuts swiftly through the wave.
They 'll soon have cross'd the Maas. My father's sav'd.
MARIA. *falls on her knees with folded hands. She tries to speak, and cannot—then clasps Cornelia in her arms.*
Now be it known that I, the wife of Hugo,
And thou, his child, are worthy of our race.
No word of prayer for us, now he is free.
We care not for their power; we cheerfully
Shall sing athwart our grating: he is free.
Let them from us exclude the light of heaven,
Let them with thirst and hunger plague our frames,
We suffer now for him; and he is free.
MAU. *enters.* The prince of Orange unexpectedly
Appear'd before the fortress: drums were beat,
And cannon fir'd in honor of his coming.
MARIA. Is our sworn foe so nigh, and at this moment?
Well, let him come!
MAU. The prince had scarse alighted

From off his horse, when he enquir'd for Grotius;
He means to see him.
MARIA, *with a triumphant smile.* Well then let him come.
MAU. In a few minutes he will be before you.
MARIA. And we are ready to receive him.
MAU. Mother,
I augur good. He is indeed our foe,
But a great man, who scorns the petty triumphs
Of humbling by his presence the disarm'd.
MARIA. I pledge myself he 'll not do that.
MAU. So be it.
Is Hugo sleeping still?
MARIA. He is broad awake.
[*Prince of Orange enters; with the Captain.*
MAU. The general.
PRINCE. Thanks, my worthy captain:
All things I find as I expected of you.
CAPT., *presenting Maria and Cornelia to the Prince.*
The wife of Grotius—and his daughter.
PRINCE. Lady
Though we meet not as friends, at least, I hope,
That we shall part as such.
MARIA. I know Prince Moritz
Values consistency e'en in a foe.
PRINCE. This virtue sometimes looks like obstinacy.
MARIA. And sometimes serves ambition for a cloak.
PRINCE. A truce to words that might be taken harshly:
You 'll learn to know me better, noble lady.
MARIA. We 've known you ever since we 've been in prison.
PRINCE. Who forc'd you to partake your husband's fortunes?
MARIA. If you were married you would not enquire.
PRINCE. Enough. The memory of the past be raz'd.
MARIA. Are you a god?
PRINCE. Lead me to Hugo Grotius;
And he shall reconcile me to his consort.
CAPT. There is his chamber.
MARIA. You will find in it
Only the reliques of the saint, who dwelt there.
PRINCE, *startled.* Is Hugo dead?

MARIA. And would it be a wonder,
If these damp walls had nipp'd his frail existence.
But I am not here to curse his murderers,
I smile in scorn upon their impotence;
My husband has escap'd.
ALL. Escap'd! Escap'd!
[*The captain goes into the sleeping room.*
MARIA. In spite of all your halberds, all your bolts,
A woman's cunning snatch'd him from your power,
And love has triumph'd over violence.
CAPT. *returns terrified.*
She speaks the truth: he is not to be found.
PRINCE, *surprised and angry.* How? By whose help?
MARIA. By mine.
PRINCE. By what contrivance?
MARIA. Who can compel me to discover that?
MAU. *aside.* I guess.
PRINCE. Speak, whither, whither is he gone?
MARIA. Send out your spies, and track him as you can.
PRINCE. Woman, beware my anger.
MARIA. I fear nothing.
PRINCE. Who are the helper's helpers; for alone
You cannot have accomplished it. Speak out,
Least force extort confession from your lips.
MARIA. None knew but I; therein consists my pride.
CORN. *modestly.* You rob me of my little share of merit,
I also knew it; but no one besides.
PRINCE. And was the law unknown to you, that each
Who breaks the prison of seditious persons
Is subject to the penalty of death.
CAPT. They knew it well.
PRINCE. Then give the law its course;
The wife at least—
CORN. Do not forget the daughter.
MAU. They both have falsely testified—'t was I,
I only did it.
PRINCE, *astonished.* Who are you?
MAU. My name
Is Maurice Helderbusch: I am a lieutenant

Now station'd in this garrison. An orphan-boy
Grotius first noticed me, and taught me much:
This lady has been quite a mother to me.
Under your highness I have served with honor;
But when the fortunes of my foster-father,
My benefactor, reach'd me, and I heard
That he was here in close confinement kept,
And his dear life in danger, I endeavour'd
To get the humbler place I occupy
Wishing to free him, and I have succeeded.
I only am the criminal to punish.

MARIA. Fie, Maurice. Don't believe him—he has lied.

CORN. He often has refus'd to me his help,
Because he held it contrary to duty.

MAU. *pointing to Maria.* This woman loves me as were I her son.
(Pointing to Cornelia.) This girl has been betrothed to me as bride.
They sacrifice themselves to rescue me.

MARIA, *deeply moved.* Maurice, what are you doing?

CORN. Prince, by God
He is not speaking truth.

PRINCE. How, how is this?
Who disentangles for me the enigma?

CAPT. I stand astonish'd, Prince, as you must do:
Nor can I clearly fathom the strange contest.
One thing I know that Maurice Helderbusch
Was always a brave soldier, and a man
Of nicest honor, to whom but last night
When duty took me cross the Maas to Gorcum,
I handed over the command in trust.

CORN. And did he not that very night prevent
My father's flying by his vigilance.

MARIA. He did so.

CAPT. All the garrison knows that.

MAU. I did it the more certainly to favour
The riper purpose of this morning's flight.
Ask you for proofs—these have been telling you
That no one knows the way he left his prison.

I know it, I. 'T was in a chest for books
That he was carried out. I stood beside it;
And called myself the men, who took it hence.
The sergeant, as his duty order'd him,
Wanted to break it open. I forbad;
Took on myself the whole responsibility;
Can you deny it?

MARIA. Maurice, were you not
Deceiv'd, like him.

MAU. O no: I knew the whole.
Would you have further proofs? The son of Hugo,
The same, who lately broke away from prison,
And for whose capture the States General
Offered rewards—(for that I also knew)—
Came here most rashly, and was in my power—
I let him go—ask all the garrison—
I am the guilty person.

PRINCE. Give your sword
To the commanding officer. To-day
By martial law the case shall be decided.
(To the captain.) Till then remain he in the very cell
Whose doors he says he open'd for this Grotius.
Transfer these women to the castle, there
They 'll have a better lodging: but remain
For their safe custody responsible
Until the trial shall allot the guilt.
If they are criminals, let them join the fled one.
My heart 's a stranger to ignoble vengeance.

CAPT. You must be parted. Follow, noble lady.

MARIA, *painfully.* Maurice.

MAU. *in a petitioning tone.* Now am I not again your son?

MARIA. Is this your way of punishing the mother
Who once mistook her child—you give him back
Only to tear him the more hardly from me.

CORN. Beloved, not this dreadful sacrifice.

CAPT. I can allow no further conversation.

MARIA. I follow. Maurice thou hast been obedient,
Honour thy mother's will.

CORN. Thy loved one's prayer.

Of all the tragedies of Kotzebue, and perhaps of the German theatre, *Gustavus Wasa* is the greatest, completest, finest, best. The naturalness and variety of the characters, the perfect costume of manners and ideas, the general historic fidelity, the novelty of the situations, the high moral worth of the hero and his friends, the progressively increasing interest of the incidents, the grandeur of the event, and the stateliness of the solution, place it among the master-pieces of dramatic art, and leave nothing to desiderate and nothing to expunge. The style is appropriate and unaffected, the poet never peeps through the canvas, to utter a big word or a gay metaphor, but sacrifices metre itself to the vernacular easy expression of the proper thought. And the truly dramatic method of communicating the vast mass of extrinsic historic information, so as no where to sink into epic prosing, is a refinement in skill, of which the Greek and the French drama afford no instances.

Act I. The play opens about night-fall at the Golden Anchor, an inn nearly an hour's walk from Lübeck, where two cattle-dealers, who have purchased stock in Jutland to sell again in northern Germany, wish to stow their drove, and to pass the night. They have hired at Flensburg a strong young man, at low wages, to look after their beasts, and when he has stowed them in the out-houses, he joins his employers in the public room, but at humble distance. They have ordered mulled beer, and are engaged in conversation with an inquisitive landlady, about the affairs of the north. They offer him beer with his rye-bread, and, from the warm interest he takes in their narration, they suspect him of being a Swede. Another traveller arrives; he comes from Sweden, he has been attached

to the Wasa family, and is in search of Gustavus, who has escaped from imprisonment in Denmark, and is thought to be at Lübeck in disguise. He narrates the recent massacre at Stockholm of the Swedish nobles, and the decapitation of Erich Wasa, the father of Gustavus. The young drover falls stunned to the ground, but preserves a wise silence. This excites the curiosity of Gregerson, who examines the swooned youth with a lamp, and discovers in him the object of his search. He too preserves a wise silence, and, having hastened the drovers to bed, he contrives to be left apart with Gustavus, to whom he recommends an immediate appearance in Sweden. They set off before day-break for Lübeck, and call on the burgomaster Nicolas Bröms, whose prudence has lifted him to the station of a sort of prime minister to the Hanseatic League. He determines to favour the views of Gustavus. While they are in parley, Eric Banner, the Danish nobleman, from whose custody Gustavus had escaped, enters the room, and, in the name of the king of Denmark, demands the giving up of the young fugitive. Banner was bound under a penalty of 6000 dollars to produce his captive. By degrees Gustavus brings him to admit the injustice of the capture; Bröms offers to discharge the bond; and by common consent, Gustavus with his attendant Gregerson are shipped off for Sweden.

Act II. The scene now shifts to the Swedish coast near Calmar. Margaret Löwenhaupt, the betrothed of Gustavus, has retired to a hunting-seat of her late father, on the sea-shore, where she has erected a monument to his memory, which is adorned with a standard captured from the Danes, and presented to her by her lover. She is indulging her melancholy over the

remains of her murdered parent, when she discovers at sea a vessel which has outrid the storm, and whence a boat is approaching the strand. She returns to the dwelling-house to provide assistance, and learns that a Danish messenger is arrived there to require her presence at Stockholm. Meanwhile the boat reaches ground, lands Gustavus and Gregerson, and returns to the Lübeck vessel which brought them. Gustavus approaches the monument, learns from the inscription, and the standard, that he is in friendly quarters, near his Margareta, who, while he is kneeling on the stone and uttering the word 'father!' joins him and echoes the exclamation. Their recognition, and dialogue, and heroic determination not to unite until Sweden is free, have pathetic and moral beauty. It is determined that Margareta shall obey the Danish messenger, and join the mother of Gustavus at Stockholm. Gregerson is sent forwards to Calmar, where the widowed sister of Gustavus dwells, to prepare his reception: and the hero soon follows. This extraordinary scene closes the act.

Saloon in the castle of Calmar.

MARGARET BRAHE, *widow*, & HANS GREGERSON.

BRAHE. Thou messenger of heaven! Have I my senses?
Tell me a hundred times, how does he look?
Whence comes he? What 's he after?
GREG. He himself
Will tell you that: he follows me forthwith.
BRAHE. Now I shall have a brother once again.
My heart will beat against a kindred heart;
The memory of better days return;

And my dried eyes in milder sorrow gleam.
Where is he? Oh, my throbbing breast can hardly
Bear this impatience, now he is so near me.
GREG. I hope that here he is safe?
BRAHE. That 's a strange question!
Whose life is safe an hour on Sweden's soil?
Tread where you will, the earth beneath you quakes,
And hollow ashes hide a glowing lava:
Through smoak and flame athwart the yawning chasms
One path alone is safe—the path of meanness.
GREG. Too crooked for my master. Let me know
How is the garrison dispos'd—the burghers
How?
BRAHE. Who can fathom in these times men's minds?
When every one who catches himself sighing,
Looks round for fear he was not quite alone;
Where brother trusts not brother; where the windows
Are shut, that not a neighbour may suspect
You grieve for slaughter'd kinsfolk; where the mourner
In gay attire struts loyally to church,
Joins the Te Deum in his shrillest key,
Least spies report: "he sang not loud enough."
GREG. If so, alas!
BRAHE. Yes, that is here the watch-word.
Our country now is still and desolate
As a Carthusian cloister—those, who dwell there,
Walk silent over graves, and, when they meet,
Whisper with hollow voice: Memento mori.
GREG. God! what a picture.
BRAHE. Yet there 's light about it;
The lightning's lurid light: for he, that tore
Hence every comfort dear to better men,
At least has robb'd us of the fear of death.
Though every day brings news of fresh spilt blood,
We hear it without shuddering, and lie down
Full of the thought, 'shall I outlive tomorrow?'
But this no longer troubles our repose.
As when a wild storm, rushing from the mountains,
Tears trees and houses down, it also shakes

The prison into ruin; and the captive
Breathes suddenly once more the air of heaven.

German Officers enter.

FIRST OFFICER. A daring stranger is arriv'd.
BRAHE. Where, where?
GREG. *goes.* 'T is he! I hasten.
SECOND OFFICER. Who proclaims himself
To be Gustavus Wasa.
BRAHE. He 'is my brother.
FIRST OFF. Is he? So much the worse.
BRAHE. O lead me to him!
SECOND OFF. He 'is standing in the market: round him throng
The burghers, and by torch-light he harangues them,
And counsels insurrection.
FIRST OFF. I was passing
And saw and heard him: he is very bold;
His eye-balls glow; his lips spit fire; he curses
The very king.
BRAHE. How do the people take it?
FIRST OFF. They are quite silent.
SECOND OFF. Sometimes by his prayers,
Sometimes with threats, he calls on them for vengeance,
And cries: To arms.
BRAHE. Well—but the citizens—
SECOND OFF. They listen silently—yet a faint murmur,
Like subterraneous thunder, runs along them.
FIRST OFF. It cannot pass unnoticed. Satellites
Are gathering round him slowly.
BRAHE. For what purpose?
FIRST OFF. Do you suppose we mean to let him go?
SECOND OFF. A heavy price is set upon his head.
BRAHE. Which *you* would earn?
SECOND OFF. I—every one of us.
BRAHE. Are you not Germans?
FIRST OFF. Certainly.
BRAHE. And could you

Dishonourably murder the last offspring
Of such a noble stem?
SECOND OFF. Murder—that Christiern
Indeed might choose. We only do our duty.
BRAHE. Where is your captain?
FIRST OFF. He is coming, lady.
[MELEN *enters.*
BRAHE *goes toward him.*
Bernard of Melen, do you know already—
MELEN. I know a restless youth has undertaken
A mad exploit.
BRAHE. Hoping to meet with men,
And not with slaves.
MELEN. His rashness is too likely
To cost his life.
BRAHE. How? you too—
MELEN. Noble lady,
What can I do? The gates of Calmar still
Were standing open. Through the crowd of burghers,
Who throng'd in a respectful silence round him,
He might have found the timely means of flight;
But he, as if indignant at their stillness,
Has turn'd his back upon them, and is coming
Here rashly to the castle.
BRAHE. May he not
Salute his sister?
FIRST OFF. He surrenders then
Into our hands.
BRAHE. Melen, can that be true?
MELEN *shrugs his shoulders.*
BRAHE. And you would lead the hero, like a victim,
Up to the royal butcher's slaughter-block.
MELEN. Why must he come just hither—
BRAHE, *low.* And will you
Become the murderer of Brahe's brother?
MELEN. How can I save him?
BRAHE. Yet you still presume
To fable love to me.
MELEN. God, can I save him?

BRAHE. Know, Melen, on his life my own depends.
Do what you will and may. I perish with him.
GUST. *still behind the scene.* O sister, sister!
BRAHE, *going toward him.* Brother!
GUST. *embracing her.* Now I feel
A heart like mine beat on my happy breast.——
'T is well I am with men of Germany,
Who will not lend their hero-arms to tyrants
To rivet yoaks upon an orphan people.
Yes—at your head I shall withdraw, and feel
That to brave Germans it has been reserv'd
To break the heavy fetters of the Swedes,
And on the borders of the Baltic build
A lasting monument to German virtue.
FIRST OFF. You are mistaken, knight. We serve the king.
SECOND OFF. For his protection we were sent on duty.
ALL THE OFFICERS. Yes, so it truly is.
BRAHE. Alas, my brother!
GUST. Men I behold, indeed, like soldiers clad;
But what I hear is not the warriors' language.
That frighten'd citizens stood still around me,
And shrugged their shoulders at my loud complaints,
Might be—but men and Germans, under arms—
FIRST OFF. We 'are weary of the war.
SECOND OFF. The admiral Norby
Lies with his shipping off the coast hard by.
FIRST OFF. What signify to us the acts of Sweden?
Why should our blood be spilt about the Swedes?
The kingdom has submitted to the victor
Rightly or wrongly; who commissions us
To be the judges? In a word we swim
But with the stream.
GUST. And you all think so?
ALL. All.
GUST. Then sister follow me. Let us retire
Into the mountains, where on humble fare
Survives as yet some Swedish truth and courage;
Where neither cowardice nor profligacy
Have yet unnerv'd the arm; and no one asks

On hearing deeds of blood, " What 's that to us?"
Come sister.
FIRST OFF. Hold, young man, you must not go.
You are our prisoner.
GUST. Who? I?
SECOND OFF. No doubt.
GUST. Trusting your honor, hospitality?—
FIRST OFF. You are in ban.
GUST. Wherein consists my crime?
SECOND OFF. The legate has denounced you as an outlaw.
GUST. Don 't make me laugh! Let me retire in quiet:
And when you hear of what I shall accomplish,
Then gnash your teeth that it was done without you.
FIRST OFF. Why such proud words? Your sword.
GUST. *draws his sword.* My sword, who ventures
To take it from me?
BRAHE. Melen, can you calmly
Look on all this?
MELEN. My brethren, what have we
To do with these affairs? You are very right.
We will stand neuter 'twixt the combatants.
Gustavus Wasa may remain our guest,
Here in the castle, and an honour'd guest,
Who full of confidence has fled to us.
Misfortune should be honour'd in a foe.
At pleasure he 'll withdraw.
FIRST OFF. No, captain, no.
We know what motives you; but give me leave
To say the prize is precious.
MELEN. And would not
My share be greatest? Yours I will make up.
SECOND OFF. With what?
BRAHE, *hastily.* O with my jewels.
SECOND OFF. Noble lady,
You and your jewels are in custody.
GUST. Do I stand among jews?
FIRST OFF. Dare you still growl?
SECOND OFF. Knight, give no further useless opposition.
You must surrender. Lay your weapon down.

GUST. *swinging his sword.* He who has blood to spare may come and fetch it.

FIRST OFF. Now brethren, shall a single man defy us.

[*All but Melen draw their swords.*

BRAHE, *throws herself between them.*

For God's sake yet a word, a single word,
He can't escape you. Leave me but a moment
With him alone. The sister's love shall take
Bloodless his sword away—he well may hope
For your king's mercy—'t were in vain to stake
Against you all his solitary life.
Grant me this one last prayer, but to pass
Two minutes with him here apart.

FIRST OFF. So be it:
Out of respect to you, most noble lady.

SECOND OFF. But from the door we shall not stir at all.

FIRST OFF. Make a short parley of it. Brethren, come.

[*All retire but Melen.*

BRAHE. Melen, you love me; but till now in vain
Have tried to draw aside the widow's weeds.
Do you still love me?

MELEN. Like my very soul.
But what can I do here?

BRAHE. Behold the youth,
Who soon may be your brother. Quick, decide.
The tyrant's instrument I marry not.

MELEN. Think not I need persuasion. I am vex'd
You use the bribe of love, where honor speaks
Aloud. But what can I against a croud,
Who bow to me as captain, you well know,
While I advance the pay; but who, by heaven,
Will not let slip this opportunity
Of earning costly ransom for their prisoner.

BRAHE. The key into the subterraneous passage.

MELEN, *startled.* How?

BRAHE. Do you hesitate? Do you dissemble?

MELEN. No: but of what use can that passage be?
It leads unto the outer ditch, where mire
Would check the passenger until too late.

BRAHE. And why too late?
MELEN. You see these greedy people
Are counting minutes; they will soon pursue,
And their shots reach our hero in the fosse.
BRAHE. Is not the powder in that passage stowed?
MELEN. Yes.
BRAHE. That 's enough—the key.
MELEN. You still persist.
BRAHE. O, as you love me, give it, while there 's time.
MELEN. Well, I will stake my life to do you service,
And save, if possible, the Swedish hero.
Nor will I therefore claim the meed of love
For doing as in honor I feel bound.
There is the key. God guide you.
GUST. Now, my sister,
What are you planning?
BRAHE *has opened the passage-door: casks of powder are seen in dark perspective: also a pile of torches.*
In, take the light, and bolt the door behind you.
Off quickly.
GUST. There are here no inside bolts.
BRAHE. Then trust in me. I stay behind on guard.
Our father's spirit guide thee.
GUST. *disappears.* My good sister.
BRAHE. Away, away, I hear the soldiers coming.
What next is best. Shall I lock up the door?
And fling into the ditch the key. Their anger
Or their revenge I bid defiance to.
Should they break ope the door, and so pursue
E'er he 'is in safety—and their bullets reach him——
[*Perceiving the pile of torches, she pushes off the head of a powder-cask, and proceeds to light the torch.*
Better the door stand open——Courage now,
A brother's life 's at stake—perhaps a country's.
[*She places herself at the entrance with the torch in her hand. The officers enter, and look round with surprize and mistrust.*
FIRST OFF. Your time is now expired; but where is he?
BRAHE. Whom are you seeking here—perhaps my brother?
SECOND OFF. Hell and the devil! What has been the matter?

The subterraneous passage-door is open.
FIRST OFF. There 's treachery.
SECOND OFF. Let 's follow him at once.
BRAHE. Stand back, or in that powder-cask I 'll plunge
This burning torch.
THE OFFS. *stand petrified.* The woman 's crazy surely.
BRAHE. Look in. Yon cask is open. If but one
Of you presume by force to enter here,
The die is cast, the fortress is blown up,
By God and by my father's blood it is.
THE OFFICERS *in consultation.*
The woman 's crazy. We must take our horses,
And after him.
BRAHE. Thank God! he is safely hence.

ACT III. Gustavus has escaped the officers, found again his servant Gregerson, been refused hospitality at Gripsholm, a monastery founded by his father, and is sleeping near the gate of a castle before day-break. His old servant, fatigued with the wanderings and the privations, determines to forsake him, and placing the knapsack with their remain of provision, he walks off for his native town of Kolesund, which is not far distant. Gustavus, now reduced to absolute solitude, is awaked by the sound of hunting horns, and learns that at the castle of Arend Pehrson in Ornäs a party of gentlemen are assembled for the chace. He presents himself, finds acquaintance, and stimulates them to insurrection. Two of the party are well inclined; but the host plans to give up Gustavus. He is left with the hostess, while they proceed to the chace. She is aware of her husband's perfidious disposition, and advises him to withdraw: he does so: his two friends come back for the same purpose, and find him set off for Dalecarlia, whither they follow. At Isale he meets an old schoolfellow the priest at Suerdsiö: and boors,

who take up his cause warmly. Danish riders come in search for him: he is carried off in a load of straw. At length in the village of Rättwick he obtains a hearing, from an assembled multitude. Assisted by Olosson and Juthe he induces them to rise: they attack successfully the Danish riders.

Act IV. The scene now shifts to Stockholm. The progress of the insurrection is detailed in a series of messages which reach the trembling king. He consults with archbishop Trolle, who has been driven from Upsal, and adopts cruel measures. Stockholm is invested by the troops of Gustavus, and his mother Cecilia is sent for by the king to carry a perfidious message to her son. An interview is arranged in saint Clara's convent between the town and the camp. Cecilia conducts herself like a heroine, and advises Gustavus not to heed what she represents as a simulated execution which threatens her; but to attack the city. The scene is fine: but cannot be abridged.

Act V. The last hopes of the tyrant fail. The fleet which he hoped brought succour from Denmark is a Lübeck fleet which brings aid to Gustavus. The burgomaster of Stockholm proposes to the king to surrender, and announces that the burghers are about to storm the palace. The king and archbishop fly to Norby's ship. Gustavus enters Stockholm in time to deliver Margaret Löwenhaupt; but his mother has already suffered.

There is a good tragedy by Brooke, entitled Gustavus Vasa, which is too much neglected on the British theatre; it adopts the general manners of the French drama, and does not paint the peculiarities of Swedish nature. Hence the preparatory matter is inferior to Kotzebue's; but the conclusion, even in its variations

from history, bears so close a resemblance to this play, that the German author had probably consulted his English predecessor.

Comedies are every where local and transient, and may be passed by; but some other tragedies of Kotzebue might deserve analysis, such as *The Hussites*, &c. &c. On the whole, however, enough has been said to give some idea of the various powers of this great writer, who has succeeded on every European theatre, before the refined audiences of Paris and Weimar, and among the ruder spectators at Madrid and Moscow. His power over space already transcends that of Shakspeare: it remains to be seen whether his power over time will also stand the test of centuries.

The morality of Kotzebue has been too severely censured; in the appretiation of chastity he perhaps errs, and concedes to both sexes equal rights, whereas throughout animated nature the female tends to constancy, and the male to variety, during the season of cohabitation: but on the higher virtues he every where bestows a dignified approbation. The purest spirit of religious toleration is eagerly inculcated; the most generous beneficence is continually exemplified; and he has painted more disinterestedly virtuous characters, who, under adversity, persecution, and misinterpretation, remain content with the consciousness of duty performed, and find in a triumphal self-complacence, an antidote to injustice, and a consolation in death, than any other dramatist, ancient or modern.

§ 5.

Life and Works of Schiller.

THE Æschylus of Germany, the loftiest of her tragic poets, will be the next topic.

John Frederic Christopher Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, a small town in the territory of Würtemberg, situate beside the river Neckar. His father, an army-surgeon, held also a commission, was much from home, and had irregular habits: his mother, a baker's daughter, displayed great feeling: her son resembled her, in having a long neck, red hair, and freckles.

He was sent to school in the first instance at Ludwigsburg, under John Frederic Jahn, with whom he read Ovid, Virgil and Horace, and began greek. In the year 1768 he had to repeat the catechism at church, which he and another boy, named Elwert, said without a single mistake. For this they received each a prize of two kreutzers. They then deliberated about the plan of expenditure, and Schiller's proposal was acquiesced in to go up to the castle at Harteneck, and there eat curds and whey. But on their arrival no curds were to be procured, and they walked on to Neckarweihingen, where they were well supplied for three kreutzers, and had one kreutzer left for a pint of

white currants. Schiller, after this little feast, was attacked with a poetic enthusiasm; and, standing on the hill which overlooks the two villages, he declaimed in verse a kind of curse on the curdless and a blessing on the curdled village. This little Parnassus, where the young bard first drank the air of inspiration, and improvised to the satisfaction of his companion, has since been named Schiller's hill.

In 1772 he had to prepare for confirmation; and his mother, having called him out of the street, that he might seriously discipline his thoughts, he sat down to compose a hymn, which was his first written composition in rime. This effort excited an opinion, that he was adapted for the ecclesiastic order, and Schiller expressed no reluctance to the employment; on the contrary, for he took up every thing on the sublime side, he declaimed often warmly on the dignity and high destination of a priest of the gospel.

But fate baffled the project. Duke Charles of Würtemberg had given up one of his country-seats, called the Solitude, about five miles from Stuttgard, and converted it into a military academy, where the children of officers were gratuitously educated. The pupils were not admitted before ten years of age, nor detained after sixteen, and there were accommodations for about three hundred boys. Schiller's father had interest to get his son received into this college, and he went thither in 1773. Mathematical and classical studies were regularly pursued in the institution, but not unremittingly; and the scholars had much time for walking and reading their own way, although the confinement and the discipline was in many respects strict and burdensome. The noble pupils were suffered to wear powder: others not: but Schiller, having red hair, which passes for a

deformity in Germany, applied for leave to powder, and obtained it; a circumstance which the omen-hunters consider as indicative of his future ennoblement.

Schiller was passionately fond of reading poetry: the *Messiah* of Klopstock, and the *Ugolino* of Gerstenberg, were among his earliest favourite studies: and the strong impression, which these writings made on him, contributed no doubt to that rage for the hyperbolic and the griesly, which marks his juvenile productions. At this period he was devout, and belonged to a religious association among the school-boys, who met to practice extemporary prayer. His own literary projects had a biblical turn; and he made some progress in planning an epic poem on the history of Moses, which ultimately evaporated into an antisupernaturalist dissertation on the Legation of this eminent lawgiver. (see *Monthly Magazine*, vol. vi, p. 548, for a translation of it). Dramatic readings however chiefly interested him, and he became attached to Leisewitz's *Julius of Tarento*, to Göthe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, to the plays of Lessing, and to the German translation of Shakspeare, which was quite his manual.

Schiller's first dramatic attempt was entitled *The Student of Nassau*, and his second *Cosmo dei Medici*, but both these pieces were ultimately consigned to the flames, although some passages were transplanted elsewhere. The pressure of the institution, which was governed with military despotism, and which thwarted his poetic tendencies, had already infused a melancholy discontent with social relations. In 1776 he printed in a Swabian magazine, an ode on the Charms of natural Scenery, little adapted to enhance its effects: and also an ode to a Conqueror, which includes this overstrained stanza.

Your forms, ye conquerors, float among my dreams,
By horrors circled; then I start aghast,
Stamp on the earth, and bawl, with voice of storm,
Your hated names to midnight's shuddering ear:
And back from ocean's mountain-swallowing vaults,
From Orcus' deeper deadly-peopled halls,
Echo, in hoarser curse, your hated names.

In short the evolution of his great powers was rather tardy than precocious, and for one so wrapt up in poetry, his productions were at first but middling.

In 1775, however, the school had been removed from the Solitude to Stuttgard, under the new denomination of Karl's High School; and medical professorships were added to the institution. Some facilities were given to the original students to continue their education in the new academy, and Schiller availed himself of them. He decided for the medical career, attended the anatomical and the therapeutic lectures, and those of Garve on public Economy. The moral atmosphere of the Solitude differed widely from that of Stuttgard. Here was a court to talk about, a theatre to frequent, a considerable population to observe, and a manlier studentry to mingle with; and Schiller began to question many of his former points of view. At a later period of life he notices this change in one of his letters. "When I read Shakspeare for the first time, he observes, I was offended with his coldness, his insensibility, which allows him moments of merriment amid the highest pathos. In the heart-rending scenes of Hamlet, of Lear, of Macbeth, he allows a fool to step in, when my emotion was hastening forwards, and breaks the whole current of the feeling, where I wanted to wait and weep. At a later period he had acquired my entire veneration; I even loved the individual. But at first

I was unable to understand nature in her native nudity. In a word I was too lyrical to be quite dramatic."

Schiller's next enterprize was *The Robbers*. Outlines of the original sketch are said to have been suggested by the latter acts of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; in which the outlaws choose Valentine for their leader, and bring about the catastrophe; but there is little resemblance in the main incidents of the plays. Schiller was at work on this tragedy in 1780 when he graduated, and quotes from it, though as yet unpublished, as were it an English original, in his thesis *On the Connexion between the Animal and Spiritual Nature of Man.* He had performed on the Duke's birth-day, the part of Beaumarchais in Göthe's *Clavigo* in a bombastic exaggerated manner; and, after taking his degree, was attached, by his sovereign, as physician to the grenadier battalion with a small salary. This income he endeavoured to augment by co-operating with professor Abel and librarian Petersen in a periodical repertorium, to which he furnished several papers.

The poet Schubart (see vol. ii, p. 105,) who was then in custody at Hohen-Asperg, was one of his first patients; from him Schiller caught that hatred of despotism, that bitter eloquence, which pervades the poems he inserted in the German anthology for 1782, and which so frequently led him to choose a conspiracy for the theme of his dramas.

In 1781 Schiller gave his *Robbers* to the press. Baron Dalberg induced him to consent to several omissions, and, in this curtailed form, it was played on the theatre at Manheim in 1782. Schiller asked leave of absence, which he did not obtain, to be present at the representation; but he went privately, and returned unmissed. The sensation produced by this drama both

in the closet and on the stage was sudden, deep, and general throughout Germany. It was the most stimulant tragedy extant in the literature of the country, both for agony of situation and strength of style; and though the long series of horrors is too uninterrupted and unrelieved, yet it must for ever remain one of the most powerful dramatic poems on any stage. At a period of greater maturity, he thus speaks of the *Robbers* in one of his letters: "A strange mistake of nature had doom'd me to be a poet in my birth-place. Inclination for poetry offended the laws of the institution in which I was brought up, and thwarted the views of the founder. For eight years my enthusiasm had to struggle with the military regulations; but a passion for poetry is as fiery and strong as a first love. What was meant to quench it blew it into a flame. To escape from trammels, which were a torment to me, my heart fled into an ideal world; but unacquainted with the real one, from which I was separated by iron bars, ignorant of mankind, and unintroduced to the softer sex, my pencil necessarily missed the middle line between angel and devil, and could not but produce moral monsters."

The Robbers is a remarkable tragedy, which forms an epocha in the theatric art of his country. The scene is laid in Germany at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Maximilian, count of Moor, has two sons, Charles and Francis. The younger, jealous of his brother's seniority, prejudices the father against him by false insinuations, and causes a letter of disinheritance to be written to Charles, who is absent at Leipzig. Driven to desperation, this young man flees into the forests of Bohemia, and becomes captain of a band of robbers, whose manners are depicted with

atrocious energy. Charles next returns in disguise to the mansion of his father in Franconia, hears that his beloved and betrothed Amelia is become inconstant, and that his brother Francis has not only intercepted all his letters of love and contrition, but has imprisoned their aged father in a tower, with the view of starving him to death. Charles releases the old man, poignards Amelia, and then delivers himself up to a poor officer, who labours in vain for the maintenance of eleven children, that the reward offered for apprehending him may contribute to the relief of a worthy family. Francis strangles himself.

The situations in this play are violent, harrowing, and improbable in a high degree. The characters are not less extraordinary and unnatural: courage and generosity are combined with the insanities of criminality; romantic affection with versatility of object; deliberate treachery with poignant remorse; all is overshotten, ultra-tragic. The diction harmonizes marvellously with the convulsionary movement of the incidents: it stalks about for metaphors on giant limbs, and writhes with the agonies of passion and emotion. Schiller at a later period became aware of the faults of this tragedy; he observed, that it was concerted from the reverberations of his stimulant reading, and composed without any of that knowledge of human nature which observation and experience bestows, and prior to his intercourse with the other sex: for he appears to have considered fruition as forming an epocha of mind, as well as body, and to have believed the young artist interested in accelerating this period of maturity.

In the English translation of *The Robbers,* (executed, it is believed, by H. Mackenzie, Esq. of Edinburgh)

the following scene has been wisely curtailed; but we shall transcribe it at full length from the original edition of 1781, as singularly characteristic of this powerful poet.

"FRANCIS *and* DANIEL.

Daniel, (*brings in a light.*) Sir.

Francis. No, I do not tremble—it was but a dream. The dead are not rising—yet, at least. I am very well.

Daniel. You are as pale as death, your voice faulters.

Francis. I have something of fever. When the pastor comes, say that I am in a fever, and am to be bled to-morrow.

Daniel. Shall I drop you a few drops of cordial upon some sugar?

Francis. Yes, on sugar. The pastor will not be here yet. My voice is not quite returned. Get the cordial.

Daniel. Give me then the key of the cupboard in the other room.

Francis. No, stay; or I 'll go with you. I cannot bear to be alone. I might faint if I was left alone.

Daniel. You are really ill.

Francis. Yes—in fact—that 's all. Sickness racks the brain, and breeds wild dreams. Dreams portend nothing, do they, Daniel? They arise from the stomach, and mean nothing. I had just now a ridiculous dream.—*(He faints away.)*

Daniel. Jesus Christ! what is the matter? Conrade, Martin, help here! *(shaking his master.)* Recover yourself. Holy Mary, save us; it will be thought I have murdered him. Lord have mercy upon me!

Francis, (*confused.*) Away, loathsome skeleton, why dost thou grapple me—do the dead rise?

Daniel. He is out of his head.

Francis, (*recovering.*) Where am I? Daniel, what did I say? Do not heed it: 't was false, whatever it was.—Help me up—this is only a fit of vertigo—because, I did not rest quiet.

Daniel. Let me go, and call Conrade, and send for a physician—you want support.

Francis. Stay—put me on the sofa—and sit down by me. You are a discreet man, and I must tell you—

Daniel. Better not now—take your rest first.

Francis. No: I beg you to hear all—and laugh me in the face aloud. I thought I had been feasting like a prince; my heart was full of good things, and I laid me down in high glee on one of the grass-banks in the castle garden, when on a sudden—it was about noon—on a sudden; but do laugh at my absurdity.

Daniel. On a sudden—what?

Francis. On a sudden a monstrous clap of thunder burst on my slumbering ear. I got on my feet staggering and trembling. When lo! the whole horizon seemed to become one sheet of fire. Mountains, towns, and forests melted like wax in a furnace. Howling winds arose which swept heaven, earth, and sea. Then resounded as from brazen trumpets: "Earth give up thy dead, thy dead, o sea." And the naked ground began to crack, and to cast up sculls, skeletons, and bones, which clustered into human shapes, and streamed in immense throngs, a living deluge. I looked up, and saw myself at the foot of a thundering Sinai, toward which the crowds above and behind me were pressing; and on the summit of the mountain, on three smoaking eminences, sat three persons, from whose countenances every created being must shudder back with awe.

Daniel. This was the last judgment.

Francis. Ay—is it not absurd enough? Then came forward one, whose countenance was as the stars, who had in his hand an iron seal, which he held between the east and the west, saying: "Eternal, Holy, Just, Immutable, there is but One Truth and One Virtue, wo to the doubting worm." Then stepped forward a second, who held in his hand a mirror, which he spread between the east and the west; and I was affrighted, and all the people; for we saw ourselves reflected in it, as snakes, and tigers, and leopards. Then stepped forward a third, who lifted a brazen balance, and said: "Come hither ye children of Adam, I weigh your thoughts in the balance of my wrath, and your works with the weights of my anger."

Daniel. God have mercy upon me.

Francis. Pale as snow we all stood; and anxious expectation throbbed in our bosoms. And I thought I heard my name named first from the thunders of the mountain; my teeth chattered, and my inmost marrow froze. Now the balance began to ring, and the rock to thunder; and the hours flew past one after another, and [illegible]h dropped into the left hand scale of the balance a deadly sin.

Daniel. The Lord forgive you.

Francis. He did not forgive me. The scale swelled to a mountain: and for a while the precious blood of redemption flowed into the other, and kept it even. At last came an old man, bent down with sorrow, who had bitten the flesh from his own arm with raging hunger, and all eyes turned away with horror. I knew the man. He plucked a grey lock from his temples, and cast it into the scale of guilt, which at once sank to the abyss: and the other kicked the beam, and scattered in the air the squandered blood of redemption. Then I heard

a voice issue from the smoke of the mountain: "Mercy and forgiveness to all the sinners of the earth, thou only art rejected."—[*after a long pause.*] Why don't you laugh?

Daniel. Dreams come from God.

Had Francis dreamt all this, he would have hesitated to relate it, and would only, in his first terror, have let escape the critical confession; still the entire passage is conceived with collossal boldness and extent of fancy; it is worthy of the author of the Apocalypse; and is perhaps better fitted for epic than dramatic use, as the excess of detail clogs that rapid march of emotion which scenic dialogue requires. The χαλκοπες Ἐρινυς is there, who can imprint her tread in a heart of marble; but the horror exceeds the limits of welcome excitement. It is nobler, however, so to err with Schiller than to be correctly right in the tamer forms of Lessing.

Young, in his Revenge, has given to our country a specimen of this class of drama, in which the style, the sentiments, the personages, are alike hyberbolic, and therefore in keeping; and he wisely preferred to prose a metrical diction, as more akin to bombast. But Schiller's force is decidedly greater than that of Young; although it was at this period less curtailed and pruned by taste and judgment.

Some passage, however, was denounced to the Duke of Würtemberg, as immoral, which led him, it is said, to forbid Schiller's writing any more: who, in consequence, threw up, or abandoned, his official situation at Stuttgard, and migrated, first to Bauerbach, where he was hospitably entertained by the widowed mother of two of his schoolfellows, named Wollzogen, and thence to Manheim, where the coadjutor Dalberg received him in a friendly manner. He became a member

of the Society of German Literature, frequented the comedian Iffland, and greatly extended his practical conversancy with the world.

Next in the order of composition, it is said, though not in the order of publication, should be arranged the tragedy entitled Cabal and Love, which was first translated into English in 1795, by Mr. Peter Colombine, of Norwich, and afterwards in 1797, by Mr. Lewis, with less fidelity and more eloquence, under the title of the Minister. Already in 1790, Dr. Ash, in the Speculator, had published some scenes of it.

The action of the play is laid in a petty court of Germany; whose prince, attached to Lady Milford, an English woman of brilliant accomplishments, is about to contract a marriage of state policy. Herr von Kalb, conceiving the influence of Lady Milford to be by no means on the wane, is desirous of a matrimonial connexion with her, as a step to advancement at court. President Falkner, from similar motives, wishes to secure this alliance for his son Ferdinand: but the high-minded young man resolves to defeat this dirty *cabal*, to sacrifice every thing to *love*, and to unite himself with Louisa, the beautiful and amiable, but ignoble daughter of a music-master. By means of Worm, an agent of the president, Louisa is persuaded to write a letter of assignation to Herr von Kalb, which is exhibited to Ferdinand just after he has rejected the advances of Lady Milford. As soon as he is convinced of Louisa's perfidy, he determines to poison her and himself, and, having effected this purpose, learns too late, by what foul means the letter had been obtained.

The scene which opens the fifth act, wherein Miller dissuades his daughter from suicide, may best deserve transcription.

Act. V.—*Scene* 1.

[*Dusk. A room in Miller's house, where Louisa sits mute and still in the darkest corner, with her head sunk upon her arm. After a deep pause, the father enters with a lantern, looks round without perceiving Louisa, then lays his hat on the table and sets the lantern down.*]

Miller. She is not here then. I have traced every street, been to every acquaintance, enquired at every gate, My child has been seen no where. Patience, poor unhappy father. Wait till it dawns, then perhaps thy only one will come swimming at last to shore. O God, if my heart has hung on this daughter too idolatrously—surely the punishment is hard. Heavenly father, I would not murmur, but the punishment is hard. *(throws himself sorrowfully on a chair.)*

Louisa, (from the corner where she sits.) Thou dost well, poor old man, to learn betimes what it is to lose.

Miller, (jumps up.) Art thou there, my child; but why so lonesome and without a light.

Louisa. I am not lonesome. When all around me is thus black, the visitors I like best are here.

Miller. God shield thee. Only the worm of conscience strowls before the owl; guilt and evil spirits shun the light.

Louisa. Eternity also, which holds converse with the helpless soul.

Miller. Daughter, daughter, what are you meditating?

Louisa, (rising and coming forward.) I have fought a hard battle, you know, father. God gave me strength, and the strife is over. They call our sex soft and weak. Believe it not. We shake off a spider with trepidation, but 'tis in sport. The black monster—dissolution—

we can hug. So much for intimation, father, thy Louisa is in spirits.

Miller. I would rather hear thee sob: I should be easier.

Louisa. How I will overreach him, father, how I will cheat the tyrant. Love is cunninger and bolder too than malice. That the man with the star was not aware of. They come off with flying colours while they have only the head to deal with; but when they engage with the heart they are put to a stand. Did he think to cover his treachery by an oath. Oaths, father, may bind the living, but death dissolves the iron bonds of a sacrament. Ferdinand shall then know his Louisa. Will you take charge of this letter, father?

Miller. To whom, daughter.

Louisa. Strange question. Infinitude and my heart together have room but for a single thought of him—to whom else could I write.

Miller, (alarmed.) Hear me, Louisa, I shall open this letter.

Louisa. As you will. You can learn but little there. The characters are dead cold carcases, which only the eyes of love can animate.

Miller, (reads.) "Ferdinand thou hast been betrayed. A villainy without parallel has rent asunder the bond of our hearts: but a tremendous oath has fettered my tongue, and thy father's listeners watch around. But if thou hast courage, my beloved, I know a third place, where oaths bind no longer, and where no listener lurks. *(Miller stops and looks earnestly in her face.)*

Louisa. Why do you stare so at me? read, read on.

Miller, (reads) "But thou must have courage to travel through a dark passage, where thou shalt find no

light but God and thy Louisa. Only Love must come with thee; not the hopes and the boisterous wishes: thou wilt want nothing there but thy heart. Dost thou accept my invitation—set off when the clock on the Carmelite steeple is striking twelve—if not, erase the word courageous from thy sex, and let a maiden put thee to shame." *(He lays down the letter, beholds Louisa for some time anxiously, and says with a broken voice)* And this third place, my daughter?

Louisa. Do not you know, do not you really know, my father? The place is painted so as to be found. Ferdinand will find it.

Miller. Speak out more plainly.

Louisa. I do not know a pretty word that suits it; what if I give it a naughty name. This place—if Love had invented language—should have had a noble title —it is what we coarsely call *the grave.*

Miller, (staggering to a chair.) O my God!

Louisa, (goes to him and supports him.) Not so, father; these are but horrors that cling about the word—away with these, and 'tis a bridal bed, on which the morning spreads a golden carpet, and where spring strows his gayest garlands. None but a groaning sinner can misname death a frightful skeleton—he is a kind and gentle youth, blooming as Love himself, but less deceitful—a silent benevolent genius, who lends a helping arm to the soul worn out in this world's pilgrimage, opens to us the fairy palace of everlasting bliss, gives us a friendly nod and vanishes.

Miller. What art thou planning, daughter, violence from thy own hands?

Louisa. Call it not so, father. To quit a company in which I am not welcome—to spring forwards to a place from which my absence is become intolerable—is this a sin?

Miller. Suicide, is of all sins, child, the most detestable; the only one whence repentance is cut off for ever, for the completion of the guilt is the term of existence.

Louisa. Horrid—but it shall not be so sudden: I will throw myself into the river, father, and call on the Almighty for mercy as I sink.

Miller. That is, thou wilt repent of robbery, when what thou hast stolen is secure. Daughter, beware, and sport not with thy God at the moment thou hast most need of him. Oh! it is far, far gone with thee indeed. Thou hast ceased to pray; and the All-merciful has withdrawn his hand from thee.

Louisa. Is it then a crime to love, father?

Miller. If thou lovest God, thou needest not fear any other love. Thou hast bowed me low, my only one, perhaps down to the grave. Yet I would not add to the heaviness of thy heart. I was saying awhile ago—I thought myself alone, but you heard me—that thou wast my idol. Hear me, Louisa, if that breast have still place for the feelings toward a father, thou art my all. It is not thy own what thou art about to throw away. I too have my all at stake. Thou seest how my hairs grow grey, and that time draws daily nearer, when fathers want to make use of that capital of love which they have hoarded in their children's hearts. Canst thou rob me of that, Louisa, and snatch with thee all thy father's earthly wealth and goods?

Louisa, (kisses his hand with lively emotion.) No, no, my father, I quit this world your greatest debtor, and will repay you throughout eternity with interest.

Miller. Take heed, my child, lest your reckoning be false. *(with earnest solenity.)* Shall we meet yon-

der, Louisa? See, how pale thou growest. My child must feel that in another world I cannot overtake her, because I do not hurry out of this so fast. (*Louisa rushes to his arms shuddering with horror; he presses her with warmth to his breast, and solemnly proceeds.*) O daughter, my fallen, perhaps lost daughter, take to thy heart the solemn warning of a father. I cannot watch over thee. If I take away the knife, a needle may suffice for thy destruction. Poison I may keep from thee; but that very necklace might prove fatal. Louisa, Louisa, I can only warn thee. Wilt thou risk, on the tremendous bridge which divides eternity and time, being abandoned by that faithless vision which now deludes thy cheated senses. Wilt thou rush with a lie before the throne of the Omniscient: "For thy sake, Creator, I come here:" while thy guilty eyes are seeking only for their perishable idol. And when this frail divinity of thy brain, a worm like thyself, prostrate at the feet of a common judge, in that fluctuating moment, shall give the lie to thy impious confidence, and refer thy cheated hopes to that eternal mercy, which all the wretch's prayers can hardly venture to implore for himself—how then? (*louder and with more energy.*) How then? (*he holds her faster, considers her awhile with a fixed and penetrating look, then suddenly lets her go.*) From this moment I know nothing more. (*elevating his right hand*) To thee, Judge of all things, I answer for this soul no more. Do as thou wilt. Offer to thy base sweetheart a sacrifice, which will make thy bad angel shout for joy, and thy good angel step back in tears. Go, load thyself with all thy sins, and omit not this, the last, the most dreadful; and if the burden be still too light, take also my curse to complete the weight. Here is

a knife—pierce thy own heart and a father's. *(sobbing and endeavouring to rush out.)*

Louisa, (springs up and retains him.) Hold, hold, my father, the rage of tyranny is feeble to the barbarous force of tenderness.—What shall I do—I cannot —What must I do?

Miller. If a lover's kisses burn hotter than the tears of a father—die.

Louisa, (after a torturing struggle, with some firmness.) Father, here is my hand. I will. O God, what is it I do, what is it I will. Father, I swear,—alas! alas! wretch that I am! Ferdinand, to what is the traitoress yielding—father, be it so, and God look down and help me to pluck out the fond remembrance. *(tears the letter.)*

Miller, (throws himself on her neck in transport.) There spoke once more my daughter. Look up, Louisa, thou hast lost a lover, but thou hast made a father happy. My child, how little do I deserve this day. *(embracing her between smiles and tears.)* Sinful man that I am, how this angel became mine, God knows. My Louisa! my heaven! little do I know of love, but that its cessation pains, I can conceive.

Louisa. Let us away, my father, from this place; where my companions mock at me, and my good name is gone; let us away from a spot, where every object reminds of my blasted happiness.

Miller. Whithersoever thou wilt, Louisa. The bread of God rains every where from heaven; he will not let ears be wanting to my music. Let the worst come, I will set to notes the story of thy sorrow, and sing a ballad of the daughter, who, to honour a father, rent her heart in twain. We will beg from door to door, and sweet will be the alms moistened with the tear of sympathy.

This scene is deeply pathetic, but it is not adequately prepared. The mass of characters in the play have a comic cast, and ignoble purposes; now a tragic catastrophe is in such circumstances always unwelcome, as is felt in Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach. This arises from the nature of things; for as those who have mean ends to gain, never stake life and all upon them, because the profit would not be worth the risk: so it is improbable that their intrigues should terminate in any more grievous sorrow than ridicule, disappointment, and disgrace. Shakspeare is instinctively careful to confine comic traits to those personages who are not involved in the tragic action of the piece.

The excellent state of the Manheim theatre, the impressive acting of Iffland, and the German character of the plot, which exhibits such intrigues as many a petty court had witnessed, secured success to this play: but it is inferior to *Fiesco*, and a translation of it was performed at Paris without applause.

Schiller, who was now five and twenty, undertook in 1785 to edit a miscellany entitled *Thalia*, in the first number of which were inserted some scenes of *Don Carlos*. These were read, at the court of Hesse-Darmstadt, to the reigning duke of Saxe-Weimar, who, in consequence, sent to Schiller, the title of aulic counsellor, and progressively became, in more important respects, his patron.

He also took up metaphysics, and having rejected on the one side the arguments of the supernaturalists, and on the other the doctrines of the Spinozists, he settled into a creed, in which, as he expresses it, faith and reason embrace. These deistical opinions he brought out in the letters of Julio and Raffaelle, which appeared in the *Thalia*; and of which some idea may

be formed from the following fragment, which however is rather mystically expressed.

"The universe is a thought of God's. After this ideal image in his mind burst into reality, and the new-born world filled up the sketch of its creator—allow me this human representation—it became the vocation of all thinking beings to re-discover in the extant whole the original outline. To seek in the machine its regulator, in the phenomenon the law of its production, in composition its several unities; and thus to trace back the building to its plan or scheme, is the highest office of contemplation. Nature has for me but one phenomenon, the thinking principle. The great composition, which we call the world, is to me only remarkable because it is able to indicate to me symbolically the various properties of the thinking being. Every thing within me, and without me, is but the hieroglyph of a force analogous to my own. The laws of nature are the cyphers which the thinking being adopts to make himself intelligible to other thinking beings. They are but the alphabet, by means of which all spirits converse with the perfect spirit, and with each other.

Harmony, truth, order, beauty, excellence, give me pleasure, because they put me in the active state of an inventor, of a possessor; because they betray to me the presence of a reasoning and feeling being, and betray to me my relation to that being. A new experiment in this kingdom of truth, gravitation, the detected circulation of the blood, the classification of Linnæus, are to me originally just the same as an antique, dug up at Herculaneum—both and all reflections of a mind—new acquaintances with a being like myself. I converse with infinitude through the organ of nature, through

the history of the world—and I read the soul of the artist in his Apollo.

Art thou inclined to be convinced, my Raffaelle, enquire backwards. Every situation of the human soul finds a parable in the physical creation, by which it is represented; and not only the artists and poets, but even the most abstract thinkers, have drawn from this magazine. Lively activity we call fire; time is a stream which rolls vehemently along; eternity is a circle; a mystery veils itself in midnight; and truth dwells in the sunshine. Yes, I begin to believe even that the future fate of the human mind is announced beforehand by the oracle of creation. Every coming spring, which drives the sprouts of the plants from the lap of earth, gives an explanation of the anxious riddle of death, and refutes my apprehensions of an eternal sleep. The swallow, which we find torpid in the winter and behold reviving with the vernal season, the dead grub, which rises rejuvenated into the air as a butterfly, affords us a striking emblem of our immortality.

How notice-worthy does every thing now become! Now, Raffaelle, all is animated around me. There is for me no longer a desert any where in nature. Wherever I discover a body, I infer a spirit. Wherever I observe motion, I presume thought. Where no corpse lies buried, where no resurrection impends, omnipotence speaks to me through her works, and I understand the doctrine of the omnipresence of God.

All spirits are attracted by perfection. All—there may be deviations, but there is no single exception—all strive after the condition of the highest free evolution of their forces; all possess the common instinct to extend their activity, to draw every thing to them-

selves, to collect within themselves, to appropriate whatever they recognize as good, as excellent, as charming. Intuition of the beautiful, of the true, of the excellent, is instantaneous appropriation of these qualities. Whatever situation we perceive, into that we pass. At the moment when we imagine them, we are partakers of virtue, authors of action, discoverers of truth, enjoyers of happiness. We, ourselves, become the object we contemplate. Do not puzzle me here, Raffaelle, with an equivocal smile; this assumption is that on which I build my consequences, and we must be agreed in grasping it, if I am to have the courage to complete my scheme.

Internal feeling betrays to every one something of this kind. If, for instance, we are admiring an act of generosity, bravery, or prudence, does not a secret consciousness stir within us that we are able to do the like? Does not the glowing blush which colours our cheek at the narration of such a deed, betray that our modesty trembles at the idea of admiration; that we are embarrassed under the praise which this ennoblement of our nature is to prepare? Yes, our body itself conforms at this moment to the attitudes of the acting man, and openly proclaims that our souls have passed into the condition of his. If thou hast ever been present, Raffaelle, when a great event was related to a numerous assembly, hast thou not seen in the narrator how he expected the incense, how he himself absorbed the approbation, which was to be offered to his hero. And if thou wert the narrator, wouldst thou not be able to catch thy heart in this pleasing illusion?

Instances must occur to you, how warmly I can compete with the very friend of my bosom for the luxury of reading aloud a fine anecdote, or an excel-

lent poem; and my heart secretly owns to me, that it can grudge even to you the laurel, which in such cases passes over from the author to the reader. A quick and intimate relish for the beauty of virtue, is universally understood to indicate a talent for virtue. On the other hand, no one hesitates to mistrust the heart of a man, whose head slowly and reluctantly comprehends moral beauty.

Do not object to me, that on the lively recognition of any perfection, will often arise in the mind an idea of the antithetic or precisely opposite imperfection. Even the criminal is often assailed by virtuous propensities; and the coward may feel enthusiasm for Herculean greatness. I know for instance, that our admired Haller, who has so spiritedly unmasked the nothingness of formal titles, and to whose philosophic greatness I pay a willing tribute of admiration, was not able to despise a star of knighthood. I am convinced that, in the happy moment of conception, the artist, the philosopher, and the poet, are really the great and good men whose image they pourtray. But this ennoblement of soul is in many an unnatural state, violently produced by a quicker movement of the blood, and a warmer glow of the fancy, and which as quickly faints and cools as any other sort of intoxication, leaving the wearied heart only an easier captive to low passions. An easier, I say, for experience teaches that the relapsed criminal is always the more desperate one; and the renegades of virtue seek to be rid of the burdensome constraint of remorse, by flinging themselves more frequently into the sweet arms of vice.

I wanted to prove, my Raffaelle, that it is our own condition when we feel another's; that any perfection becomes ours during the moment that we awaken the

idea of it, and that our delight in truth, beauty, and virtue, is wholly referable to the consciousness of our personal amelioration and ennoblement. And this, I think I have proved.

We have ideas of the wisdom of the supreme being, of his goodness, of his justice, but none of his omnipotence. To denote his power, we assist ourselves with the partial representation of three successions—nothing, his will, and something. It is dark and void; God exclaims: Light; and light is. Have we a real idea of his effective omnipotence, we should be creators like him.

Every perfection, therefore, which I perceive, becomes my own, and gives me pleasure because it is my own: I covet it, because I love myself. Perfection in nature is no property of matter, but of mind. All minds are happy through their perfection. I desire the happiness of all minds, because I love myself. The happiness which I represent to myself becomes my happiness; therefore I desire to awaken, to multiply, to exalt such representations; therefore I desire to spread happiness around me. Whatever beauty, whatever perfection, whatever enjoyment I produce without me, I also produce within me. Whatever I neglect or destroy, to myself also I neglect and destroy. I desire the happiness of others, because I desire my own; and this desire of the happiness of others is termed benevolence.

Now, my valued Raffaelle, let us look around. The hill is climbed, the mist is dissipated, and as before a blooming landscape, I stand amidst infinitude. A purer sunshine has cleared up all my ideas.

Love, then—the fairest phenomenon of the animated creation, the almighty magnetism of the spiritual world,

the source of devotion, and of the sublimest virtue—love is but the reflection of this single force, an attraction of the excellent, based on a momentary change of personality, a transmigration of being.

When I hate, I take something away from myself; when I love, I become richer by what I love. Forgiveness is the recovery of a lost property. Misanthropy is a perpetual suicide. Egotism is the highest poverty of a created being."

Schiller then proceeds to carry on his declamations in verse, but this may suffice to give an idea of his intellectual system, which has many features of the ancient pantheism.

Schiller had stationed himself at Manheim in a medical capacity, and had become member of a literary society there, which conferred on him the acquaintance and patronage of the coadjutor Dalberg: but as he persisted in writing for the stage, it was deemed wiser to patronize his inclinational than his professional exertions, and a place of theatre-poet was devised for him, accompanied with a salary from the government.

Schiller translated some foreign plays, and next produced his "Fiesco." The history of this conspirator has been well narrated by Robertson in the eighth book of his Charles V. Schiller has dramatized the fact with a careful regard to the real circumstances: only that he attributes the death of Fiesco to the republican jealousy of Verrina, and not to accident. Some female personages, unknown to record, are introduced as Bertha and Julia; but these variations do not detract from its general character of an historic tragedy. This is the highest walk of dramatic art. The modern or gothic drama, chiefly excels the antient or Greek drama, by the magnitude of action which

it can embrace, in consequence of relinquishing the unities of time and place. The usurpation and punishment of Macbeth, or the conspiracy of Venice, would have appeared to the artist of antiquity, subjects of too enlarged and comprehensive a class to be drawn within the limits of a single representation. It is most difficult, and consequently most meritorious, to excel in this more spacious walk of tragedy; to seize the spirit and bearing of such gigantic events; to delineate them in few and well adapted scenes; and to bring before the spectator, without the aid of narrative, the causes and consequences of such intricate and complex enterprizes. The hero of a Greek drama, however important from birth or station, is never known to the audience but as a member of a distressed family: while the hero of a gothic drama, an Egmont or a Fiesco, may be introduced as superintending that higher order of interests, which involve the fortunes of his country or his kind. The varieties of ethic peculiarity proportion themselves to the complication of the business of the scene; and a whole volume of Æschylus or Euripides may be perused, without noticing so many well-discriminated characters, or so many truly tragic situations, as are sometimes compressed within a single poem of Shakspeare or Otway, of Goëthe or Schiller.

Of all the extant tragedies of the class just described, perhaps no one embraces greater compass of event, no one exhibits greater variety of character, no one includes situations more pathetic than Fiesco; the action has majesty, unity, wholeness, and the interest arising from the incidents is perpetually on the increase. Some of the characters, that of Julia, that of the Moor, border perhaps too much on comic personages; had the author allowed himself the leisure to compose this

tragedy in blank verse, the ignoble and caricatured passages would have fallen away of themselves, and the entire drama would have approached nearer to a perfect work of art.

As the scenes of this play are much concatenated, it will be more convenient to detach a soliloquy than a dialogue : it occurs in the third act.

SCENE. An apartment in Fiesco's house : in the middle of the back scene a glass-door, through which is a view of the sea, and of Genoa : the day is breaking.

FIESCO. *(at the window.)* The moon is down,
The morning rises fiery from the sea.
Wild dreams of greatness overcome my sleep,
And knit my faculties round one idea.
O let me breathe the pure fresh-blowing air.
[*He opens the glass-door : the town and sea appear red with the tint of morning : he paces up and down the room.*
And am I not the greatest man in Genoa;
Should not the minor souls round greatness cluster—
Propt on it? 'T is not trampling upon virtue,
Virtue—can that for all ranks be the same?
The hero's soul has stronger just temptations
Than the mere vulgar—is he bound to follow
The same tame rule? How can the puny armour
Shap'd for a pigmy be the giant's suit?
[*The sun rises over Genoa : he spreads his arms as if to embrace it.*
This stately city mine! My nod, its mover!
To blaze above it like the god of day—
With eagle-plumes to brood upon this nest;
And on a boundless ocean's surge to launch
My sailing wishes—Heaven-born ambition,
Surely the prize ennobles the attempt,
And guilt itself were glory. Though to steal
One purse be shameful, is it not allowed

To covet millions—and to seize a crown
Is deathless fame: shame shrinks as sins enlarge.
To rule, or to obey—to be, or not be—
A giddy deep divides them,—and between
Lies all that man holds precious—conquerors,
Your victories,—artists, your immortal works,—
Your pleasures, epicures, and your discoveries,
Ye bold explorers of untravers'd seas.
To rule, or to obey—to be, or not be—
So vast the space between, that but to guage it
Is to compare creation with its maker.
Thron'd at his awful height, thence to look down
On all the eddies form'd by fortune's wheel,
To quaff the first of pleasure's foaming cup,
To hold the giant Law himself in bonds,
And guide the weapon'd captive with a string,
Mocking his idle struggles aim'd in vain
At majesty—to curb the people's passions,
And make them champ the bit and draw the car—
To quell the pride of vassals with a breath;
And with the magic sceptre of command
Call into life the dreams of every wish—
Are these not thoughts to stir the spirit up,
And make him bound o'er bounds. An instant, *Prince*
Shall deck the title of thy glory's book.
'T is not the place we live in, but the station,
Which gives to life its value, and its zest.
The mingled murmurs that compose the thunder
Might singly lull to sleep a timid infant,
'T is their united crash which rends the heavens,
And speaks with monarch-voice. I am resolv'd.

[*Fiesco stalks heroically about, and Leonora enters.*

This fine tragedy might, one would think, have been successful on the English stage; it is somewhat longer than our own plays usually are, and cannot easily be curtailed of any of its scenes, although several would admit of abridgement.

During the spring of 1785 Schiller migrated into Saxony, and took lodgings at the village of Golis, near Leipzig, where he was within reach of a gay circle of friends, who revived his spirits, and where he composed his warm ode to Joy. Here too he began the *Gost-seeer*, which was never completed; but which remains a fine terrific fragment of two novels, which he found it impracticable to concatenate. It is a good study, though a bad model. He next withdrew to Dresden, where he completed his *Don Carlos*, which, on his return to Leipzig in 1787, was first published entire.

Otway has written a tragedy in rime on the same story. With him the love of the prince for his step-mother is made the hinge of interest. Philip's jealousy of his son, irritated by the Princess Eboli from motives of feminine pique, induces him to order poison to be administered to the queen, and the veins of the prince to be opened. Their innocence is discovered after their doom is become irrevocable. The whole piece is in the worst style of Spanish tragedy, full of the chivalrous and extravagant in sentiment and incident, and worthier of Corneille than Otway. The soliloquy of the king, which opens the fifth act, is perhaps the best speech in the play.

Schiller has chosen to concentrate our attention on interests of a higher order than the fortunes of a sentimental passion, or the relentings of an unkind father. By connecting with the existence of Don Carlos the eventual freedom of opinion in a vast empire, and the liberties of the Netherlands, he has given an importance to the action of his drama, which had hitherto seldom been attained even in the epopea. All his characters have a colossal dignity, proportioned to the grandeur of the interests which they involve. It is

truly an heroic tragedy, an assemblage of no common men. Other dramatic writers, in treating the conspiracy of Venice, or the death of Charles I. had been content to seek, in family distress and individual suffering, for the more prominent touches of pathos which were to effect their auditors: but with Schiller the sacrifice of a long-embosomed love, and the hazard of an exalted friendship, heart-probing as they are, were to form but secondary and subordinate sources of interest, and to be ornaments only of the majestic march of an event, whose catastrophe makes every friend to mankind shudder.

Of the characters in this play, the newest, the most peculiar, and the most heroic, is that of Marquis Posa; the boast, if not the glory of the author. (See his *Briefe über Don Carlos.)* It is a fine attempt to delineate the enthusiast of human emancipation, the disinterested friend of mankind, the patriot of the world. Conscious of the talent and the will to bless, this great man is described as pursuing, with undeviating resolution, the sacred end of ameliorating the condition of his countrymen, by removing every barrier to freedom of sentiment, and by favouring every institution beneficial to the people. In his very boyhood the inherent ascendency of his worth had attracted the friendship of Don Carlos; but his philanthropy, more powerful than any individual affection, never forgets in his young companion the future sovereign, and is studious to engrave on the mind of the prince his own pure idea of the highest practicable happiness of a nation. Conscious from the outset of his natural superiority, Posa is the reluctant friend; and, when at length won to the acknowledgement of esteem by the generosity of Carlos, he thinks of making a return only in public

services: "This debt will I repay when thou art king." Consulted by the prince about the interests of his passion, Posa no longer recognizes *his* Carlos, the pupil of his tuition, the mirror of his plans, the right hand of his intentions; he is alarmed rather for the expected benefactor of his countrymen than for the suffering friend; and, when he has heard the confession of this incestuous love for the wife of Philip, he seems rather intent on increasing by means of it his influence over the prince, than on weaning him from so preposterous a pursuit. This facility is almost unnatural; particularly as the Marquis does not appear to be in possession of sufficient grounds for believing that the queen would assist in the best possible direction of the passions of Carlos; and, as his self-command and judgment so habitually outweigh the inclinations of his affection, that, when the prince asks—"What could force thee from my heart, if woman could not?" Posa calmly answers, "I could myself." This superiority to his friendship, this exclusive value for those qualities of Carlos which are the concern of the world, this republican spirit of Posa, becomes especially apparent in the third act, when he is introduced at court, and assails the monarch's ear with the novel language of courageous and enthusiastic virtue. In the subsequent interviews with the queen, with Don Carlos, and with the king, Posa evidently shows himself capable of trampling with ruthless despotism on the safety even of his friend, if the great interests of humanity were, in his apprehension, to require the sacrifice. This is not a pleasing trait in his character; but it is a trait common in those men who have attained a disinterested love of specific reformations. Such persons are often found to hazard their own safety, and that of

others, for the chance of realizing the speculations of their philanthropy. When therefore, at last, Posa thinks that he has obtained, by the sacrifice of his own life, the independence of Don Carlos, and his departure for the Netherlands, he acquires the self-sufficient exultation of a martyr. Careless of reputation, his last act has been to charge himself with an exceptionable passion for the queen. His last commands to Carlos are: "Reserve thyself for Flanders: upon thy life depends the fate of nations. My duty is to die for thee." It is not the Orestes offering his own life to save that of his friend, but the philanthrope, who claims the survival of that individual, to whom circumstances entrust the highest powers of utility: it is ever the enthusiast conscious of the immeasurable value of his lofty views, and desirous of dying for them in such circumstances as may most contribute to secure the trust of their realization.

Of the other characters none seem to require analysis; because none are liable to misconception. Don Carlos, Philip, and the Grand Inquisitor, are each in their way masterly drawings. The female characters, as is usual with Schiller, are less successful; especially the Princess Eboli, whose episodical love for Carlos occupies a displeasing extent. Indeed all the interlocutors are too loquacious, all the speeches too exuberant; Schiller had not yet learnt how essential to dramatic dialogue is that culling, skipping rapidity of thought, which notices only the prominent ideas of the personages. In the first half of the piece the reader is not enough prepared for an interest so wholly of the political kind, as that which ultimately absorbs every other. This is the earliest tragedy which Schiller composed in iambic blank verse, and his style here first

lost that energetic convulsive striving, which, however impressive, wants the higher charm of unaffected grace.

Wieland criticized this play in his *Mercur*, with a degree of freedom which Schiller long felt as a wound; it was however so highly admired at Weimar, that the duke in consequence sent to Schiller an invitation to come and reside near his person. Schiller accordingly left a country-house, where he had apartments near Leipzig, and removed in 1787 to Weimar. He soon became a contributor to the *Mercur*, in which he inserted the *Gods of Greece*, the *Artists*, and other short poems, as well as a *History of the Revolt in the Netherlands*, which was separately printed in 1788.

About this period Schiller revisited the family near Meinungen, by whom he had been so kindly received on quitting Stuttgard; and, under their auspices, he became acquainted with Fräulein von Lengefeld, whom he afterwards married. The summer of 1788 he spent near Rudolstadt, in a beautiful country, and within a walk of this young lady's residence.

During his stay there Göthe returned from his Italian tour, passed through Rudolstadt, and, knowing that Schiller was soon to join the Weimar circle, called on him. The first impression of this interview did not announce that warmth of friendship, which was eventually to be formed between these two great writers. Göthe however was eagerly disposed to render service, and, on the retirement of professor Eichorn from Jena, recommended Schiller in his place.

In 1789 he accepted this vacant professorship; and lectured on classical literature. He continued, however, the historic labors he had already undertaken, and produced his excellent *History of the Thirty Year's War*

Schiller's correspondence notices a project he had at this period of undertaking an epic poem in octave rimes on some event of modern history occurring in the life of Frederic the second of Prussia.

"An epic poem of the eighteenth century, he writes, must be quite another thing than one written in the childhood of the world. This it is which attracts me. Our manners, the finest vapors of our philosophy, our constitutions, household manners, arts, every thing in short which peculiarizes us, must therein be deposited in a natural unaffected manner, as in the Iliad all the branches of Greek culture are livingly visible. Nor do I disincline to invent a machinery for the occasion; as I would fain fulfil all the requisitions which are made to the epic poet in point of form. But this machinery, with so modern a theme, and in so prosaic an age, has great difficulties, although, if well fitted in, it would enlarge the interest. I read hardly any thing but Homer; there is no better model than the Iliad."

In February 1790 Schiller was married, and some letters remain which attest a twelvemonth at least of undisturbed happiness and exultation. But in the spring of 1791 he was attacked with symptoms of pulmonary disease, which led the physicians to prohibit his lecturing. This was a grievous detraction from his income; but the generosity of the hereditary prince of Denmark interposed with the offer of a pension of a thousand dollars for three years, without any other condition than to make every avocation subordinate to the recovery of his health.

Between 1791 and 1794 Schiller continued to suffer much from bad health and spirits; nor does any literary production of eminence occur during this interval. Still the plan of an historic tragedy concerning Wal-

lenstein was at that time conceived, and some steps were taken in the execution. He also closed his Thalia in 1793, and, with new cooperators, he established under the title of "The Hours" *(die Horen)* a fresh periodic miscellany, in which various minor poems, and many criticisms on works of the fine arts, were progressively inserted. One of these ballads on the story of Hero and Leander, has been so beautifully rendered by the Rev. J. Beresford, that I take the liberty of transcribing it.

HERO AND LEANDER,

A BALLAD.

See yonder airy turrets rise
On either strand, and mock the skies,
And catch the golden gleam of day;
Where hoary Hellespontus swells,
As through the rocky Dardanells
He proudly works his foamy way,
And mock the storm whose fury tore
Old Asia from Europa's shore;
Yet love, undaunted, dares to brave
The terrors of the madd'ning wave.

To Hero's eyes Leander bow'd,
Her cheek with yielding blushes glow'd,
And Cupid smil'd and bless'd the pair.
The maid in grace with Hebe vy'd,
The youth, of all the swains the pride,
That gayly urg'd the sylvan war.
But soon parental hate destroys
The tender blossoms of their joys;
And love's soft accents cease to flow,
And rapture yields to lonely woe.

And now from Sestos' gloomy tow'r,
That echoes to the surge's roar,

And high o'erhangs the briny flood,
The maid in silent anguish lost,
Surveys Abydos' shelvy coast,
Her lov'd Leander's sad abode.
No friendly bridge, alas! was there,
To bear him to the weeping fair;
No gliding bark her eyes survey,
Yet vent'rous Love explores the way.

The Cretan bower's entangled maze
Dædalian art in vain shall raise;
Inventive Love detects the clue:
The monster's savage rage he quells,
The fire-exhaling steer repels,
And yokes him to the peaceful plough.
Nor Styx, that ninefold winds his way,
The God's resistless course can stay;
Tho' hell's dire forms around him glide,
Yet Love redeems the Thracian bride.

Leander too, whose looks impart
The tender griefs that rend his heart,
With new-born ardor Love supplies.
When day-light pales its fervid ray,
His glowing bosom cleaves the spray,
And through the dashing surge he hies.
He shoots athwart the liquid plain,
And pants the friendly shore to gain,
Where high upon the darksome tow'r
The flambeau cheers the lonely hour.

Now bless'd with beauty's fondest smile,
The youth forgets his recent toil,
And ev'ry pang he felt before:
Love's sweet reward the hour employs;
He revels in celestial joys,
For him alone reserv'd in store—
Till morn obtrusive 'gins to beam,
And chase the lover's blissful dream.
Hard task! her snowy arms to leave,

And tempt again the stormy wave!

Thus thrice ten times had Phœbus' ray
Unbarr'd the orient gates of day,
And wing'd with joy each moment flew,
In sweetest joys of stolen love,
As Jove himself might sigh to prove,
For ever young, and ever new!
Nor bliss sincere shall mortals know,
Whose bosom scapes the shafts of woe;
Through ill we ev'ry good attain,
And love rewards an age of pain!

Bright Hesper and Aurora rise
Alternate in the vaulted skies,
Nor yet perceiv'd the happy pair
That Autumn thinn'd the bow'ry shade;
Nor dreamt that brumal blasts invade
And chill, and nip the fading year.
But still with secret joy they trace
Each waning day's contracted space;
And bless'd the Gods with fond delight,
That longer grew each welcome night.

Already now had night and day
Held o'er the world an equal sway,
When, pensive from the castle's wall,
The lonely maid, with anxious eye,
Beheld the sun descend the sky,
And haste on Thetis' lap to fall.
Each ruder wind was hush'd to sleep,
Unruffled lay the glassy deep,
And all its smooth expanse confess'd
The purple glories of the west.

Gay shoals of wanton dolphins ride,
Disporting on the crystal tide,
And glitter to the setting ray;
While, rising from their dark abodes,
A varied train of wat'ry Gods

Emerge, and grace departing day.
Nor other eyes than their's attest
The story of the nightly guest;
And none the am'rous theft reveal'd,
For Hecate every mouth had seal'd.

She gaz'd, and hail'd the placid flood,
And thus addressed the guardian god,
With accent bland and tearful eye:—
"Propitious pow'r, canst thou beguile?
Shall ruin lurk in Nature's smile?—
Ah, no! avaunt the impious lie!
But man shall play the traitor's part,
And anger steel a parent's heart;
Yet thou art kind, and deign'st to prove
The refuge of despairing Love!

"Within these dreary walls entomb'd,
How sad each ling'ring day had gloom'd,
What anguish mark'd the darken'd hour;
Had not thy kindly wave convey'd,
Without a bark or bridge's aid,
The lover to the lonesome tow'r?
Tremendous is thy deep abode,
And dire the fury of the flood;
Yet Love's soft vows could still prevail,
And courage mock the rising gale.

"For thou the pow'r of Love hast known,
And bow'd before his potent throne,
When Helle caught thy fond survey;
What time the golden ram convey'd
Across thy wave the timid maid,
In pride of beauty's brightest day.
A willing captive to her charms,
Thou heldst her in thy eager arms,
And drews't her 'neath the liquid plain,
To grace and bless thy hidden reign.

"And now, immortal at thy side,
Still blooms the beauteous captur'd bride,

And lists as hapless lovers wail;
She stills the spirit of the flood,
And smooths the sailor's trackless road,
And gently swells his gliding sail;
Auspicious Helle! goddess fair!
Regard thy suppliant's tender pray'r!
Avert each danger of the sea!
And speed Leander's well-known way."

She spoke, when lo! the alter'd sky
Already told the tempest nigh:
And now she fixt, with trembling hand,
The friendly torch, whose glimm'ring ray
Should point the lover's stormy way,
And guide him to the welcome strand.
The surgy din still louder grows,
The gale with wilder fury blows,
The stars forsake th' etherial dome,
And Nature shudders at the gloom.

Dun night assumes her dreary reign,
And adds new terrors to the scene,
And ev'ry cloud pours out its store;
The loosen'd winds with fury sweep
The ruffled bosom of the deep,
And lightnings glare, and thunders roar.
The storm now lifts the raging wave,
Now bares old ocean's inmost cave;
Nor Hell's grim jaws more horrors breathe,
Than mark the yawning gulf beneath.

"Ah, me!" (the wretched mourner cries,
And lifts to Heaven her streaming eyes;)
"How rash the boons that mortals crave!
Ah, should the gods have heard my pray'r,
And should Leander's luckless star
Have urg'd him on the faithless wave;
Each weary bird that haunts the flood
Now homeward plies its airy road;

Each lab'ring vessel speeds its way,
And hastens to the shelt'ring bay.
"And, ah! too sure, the youth, unscar'd,
Still dares the path so often dar'd;
Still yields to Love's impatient sway;
For, as he left this conscious tow'r,
He swore by ev'ry sacred pow'r,
That death alone obstructs his way.
And now his vig'rous arm in vain
Repels the fury of the main;
He breasts in vain the dashing wave,
And finds, alas! a wat'ry grave.

"Invidious pow'r, thy placid mien
Was meant thy fell intent to screen;
No glossy mirror shone so gay.
Thy waves in false repose were laid,
Till, on thy smiling surface sped,
Leander urg'd his vent'rous way;
And now, upon thy bosom toss'd,
Ere half the stormy flood be cross'd,
Thou whelm'st him in thy ruthless deep,
And leav'st despairing love to weep!"

And still the storm's increasing roar
Resounds from either rocky shore,
And each rude billow braves the sky.
The oak-ribb'd bark contends in vain
To stem the fury of the main;
No aid the pilot's arts supply.
And lo! the torch, whose wonted light
So oft had cheer'd the lover's night,
Now quench'd, withdraws its friendly ray,
And horror holds unbounded sway.

To Venus now the hapless fair
Prefers the vow of soft despair,
And calls her pitying aid divine;
To ev'ry Wind a victim vows,
A wanton steer, whose stately brows

With golden horns resplendent shine.
Each goddess of the dark profound,
Each pow'r on high Olympus crown'd,
The wretched suppliant assails,
To quell the fury of the gales.

"And thou, divinest Leucothe,
Whom oft, upon the shoreless sea,
The storm-beat mariner implores;
Who oft, propitious to his pray'r,
Hast smooth'd the wave and still'd the air,
O hear me from thy coral bow'rs!
And bear my love thy sacred veil,
Whose power can sooth the angry gale,
Each terror of the deep can charm,
And nerve the swimmer's slacken'd arm."

And straight the wild winds softer blow,
And fair Aurora's ruddy glow
Again proclaims the new-born day.
The sea resumes its wonted bed,
Each blast in still repose is laid,
And morning smiles, and all is gay.
Soft roll the lucid waves along,
And gently break the rocks among;
In playful lapse the strand explore,
And waft a pallid corse to shore.

'T is he, who still his promise keeps,
Tho' wrapt in Death's cold arms he sleeps;
And quick the well-known form she view'd.
Nor one sad plaint escap'd the fair,
Nor dimm'd her eye one single tear,
But lost in torpid woe she stood.
And now the fatal deep she eyes,
Now gazes on the vaulted skies;
And now her kindling cheeks declare
The transient flush of wild despair.

"Ye Gods! (she cries) I own your sway;
Your dreaded might ye thus display!

Nor vows nor tears shall mercy find!
In youth's soft prime my course is sped;
Yet many a flow'r my path has spread,
And sweet the lot that fate assign'd.
While living, to thy pow'r divine,
These hands, O Venus, deck'd thy shrine;
Thy willing victim now I prove,
The victim of almighty Love."

She spoke, and lo! the madd'ning fair,
Her robes all flutt'ring in the air,
Plung'd headlong in the closing wave:
The wave each hallow'd corse sustains;
And, rising from his deep domains,
The God himself supplies their grave.
And now, exulting in his prey,
He gladsome speeds his eddying way,
And thriftless from his urn he pours
His clear and never-ceasing stores.

Schiller has been so fortunate in his translaters, that I hesitate to mingle with theirs my own effusions; yet *The Diver* is a ballad so characteristic, both of the author, and of the German school of poetry, that it must also be given.

THE DIVER.

"Who's here of noble or vassal blood,
Of courage to dive beneath this flood?
I fling therein a golden beaker,
And now 't is swallowed up by the breaker,
Whoever shows me the cup again,
May have it and keep it for his pain."

So spake King Robert of Sicily,
From a high cliff overhanging the sea,
While into the howling Charybdis he flung
The goblet of gold in his hand that he swung.

"Who is so bold, I ask again,
As into this deep to plunge amain?"

The knights and squires, who stood around,
Heard him, but utter'd not a sound;
Tho' they mark the sinking of the cup,
No one of them cares to fish it up.
A third time the king exclaims with a frown,
"Is no one so brave as to venture down?"

Yet silent as before they stood;
When a fair page of noble blood
Steps from among the fault'ring band;
His girdle and mantle he casts on the strand;
And all the men and women amaz'd,
On the lovely youth admiring gaz'd.

And while he walks to the cliff's brow,
Looking down on the gulph below,
Charybdis gave back bellowing
The waters she 'd been swallowing;
As with the noise of distant thunder
Her foaming womb was rent asunder.

It billows, it hisses, it seethes, and it roars,
As when water on burning forests showers;
To heaven the reeking surges spray;
Wave pushes wave in endless fray,
Exhaustless teeming, full and free,
As would the sea bring forth a sea.

At length the wild force dies away,
And black, amid the foaming spray,
And bottomless, as were it the path to hell,
A growing chasm absorbs the swell;
And down the murky tunnel's yawn,
Eddying the rushing waves are drawn.

Quick, ere the waters again are abroad,
The youth commends himself to God.
Around is heard a shriek of dismay,

And already the whirlpool has borne him away;
The throat mysteriously closes o'er,
And the bold swimmer is seen no more.

Stiller becomes the watery abyss,
Climbs from the deep a hollower hiss;
The howlings more faintly die away.
All wait in anxious terrific delay,
And lips of many with trembling tell:,
"Thou lofty-spirited youth, farewell!

"Were it the crown that you had thrown,
And said: whoever brings me the crown
Shall wear it, and be my king and lord,
I would not fetch the dear reward.
What's hid in the howling deep below
No living soul shall ever know.

"The whirlpool has seized on many a ship,
And dragg'd it headlong into the deep;
But only a keel, or a splinter'd mast,
From the all-swallowing grave have past."
Now shriller and nearer the dashing is heard,
Like winds when the coming storm is fear'd.

It billows, it hisses, it seethes, and it roars,
It rushes, and gushes, and dashes and pours,
Wave pushes wave in endless fray;
To heaven the reeking surges spray,
And with the noise of distant thunder,
Bellowing the dark womb bursts asunder.

And lo! the swelling billows upon,
Something uplifts itself, white as a swan,
And an arm and a glittering shoulder is bare;
It rows with force and busy care;
And 't is he! and high in his left hand held up,
He flourishes, joyfully beckoning, the cup.

With breathings long and deep he wins his way,
And drinks the air, and greets the light of day.

With frolic and clapping one cries to another:
"He lives! He is there! The abyss could not smother!
The brave one was allowed to save
His soul alive from the jaws of the grave."

He lands: the shouting choir surround;
At the king's feet he sinks on the ground,
And kneeling reaches back the cup.
The monarch graciously lifts him up,
Beckons his daughter so fair and so fine,
Who fills the goblet with sparkling wine,
And the page drank, and thus began.

"Long live the king! He well may be gay
Who breathes the rosy light of day;
Yonder lie horrors dark and dense;
Let no man tempt God's providence.
And never, never seek to know
What graciously is veil'd below.

"As had I fallen in air, it drags
Me swiftly down—from between the crags
New wildly boisterous fountains gush.
The mingling force of the double rush
I could not withstand; the eddy was strong,
Like a top, it whirl'd me giddy along.

"Then God, to whom in my terrible need
I cried for pity and help, gave heed,
And show'd projecting from beneath
A rock which I seiz'd, and escaped from death.
There hung the cup on a coral steep,
Else it had dropt to the bottomless deep.

"Far underneath it lay below,
Gleaming with dim and purple glow,
Where to the ear tho' all may sleep,
The eye beheld, amid the deep,
How salamanders, dragons, snakes,
Were crawling in these hellish lakes.

"In swarthy mixture here they throng,
Or glide in griesly groups along,
The sword fish, the keen crocodile,
And the sea-serpent's sinuous file,
And grinning with their triple teeth at me,
Wide-throated sharks, hyenas of the sea.

"There hung I long—in conscious fear—
No human arm of help was near;
While forms of fright around me glare,
The only feeling bosom there;
Below the reach of human ear,
Or human voice—in dumb despair.

"A griesly monster toward me swims,
Moving at once a hundred limbs,
And snaps—in terror I let go
From my faint grasp the coral bough,
Down which I was clambering—then the surge
Seiz'd me, but saved me—I could now emerge."

The king became for wonder glad:
"The goblet is your own, my lad,
And this ring, with precious jewels adorn'd,
I destine you also—'tis not to be scorn'd—
If you'll try again, and let us know
What lies at the very bottom below."

This with soft feeling the daughter hears,
And turn'd on the monarch her eyes in tears:
"Such cruel sport henceforward spare,
He has achiev'd what none else would dare.
If the lusts of your heart you cannot assuage,
Let some of your knights outdo the page."

Then the king snatch'd quickly the goblet again,
And hurl'd it into the whirlpool amain.
"If you will fetch me the beaker once more,
All my knights you shall stand before;
And her, who pleads for you with loving face,
To night, as a husband, you shall embrace."

Then did heavenly force in his soul arise,
And boldness lightened from his eyes;
And he saw the fair maid blushing soon,
And then he saw her turn pale and swoon,
And was mov'd the precious prize to win:
Come life, come death! he cast himself in.

Ebb'd had the surge, and again it flow'd,
And the thund'ring sound announced it aloud;
With affectionate looks o'er the chasm they bent.
The waters they came, and the waters they went.
The waves they gush up, and the waves slink away
But none brings the youth to the light of the day.

In the foregoing version, the impersonal verbs, which so remarkably abound in the German original, have been purposely retained: although in our language they have a less welcome effect: but I deem it more instructive to give a faithful idea of any foreign original writing, than to make such poem read like an English work of art.

In 1793 Schiller went to drink the mineral waters at Heilbronn, and, during some interval of the curative process, visited his family connexions in the parental house at Stuttgard. As he had never been regularly discharged from the service of the duke of Würtemberg, it was deemed proper to enquire in what capacity he would be expected to appear: to which the duke answered, somewhat coolly, that his arrival would be *ignored* at court: wherefore he withdrew without being presented. The duke died shortly after, and so lost irrecoverably the opportunity of honouring the genius of his country.

The "*Maid of Orleans*" was probably the next theatrical work of Schiller; at least it is printed immediately after "*Don Carlos*," in the collective edition of

his plays. The catastrophe of this tragedy departs too widely from the historical one; for, although the heroine is at first the liberatress of her king and country, and then accused of witchcraft, and abandoned to the English by her countrymen, yet she is made to incur a fatal wound in battle, and is brought home to the royal camp, to be buried with funeral honors. Here is her dying speech:

> See you the rainbow glittering in the air?
> Of heaven the golden portals now unfold.
> Amid the choir of angels there she stands,
> And to her bosom clasps th' eternal Son,
> While with one hand she beckons me, and smiles.
> I feel as if light clouds uplifted me—
> The heavy armure seems a coat of wings—
> Thither, on high—earth drops beneath my feet.
> Transient is woe, but everlasting, bliss.

This is the feeblest of Schiller's dramas, and he was apparently in low spirits when he composed it.

In 1794 he went to stay a while at Göthe's house in Weimar, and corresponded with him assiduously afterwards, for the purpose of providing materials for "*die Horen*," which they seem to have edited conjointly. In 1795 his literary activity revived, but he was become conscious of a change of manner, to which he thus alludes, in a poem, of which I borrow an anonymous beautiful translation.

THE IDEALS.

> COMPANIONS of my earlier years,
> For ever faithless will ye fly,
> With all your train of hopes and fears,
> Aspiring thoughts and warm desires,
> Creative fancy's magic fires
> That warm'd my opening mind with distant scenes of joy?

Imagination's airy train,
Can nought your hasty flight retain?
Ah! never, never, shall I see
Those visions of my early prime,
Swept by the ruthless storms of time,
Lost in the ocean of eternity.

And are those suns for ever set in night,
That spread their lustre o'er my dawning day?
Those cherish'd visions of supreme delight
So oft invoked, no longer will they stay?
Each wish that fired my inexperienced mind,
And promised bliss and purity below,
Say must it still in reason find a foe,
And leave a dull and dreary void behind?

As once the sculptured image fired
Pygmalion with an amorous flame,
Till breath and genial life inspired
The marble's cold and senseless frame;
So Nature to my opening soul
Appear'd in all her charms array'd,
Imagination lent her aid,
And mimic life inspired the wond'rous whole.

Responsive to my ardent mind,
The magic influence spread o'er all,
The tree, the flower, the waterfall,
The forest wild, the lawn, the grove,
All seem'd, to life and sense refined,
To echo back the song of boundless love.

Methought an influence divine
Ruled with almighty power my mind,
And urged to every great design,
Form'd by the love of human kind!
How vast, how fair appear'd this wond'rous scene,
When Hope at first its opening buds display'd!
How dull and comfortless, how poor and mean,
Has reason since this mighty world pourtrayed!

When first life's journey I began,
Unburthen'd by the load of care,
In thought with mighty strides I ran
To scenes that Fancy painted fair;
Already would my wishes fly
To many a great and arduous height,
Nought was too distant, nought too high,
To tempt my fancy's daring flight.
How easy thence to snatch the prize
It seem'd amid the glorious strife,
While danced before my dazzled eyes
The forms that glitter in the morn of life.
Methought obedient to my call,
That Love his roses in my path had strown;
That fortune, with her golden crown,
And Fame, that hides in stars his lofty crest,
And Truth, in never-fading sun-beams drest,
On me had doom'd their choicest gifts to fall.

The fairy scenes are flown,
The bright enchantment vanished in the air;
Faithless, for ever are they gone,
Unmark'd, unheard my prayer.
On hasty wing has Fortune urged her flight,
Nor knowledge grants me yet her gifts to share,
While hid in clouds of doubt is Truth's immortal light.

I saw the palm of high renown
The undeserving brow adorn;
I look'd—and lo! for ever flown
The opening sweets of life's delicious morn!
And deeper still and darker grew
The shades that gather'd round my lonely way,
While mid the dull and dreary view
Hope scarcely shed a feeble doubtful ray.

Of all the visionary train
That Fancy erst was wont to raise,
O say, which faithful yet remain,
To cheer the evening of my days;

Thou, Friendship, who alone hast power
To heal each deeply-rankling wound,
And cheer affliction's darkest hour.
Thou, whom I early sought and found,
Employment, too, whose healing balm
Can still the passions madding rage,
The tempest of the soul can calm,
And all life's ills assuage.
'T is thou, who, unappall'd by toil,
Canst to perfection bring each nobler aim,
And atoms upon atoms pile,
To form a system's mighty frame:
Led by thy hand in life's declining day,
Hours, minutes, months, and years, will softly steal away.

Wallenstein, an historical tragedy in three parts, is well known to English readers, by the excellent translation of Mr. Coleridge; from which be it allowed to copy the fourth scene of the fourth act, describing the the death of Max. Piccolomini.

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN. LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAPT. *respectfully approaching her.* Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—
THEK. *with dignity.* You have beheld me in my agony.
A more distressful accident occasion'd
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.
CAPT. I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.
THEK. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.

CAPT. Princess, it will
Renew your anguish.
THEK. I am firm.——
I *will* be firm. Well—how began the engagement?
CAPT. We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Entrench'd but insecurely in our camp,
When toward evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke thro' the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader——

[*Thekla betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.*

CAPT. Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now receiv'd them,
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretch'd out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they stood on every side wedg'd in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader call'd aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini————

[*Thekla, as giddy, grasps a chair.*

Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first, the regiment all plung'd after.—
His charger, by an halbert gor'd, rear'd up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curb'd——

[*Thekla, who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The Lady Neubrunn runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*

NEUB. My dearest lady——

CAPT. I retire.
THEK. 'T is over.
Proceed to the conclusion.
CAPT. Wild despair
Inspir'd the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue
Was spurn'd; they fought like wounded tygers; their
Frantic resistance rous'd our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finish'd before their last man fell.
THEK. *faltering.* And where——
Where is—You have not told me all.
CAPT. *after a pause.* This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Follow'd the bier. A laurel deck'd his coffin;
The sword of the deceas'd was plac'd upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting: for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have sav'd him; but himself
Made vain th' attempt—'t is said he wish'd to die.
NEUB. *to Thekla who has hidden her countenance.* Look up,
my dearest lady——
THEK. Where is his grave?
CAPT. At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.
THEK. What is the cloister's name?
CAPT. Saint Catharine's.
THEK. And how far is it thither?
CAPT. Near twelve leagues.
THEK. And which the way?
CAPT. You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, thro' our advanced posts.
THEK. Who
Is their commander?

CAPT. Colonel Seckendorf.

[*Thekla steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*

THEK. You have beheld me in my agony,
And shewn a feeling heart. Please you, accept
[*giving him the ring.*
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPT. *confused.* Princess————

[*Thekla silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The Captain lingers, and is about to speak. Lady Neubrunn repeats the signal, and he retires.*

These are among the best historic tragedies, which treat, in the language of Germany, of the annals of the country: nor do they, in my judgement, fall short of the analogous plays of Shakspeare. Werner's *Luther* is a fine drama of the same kind; but it begins better than it ends.

The *Mary Stuart* of Schiller indulges more of invention, and has been rendered with no less felicity by Mr. Mellish. The interview between the rival queens is best adapted for transcription.

To MARY STUART *and* HANNA KENNEDY, *enter* ELIZABETH, *the* EARL *of* LEICESTER, *and retinue.*

ELIZ. *to Leicester.* What seat's that, Leicestèr?

LEI. Fotheringay Castle.

ELIZ. *to Shrewsbury.* My Lord, send our retinue back to London;
The people crowd too eager in the roads,
We seek a refuge in this silent park.

[*Talbot sends the train away. She looks steadfastly at Mary, as she speaks further with Paulett.*

My honest people love me overmuch,
Idolatrous are these loud signs of joy;
Thus should a God be honour'd, not a mortal.

MARY. *who the whole time had lean'd, almost fainting, on Kennedy, rises now, and her eyes meet the steady*

piercing look of Elizabeth; she shudders and throws herself again upon Kennedy's bosom.

O God! from out these features speaks no heart.

ELIZ. What lady's that?—

[*a general, embarrassed silence.*

LEI. You are at Fotheringay,
My Queen!—

ELIZ. *as if surprised, casting an angry look at Leicester:*
Who hath done this?. my Lord of Leicester.

LEI. 'T is past, my Queen;—and now that heav'n hath led
Your footsteps hither, be magnanimous;
Let mercy, royal mercy, be triumphant.

SHREWS. O royal mistress! yield to our entreaties;
O look upon this poor unhappy one,
Who here dissolves before you.

[*Mary collects herself, and begins to advance towards Elizabeth, stops shuddering at half-way:—her action expresses the most violent contest with herself.*

ELIZ. How, my lords!
Which of you then announc'd to me a pris'ner
Bow'd down by woe? I see a haughty one,
By no means humbled by calamity.

MARY. So be it;—I will also stoop to this.—
Farewell weak heavings of the gen'rous soul!
I will forget then what I am, and what
I've suffer'd; I will fall before *her* feet
Who hurl'd me down to this indignity.

[*she turns towards the Queen.*

The voice of heav'n decides for you, my sister,
I see your happy brows are crown'd with triumph,
The Godhead I adore, which thus hath rais'd you.

[*she kneels.*

But in your turn be you too gen'rous, sister;
Let me not lie disgracefully before you;
Stretch forth your hand, your royal hand, to raise
Your sister from a fall so very deep.

ELIZ. *stepping back.* You are where it becomes you, Lady Stuart;
And thankfully I prize my God's protection,

Who hath not suffer'd me to kneel a suppliant
Thus at your feet, as you now kneel at mine.
MARY. *with increasing energy of feeling.* Think on all earthly things, vicissitudes.
Oh! there are gods who punish haughty pride:
Respect them, honour them, the dreadful ones,
Who thus before thy feet have humbled me!
Before these strangers, who behold us, honour
Yourself in me: profane not, O, defile not
The blood of the great Tudors, which pervades
My veins, as well as yours.—O God in Heav'n!
Stand not there rough, and inaccessible,
Like the steep cliff, which lab'ring to embrace,
Struggles in vain the shipwreck'd mariner;
My all, my life, my fortune all depends
Upon the influence of my words. my tears;
That I may move your heart, O! lighten mine.
If you regard me with that look of ice,
My shudd'ring heart contracts itself, the stream
Of tears is dried, and frigid horror chains
The words of supplication in my bosom!
ELIZ. *cold and severe.* What would you say to me, my Lady Stuart?
You wish'd to speak with me; and I, forgetting
The Queen, although so heavily offended,
Fulfil the pious duty of the sister,
And grant you here the comfort of my presence.
Yet I, in yielding to the gen'rous feelings
Of magnanimity, expose myself
To rightful censure, that I stoop so low,
For well you know, you would have had me murder'd.
MARY. O! how shall I begin; how shall I then
So artfully arrange my cautious words,
That they may touch, yet not offend, your heart:
Strengthen my words, O God! and take from them
Whate'er might wound:—alas! I cannot speak
In my own cause's favour, but I must
Accuse you heavily, and that I would not;—
You have not, as you ought, behav'd to me;

For I'm a Queen, like you, yet *you* have held me
Confin'd in prison; as a suppliant
I came to you, yet *you* in me insulted
The pious use of hospitality;
Despising too the holy law of nations,
Immur'd me in a jail, and tore from me
My friends and servants; then was I expos'd
To unbecoming want, and subjected
To a disgraceful, insolent tribunal.—
No more of this;—in everlastlng silence
Be buried all the cruelties I suffer'd.
See,—I will throw the blame of all on fate,
'T was not your fault, it was not *my* fault neither:
An evil spirit rose from the abyss,
To nourish in our hearts the flames of hate,
By which our tender youth had been divided.
It grew with us, and bad designing men
Fann'd with their ready breath the fatal fire:
Frantics, enthusiasts, with sword and dagger
Arm'd the uncall'd-for hand! that is the curse
Of kings, that they, divided, tear the world
In pieces with their hatred, and let loose
The raging furies of each hellish discord!
Now is no foreign tongue between us, sister,
[*approaching her confidently, and with a flattering tone.*
We stand now face to face; now, sister, speak;
Name but my crime, I 'll fully satisfy you.—
Alas! had you but then vouchsaf'd to hear me,
As I so earnest sought to meet your eye,
It never would have come to this, nor would,
Here in this mournful place, have happen'd now
This so distressful, this so mournful meeting.

ELIZ. My better stars preserv'd me. I was warn'd,
And laid not to my breast the pois'nous adder!—
Accuse not fate; your own deceitful heart
It was, the wild ambition of your house:
As yet no enmities had pass'd between us,
When your imperious uncle, the proud priest,
Whose shameless hand grasps at all crowns, attack'd me

With unprovok'd hostility, and taught
You, but too docile, to assume my arms,
To vest yourself with my imperial title,
And meet me in the lists in mortal strife:
What arms employ'd he not to storm my throne?
The curses of the priests, the people's sword,
The dreadful weapons of religious frenzy;—
Here in my kingdom's peaceful citadel,
He fann'd the flames of civil insurrection;—
But God is with me, and the haughty priest
Has not maintain'd the field: the blow was aim'd
Full at my head, but yours it is which falls!

MARY. I am in Heaven's hand: you will not, sure,
Exert so bloodily the pow'r it gives you.

ELIZ. Who shall prevent me? Say, did not your uncle
Set all the kings of Europe the example,
How to conclude a peace with those they hate.
Be mine the school of Saint Bartholomew;
What 's kindred then to me, or law of nations?
The church can break the bands of ev'ry duty:
It consecrates the regicide, the traitor;
I only practice what your priests have taught:
Say then, what surety can be offer'd me
Should I magnanimously loose your bonds?
Say, with what lock can I secure your faith,
Which by St. Peter's keys cannot be open'd?
Force is my only surety; no alliance
Can be concluded with a race of vipers.

MARY. O! this is but your dismal, dark suspicion!
For you have constantly regarded me
But as a stranger, and an enemy.
Had you declar'd me heir to your dominions,
As is my right, then gratitude and love
Had fix'd, for you, in me a faithful friend
And kinswoman.

ELIZ. Your friendship is abroad,
Your house is Papacy, the monk's your brother.
Name *you* my successor! the treach'rous snare!
That in my life you might seduce my people;

That, like a sly Armida, you might catch
The kingdom's gen'rous youthhood in your lewdness;
That all might turn to the new rising sun,
And I—

MARY. O sister, rule your realm in peace;
I give up ev'ry claim to these domains—
Alas! the pinions of my soul are lam'd;
Greatness entices me no more: your point
Is gain'd; I am reduc'd to Mary's shadow—
My noble spirit is at last broke down
In base captivity:—you 've done your worst
On me; you have destroy'd me in my bloom:—
Now, end your work, my sister;—speak at length
The word, which to pronounce has brought you hither;
For I will ne'er believe you hither came
To mock unfeelingly your hapless victim.—
Pronounce this word;—say, Mary, you are free:
You have already felt my pow'r, learn now
To honour too my generosity;—
Say so, and I will take my life, will take
My freedom, as a present from your hands.
One word makes all undone;—I wait for it;—
O let me, let me not too long await it.—
Woe to you, end you not with this one word?—
For should you now, not health-imparting, noble,
Like a divinity, go from me, sister,—
Not for this whole rich iland, not for all
The countries which the ocean encloses,
Would I before you stand, as you 'fore me!

ELIZ. Confess you then at length, that you are conquer'd:
Are all your schemes exhausted? Is no murderer
More on the road? will no adventurer
Attempt again, for you, the sad achievement?
Yes, madam, it is over:—You 'll seduce
No more: the world at length has other cares:—
None is ambitious of the dang'rous honor
Of being your fourth husband:—You destroy
Your wooers like your husbands.

MARY. *starting angrily.* Sister, sister!—

O God! God! give me, give me moderation!
ELIZ. *regards her long, with a look of proud contempt.*
Those then, my Lord of Leicester, are the charms
Which with impunity no man can view,
Near which no woman dare attempt to stand?
In sooth, this honor might be cheaply gain'd;
She who to all is common, may with ease
Become the common object of applause.
MARY. That is too much!—
ELIZ. *laughing insultingly.* You shew us now, indeed,
Your real face; till now 't was but the mask.
MARY. *burning with rage, yet dignified and noble.* My sins
were human, and the fruits of youth;
Superior force seduced me. I have never
Denied it, have not hid it:—I despis'd,
With royal openness, all false appearance.
The worst of me is known, and I can say,
That I am better than my reputation.
Woe to you! when, in time to come, the world
Shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds,
With which, a mistress in hypocrisy,
You 've hid the lawless flames of stolen lust.—
Virtue was not your portion from your mother;
Well know we what it was which brought the head
Of Anna Boleyn to the bloody block.
SHREWS. *stepping between both Queens.* O! God in heav'n!
must it come to this!
Is this the moderation, the submission,
My Lady?—
MARY. Moderation! I 've supported
What human nature can support: farewell,
Lamb-hearted resignation, passive patience
Fly to thy native heaven; burst at length
Thy bonds, come forward from thy dreary cave,
In all thy fury, long-suppressed rancour!—
And thou, who to the anger'd basilisk
Impart'st the murd'rous glance, O! arm my tongue
With poison'd darts!
SHREWS. O, she's beside herself!

Forgive the mad exasperated woman.

[*Elizabeth, speechless for anger, casts enraged looks at Mary.*

LEI. *in the most violent agitation: he seeks to lead Elizabeth away.* Attend not to her rage:—away,—away,
From this disastrous place!—

MARY. *raising her voice.* A bastard soils,
Profanes the English throne! the gen'rous Britons
Are cheated by a juggler, whose whole figure
Is false and painted, heart as well as face!—
If right prevail'd, you now would in the dust
Before me lie, for I 'm your rightful monarch!—

[*Elizabeth hastily quits the Stage; the Lords follow her in the greatest consternation.*

MARY, KENNEDY.

KEN. What have you done? she goes in rage;—now all
Is o'er; all hope is lost.

MARY. *still quite beside herself.* She goes in rage!
She bears the worm of death within her heart!—

[*falling on Kennedy's bosom.*

Now I 'm at length at ease, at last, at last,
After whole years of sorrow and abasement,
One moment of victorious revenge;
A weight falls off my heart, a weight of mountains;—
I plung'd the steel in my oppressor's breast!

KEN. Unhappy lady!—Frenzy overcomes you.
Yes, you have wounded your invet'rate foe;
'T is she who wields the light'ning, she is Queen,
You have insulted her before her minion.

MARY. I have abash'd her before Leicester's eyes;
He saw it, he was witness of my triumph.—
How did I hurl her from her haughty height,
He saw it, and his presence strengthen'd me.

The first separate and entire edition of *Wallenstein* bears the date 1799; but parts of the trilogy had previously appeared in "*die Horen;*" wherein Schiller

also inserted a string of a thousand epigrams, to which he had contributed conjointly with Göthe. These excited a popular, or rather unpopular attention, especially in the literary world. They displayed some wit, some coarseness, and some gall. Wieland was among the persons attacked, and he defended himself with an exquisite urbanity, which brought a general outcry against this breach of editorial politeness, and "*die Horen*" was dropped.

Until 1799 Schiller since his marriage had resided near Jena in an ornamented cottage of his own, which had a large garden; but at this period he determined on removing to Weimar: some offers from the reigning duke having been transmitted to him, through Göthe, which secured a less precarious income. His wife too became dangerously ill; but the change of air was useful to her. *Mary Stuart* was first published in 1800 after the removal.

In 1802 Schiller received from the emperor of Germany a patent of nobility; this had probably been procured through the instrumentality of the Duke of Weimar; for the house of Austria had not been flatteringly treated in the *Wallenstein*, nor was it afterwards in the *Wilhelm Tell*.

In 1803 appeared the *Bride of Messina*, a sort of opera or chorus-drama, in which a symmetry of plot and dialogue has been adopted nearly as improbable as in Dryden's *Tempest*. The versification, however, is strikingly noble; and the number of fine moral passages and maxims, which are interspersed, recall the best choruses of the Greek tragedians; indeed Schiller had recently translated *Æschylus*, when he composed this dramatic poem, and has studiously copied the manner of the ancients: his allusions to classical

mythology are too numerous even for probability of costume.

The fable of the piece is this. A Duke of Messina is recently dead, who leaves two sons, both of age, but separated from each other by factious rivalry. Isabella, their widowed mother, endeavours to produce a reconciliation, and succeeds in bringing them together. They have both fallen in love with Beatrice, a beautiful woman, of unknown parentage, resident in a convent near Mount Etna. In her presence they unexpectedly meet, and Don Cæsar, the younger brother, in a fit of jealousy kills Don Manuel, the elder brother, who was preferred by Beatrice. Meanwile it appears that Isabella had once a younger daughter, of whom it was prophesied that she should occasion the extinction of the whole house, and whom the father had therefore ordered to be drowned; but the mother had secretly preserved the girl, and caused her to be reared in a convent of nuns on Mount Etna. This is the Beatrice for whom both the brothers have formed an incestuous passion. The successive discoveries of the relationships between the parties give occasion to terrible situations; at length Don Cæsar, to atone for the murder of his brother, and to terminate a remediless disappointment of love, closes the play with a deliberate suicide. Two chorusses of armed partizans, belonging to the respective brothers, contribute to the pageantry and to the morality of the drama.

The following is perhaps the most sublime of the choral odes:—

Athwart the city's streets,
With wailing in her train,
Misfortune strides;
Watchful she marks

The homes of men:
To-day at this,
To-morrow at yon other door, she knocks,
But misses none.
Sooner or later comes
Some messenger of woe
To every threshold, where the living dwell.

When at the season's fall
The leaves decay,
When to the grave is borne
The hoary head,
Calm nature but obeys
Her ancient law,
And man respects her everlasting march.
But man must also learn,
To 'expect in earthly life
Unusual strokes of fate.
Murder, with violent hand,
May tear the holiest bond,
And in his Stygian boat
Death may bear off the blooming form of youth.

When towering clouds o'erswarth the sky,
When loudly bellowing thunders roll,
Each heart in secret owns
The fearful might of fate.
But e'en from cloudless heights
Can kindling lightnings plunge;
E'en in the sunny day
Bale-breathing plagues may lurk.
Fix not on transient good
Thy trusty heart:
Let him who has, prepare to learn to lose;
Him who is happy, learn to bend to grief.

Beside composing these plays, Schiller altered the *Nathan* of Lessing, and the *Phædra* of Racine, and translated the *Macbeth* of Shakspeare, and the *Turan-*

dot of Gozzi, for the theatre of Weimar: on which he also caused to be represented an allegorical interlude entitled the *Homage of the Arts*, which had for its object to celebrate and welcome the arrival of the Russian princess Maria Paulowna, who in 1804 was betrothed and espoused to the hereditary prince of Weimar.

The last and best of Schiller's tragedies, printed in 1804, was entitled "*Wilhelm Tell:*" it dramatizes the revolution of Switzerland, and is become a truly national work of art. Indeed it may be doubted whether any gothic tragedy (we do not except "*Macbeth*," or the "*Conspiracy of Venice*,") is equal to this, for majesty of topic, for compass of plan, for incessancy of interest, for depth of pathos, for variety of character, for domesticity of costume, for truth of nature, and for historic fidelity. Of this noble drama, the story of which is well known, our literature now possesses an admirable version, which, it is believed, may confidently be ascribed to Mr. Samuel Robinson of Manchester. We borrow from it a pathetic scene.

SCENE IV.

Walter Furst's House.

WALTER FURST *and* ARNOLD VON MELCHTAL *enter at the same time on opposite sides.*

MELCH. Sir!—Walter Furst?
WALTER. What if they should suprise us!
Stay where you are! We are hemm'd round by spies.
MELCH. Bring you no news from Unterwalden?—none
Of my poor father?—I will brook no longer
My time to waste an idle prisoner here.
What have I done, that bears so deep a dye,
That I should hide me like a murderer?

Have I done ought, but broken with my staff
The finger of a saucy forward boy,
Who at the Bailiff's bidding would have gladly
My lovely team of oxen driven away,
Before my very eyes?

WALTER. You are too quick.
That boy was the Lord Bailiff's, and was sent,
A messenger of justice, to collect
The fine you had incurred, and which, tho' hard,
You should have borne in silence.

MELCH. Borne in silence!
What! and the sneering message which the lad
Brought from his shameless master? "Tell the boor
If he loves bread, that he may learn himself
To drag the plough." It cut me to the heart,
To see the oxen loosen'd from the yoke.
The noble beasts low'd dismally, and their horns
Brandish'd, as tho' themselves felt the injustice.
Then, with excusable resentment fir'd,
Nor longer master of myself, I struck him.

WALTER. Oh! scarsely can we govern our own hearts!
How then shall hasty youth subdue its passions!

MELCH. I grieve for nothing, save my father—he
Needs such attention, and his son so far!
Besides the Bailiff hates him, that he ever
Has pleaded honestly our rights and freedom.
Now, therefore, will they crush the poor old man,
While none is near to save him from oppression.
—Happen what will to me, I must away!

WALTER. Yet stay awhile—collect yourself—be patient,
Until some news arrive from Unterwalden.
I hear a knocking! Go! perchance it is
A message from the Bailiff. Go!—in Uri
You are not safe from Landenberger's arm,
For tyrants hold the hand to one another.

MELCH. They teach us what we ought to do.

WALTER. Go in!
If all is safe, I will recall you.—Go!

[*He goes in.*

Unhappy boy! I dare not tell him all
My heart forbodes of evil!—Who knocks there?
Oft as the door opes I expect to see
Enter misfortune. Treachery and suspicion
In every corner lurk. The slaves of power
Invade the deep recesses of each house,
And soon I fear will force us bolts to seek,
And barriers to protect our very doors.

[*He opens the door, and steps back astonished as Stauffacher enters.*

What see I? Werner! you? Now by my soul
A worthy and dear guest!—No better man
Has ever plac'd his foot across this threshold:
Welcome to-day, as ever, to my roof!
What brings you here? What seek you here in Uri?

STAUF. *giving him his hand.* The good old times, and good old Switzerland!

WALTER. These bring you with you! See! at sight of you
High leaps my heart, and seems to enjoy new life.
Seat yourself, Werner! Tell me, how is Gertrude
Your excellent wife, the sage and prudent daughter
Of the wise Iberg? Not a traveller comes
From Germany by Meinrad's Zell to Italy,
Who speaks not of your hospitable house.
But did you come too quickly from Fluellen.
Or had you time, ought that deserv'd attention
To note, e'er you set foot upon this threshold.

STAUF. *seating himself.* Yes! yes! I saw astonish'd a new work,
Which gave me little pleasure to behold.

WALTER. O friend! a single glance has told you all!

STAUF. In Uri such a thing was never heard of!
Within the memory of man has been
No fortress here—no dungeon but the grave.

WALTER. You name it well—it is the grave of freedom!

STAUF. I will keep nothing from you, friend!—I come,
Not led by idle curiosity,
For anxious cares oppress me.—I have left
Sorrow at home, and sorrow find I here.

No longer is it possible to bear
What we have borne; nor, could we still endure it,
Can we perceive a limit to our woes.
Free was the Swiss from ancient times till now:
They call'd us happy—scarcely had been heard
The voice of mourning in the land, since first
The herdsman drove his herds upon these mountains.
WALTER. 'T is quite without example how they drive us!
Even the noble Attinghausen, who
The former times has seen, avows himself,
This misery is no longer to be borne.
STAUF. In Underwalden yonder 't is the same,
And bloody has the retribution been!
The Emperor's Bailiff, Wolfenchiessen, who
Upon the Rossberg dwelt, has wantonly
Long'd for forbidden fruit, Baumgarten's wife
Sought to mislead, and with resentment fired,
The indignant husband slew him with an axe.
WALTER. Heaven's judgments still are righteous! Who did this?
Baumgarten, say you?—Excellent young man!
—But is he safe, and is he well conceal'd?
STAUF. Tell bore him o'er the lake, and now at Steinen
He lies conceal'd with me: but full report
Has the same messenger from Sarnen brought
Of an event more dreadful, which the heart
Of every generous man must cause to bleed.
WALTER. *attentive.* What is it? say!
STAUF. In Melchtal, where at Kerns
The traveller enters, dwells an upright man,
Known by the name of Henry von der Halden,
His lineage in those parts not quite unknown.
WALTER. Who knows not that! But what of him? Proceed.
STAUF. The son for some slight error had incurr'd
A penalty, and Landenberger sent
The fine to levy, but when he who came
To execute the order, would have seiz'd
His oxen, the best pair of all the yoke,
The youth, impell'd by anger, struck the knave
And fled.

WALTER. The father!—What became of him?
STAUF. The father was commanded to appear
In Landenberger's presence, and instantly
Produce the son; and when the poor old man
Swore that in truth he knew not where he was,
The tyrant bade his executioners
Enter—
WALTER. *springs up and would lead him to the other side.* Oh! Silence!
STAUF. *with increasing animation.* "He may have escap'd,
But I have thee.—Quick! fling him to the ground,
And with the pointed steel bore out his eyes."
WALTER. Merciful heaven!
MELCH. *rushing out.* Bore out his eyes, said you?
STAUF. *astonished, to Walter Furst.* Who is that youth?
MELCH. *grasping him with convulsive agitation.* Oh! answer me!—His eyes?
WALTER. Oh! the unhappy boy!
STAUF. Who is the youth!
[*Furst makes him a sign.*
Is it the son? All-righteous God!
MELCH. And I
Must be away so far! What! both his eyes?
WALTER. Compose yourself, and bear it like a man!
MELCH. And on account of me—my fault alone?
Blind too! What! really, and completely blind!
STAUF. Too true! 'T is drain'd—the fountain of his sight!
The light of day he never will see more!
WALTER. Spare, spare his sorrow!
MELCH. Never—never again!
[*He presses his hand upon his eyes, and is silent some moments, then continues in a softer voice interrupted with tears.*
Oh! 't is a noble, noble gift of heaven,
The gift of light.—Each being lives on light,
And all creation feels its gladdening power!
The plants themselves turn joyful to the light:—
And he amidst the night must groping sit
Of an eternal darkness. Him revives

No longer the warm meadow's vivid green;
No more can he the floweret's melting dyes,
The roseate-tinted glacier more behold.
To die—is nothing—nothing! but to live,
And not to see—is misery indeed!
Why do you look at me so piteously?
I have two glistening eyes, and cannot give
One to my poor blind father—not a ray—
The faintest glimmering of that flood of light,
Which bursts upon my eyes in dazzling splendour.

STAUF. Still more, alas! I must increase your grief,
In place of healing it.—There needed more:
The tyrant has seiz'd all that he possess'd,
And nothing left him, save the staff, with which,
Naked and blind, from door to door he wanders.

MELCH. Nought but a staff left to the dark old man!
Depriv'd of all, even of the sun's fair light,
The common blessing of the meanest beggar!
Tell me no more of tarrying and concealment!
Why what a miserable wretch was I,
Meanly for my own safety to provide,
And not for thine—thy valu'd head to leave
A pledge within the tyrant's hands! Farewell,
Cowardly prudence!—Henceforth I will think
Of nothing, save of bloody retribution.
I will away—none here shall keep me longer,
From the inhuman Bailiff to demand
My father' eyes.—Encompass'd by his guards,
I 'll find him out—my life I count at nothing,
So I but cool my intolerable anguish
In his life's-blood.

[*Going.*

WALTER. Be counsel'd! stay awhile!
What could you do 'gainst him? He sits at Sarnen
In his proud castle Herrenburg, and laughs
From his safe fortress at your powerless anger.

MELCH. And did he dwell amidst the icy ramparts
Which crown the Shreckhorn—or where higher still,
Veil'd since eternity, the Jungfrau stands,

Thither I 'd force my way—with twenty comrades,
Minded like me, would storm his fastnesses.
And should no mortal follow—should you all,
Trembling to lose your houses, and your herds,
Bow to the tyrant's yoke—the herdsmen then
Will I assemble from their mountain dwellings,
'Neath the free roof of heaven—and where the soul
Still keeps its freshness, and the heart is sound,
Loudly proclaim these foul enormities.

STAUF. *to Furst.* 'T is at the height—why should we longer wait,
Till to extremity—

MELCH. What extremity?
What is there more to dread, when thus the eye
Within its socket is no longer safe?
—Are we defenceless? Wherefore did we learn
To bend the cross-bow, and the weight to urge
Of the stern battle-axe? To every creature
Is given a hold of hope, to which it clings
In the dark hour of anguish and despair!
The timid hart, exhausted, turns to bay,
And with its fearful antlers scares the hounds,
The chamois tears the hunter down the abyss,
The very ox—the sharer of man's cares,
The gentle inmate of his house, who bows
His powerful neck in patience to the yoke,
Springs up, provoked, sharpens his dreadful horn,
And tosses to the sky his helpless foe.

WALTER. If the three lands but thought as we three think,
Something, perchance, might happily be accomplish'd.

STAUF. When Uri calls, and Unterwalden helps,
The Schwitzer still the ancient league will honour.

MELCH. Not few the friends I count in Unterwalden,
And each his dearest life-blood would not spare,
If back to back supported by the rest.
O venerable fathers of this land,
I stand between you here, the old in wisdom,
Only a youth; amidst the assembled people
My voice must modestly be silent. Yet,

Altho' I be but young, tho' many years
Have not matur'd my prudence, scorn not, therefore,
My counsel or my speech. For not the heat
Of young and hasty blood urges me on,
But deep heart-piercing anguish, that might move
The flinty rocks themselves to pity me.
Yourselves are fathers—heads of families,
And would not you a virtuous son desire,
To honour your grey hairs, and piously
Your aged sight protect?—Oh! do not then,
Because the oppressor's hand has not yet touch'd
Your fortunes or yourselves—because your eyes
Still move uninjur'd in their glistening spheres,
Look strangely on my sorrows. Over you
Hangs the same sword of tyrrany—the land
You too have sought to turn away from Austria:
This was my father's only fault—and you
Have shar'd like guilt—must share like condemnation.

STAUF. *to Walter Furst.* Do you resolve, I am prepar'd to follow.

WALTER. Yet let us hear what say the noble Barons,
Von Sillinen and Attinghaus—their names
Will win us friends, and strongly back our cause.

MELCH. Where are the names within our mountain vales
Worthier than your's, and your's. To names like these
The people bow their faith, and in the land
They are of good report. You have receiv'd
A rich inheritance of paternal virtue,
Which has lost nothing in your hands. Why then
Need we the nobles? Let us do ourselves
The work we have to do; nor will I doubt,
That, even alone, we could defend ourselves.

STAUF. The nobles are by like necessity
Urg'd not. The stream which rages in the vallies,
Has not yet reach'd the heights. But when the land
Is once in arms, their aid will not be wanting.

WALTER. Were there an umpire between us and Austria,
Then law and justice might decide the cause:
But our oppressor is our Emperor too,

And judge supreme—and, therefore, God must help us
Thro' our own arm.—Do you the men of Schwitz
Attempt to rouse—I will find friends in Uri:
But whom to send to Underwalden?

MELCH. Me!
That be my care:—to whom can it be nearer?

WALTER. I cannot yield to that—you are my guest,
And I your host must answer for your safety!

MELCH. I know each secret path—each mountain pass,
And shall not want for friends, who from the foe
Will guard my steps, and find me food and shelter.

STAUF. God will protect him! yonder is no traitor!
The tyranny is so utterly detested,
That it can find no instrument. Baumgarten
Will in the lower country friends procure,
And raise the land.

MELCH. But how impart the news
Of what we do, and not excite suspicion?

STAUF. At Brunnen, or at Treib, we might assemble,
Where meet the merchants to discharge their vessels

WALTER. We may not push the affair too openly.
—Hear my suggestion! Left of the lake to him
Who sails towards Brunnen, and directly opposite
The Mytenstein, lies a secluded meadow,
Bosom'd in wood—the shepherds call it Rutli,
Because the forest thence is rooted out.
There meet the boundaries of your land and our's,
[*To Melchtal.*
There stands the landmark, and an easy passage
[*To Stauffacher.*
Thither from Schwitz conducts the light canoe.
By paths but rarely trod, we may repair
Thither by night, and spend the solemn hour
In secret counsel; thither too may bring,
Each man ten others, minded like himself,
Whom he can safely trust, and there in common
Advise what most is proper to be done.

STAUF. So let it be determin'd. Now your hand,
Now give me yours!—As we three honestly,

Free from all guile and falsehood, here join hands,
So the three lands shall firmly stand together,
For freedom or destruction—life or death.

WALTER. *and* MELCH. For life or death!

[*They stand for some time hand in hand, and are silent.*

MELCH. Alas! my poor blind father!
Thou wilt no longer see the day of freedom,
But thou shalt hear it! When from Alp to Alp
The blazing beacons toss their flames on high,
And the proud castles of the tyrants fall,
The joyful Swiss shall seek thy humble dwelling,
Thine ear shall drink the tidings of our freedom,
And day once more arise upon thy darkness.

The fifth act of *Wilhelm Tell* lingers. The desire of contrasting the selfish tyrannicide *Johannes Parricida* with the patriotic tyrannicide *Wilhelm Tell* was a thought worthy of an historian not of a dramatist, and in the representation this episode is wisely omitted. The deep pathos of the first act, which is nowhere surpassed, also contributes to give an air of anticlimax to the arrangement of the scenes; but in other respects this tragedy may be placed at the head of the dramatic literature of the world.

In 1805 Schiller was collecting his various works, and had not completed his editorial task when he died, in consequence of a pulmonary disorder. His friends thought that a severer rejection of his minor compositions would have been more expedient. *Non omnis moriar* ought to suffice for the motto of a voluminous author: the less the alloy, the more prized is the gold which glitters in his collective works. And of fine gold Schiller has produced much which will ever be prized by the friends of freedom, of wisdom, and of virtue.

He was interred in the ducal chapel at Weimar, contiguous to the grave intended for the reigning duke, who wished finally to repose between Göthe and Schiller.

Danneker moulded and sculptured his bust: the skull was deposited in a public museum: Göthe composed a sort of epitaph in rime; a subscription was raised for his monument, but was presented to his family, whom he left necessitous: a widow, two sons and two daughters survived him.

§ 6.

Reviewal of the Collective Works of J. W. von Göthe.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GÖTHE was born at Frankfort in 1749, had acquired celebrity as a writer in 1774 by the publication of *Werter's Sufferings*, *Godfred of Berlichingen*, and *Clavigo*, was invited in 1776 to Weimar as counsellor of legation, was ennobled in 1782 with the appointment of Cameral President, and continues to reside there, a bachelor, in dignified affluence.

Adequate materials for his life have not yet reached me, it will be more convenient therefore to begin with a reviewal of his writings, and to reserve for an appendix such biographic particulars I may perhaps be able to procure. The exact order of his several publications not being known to me, the notices must follow the somewhat anachronous arrangement adopted in the collective works.

Werter's Sufferings, is a novel of simple structure: the hero, a student at the university, is come to pass his vacation in the country, where he has introductions to the Amtman; with whose betrothed daughter Charlotte he falls in love. The marriage with Albert comes on, but, instead of repressing, this increases the passion of Werter, who loses sight of the bounds of respect. Charlotte forbids him the house, and advises

him to travel. He borrows Albert's pistols, and shoots himself. The beauty and eloquence of the style, the progressive interest, and deep pathos of the story, place this novel at the head of all the German romances: it has been translated into English; but not very happily.

Godfred of Berlichingen is one of the earliest imitations of the Shakspeare tragedy, which the German school has produced. It was admirably translated into English in 1799 at Edinburg by *William* Scott advocate: no doubt the same person who under the poetical but assumed name of *Walter* has since become the most extensively popular of the British writers. The scene which introduces Martin Luther in his youth may serve as a specimen.

Enter BROTHER MARTIN.

Goetz. Worthy father, good evening! Whither so late? Though a man of sacred peace, thou shamest many knights.

Martin. Thanks, noble Sir!—I stand before you an unworthy brother of the order of St. Augustin; my christened name Martin, from the holy saint.

Goetz. You are tired, brother Martin, and without doubt thirsty—

Enter GEORGE *with Wine.*

Goetz. Here, in good time, comes wine!

Martin. For me a draught of water. I dare drink no wine.

Goetz. Is it against your vow?

Martin. Noble Sir, to drink wine is not against my vow; but because wine when drunken is against my vow, therefore I drink it not.

Goetz. How do you mean?

Martin. When thou hast eaten and drunken, thou art as it were new born—stronger, bolder, apter for action. After wine thou art double what thou shouldst be!—twice as ingenious, twice as enterprising, and twice as active.

Goetz. True—I feel it so.

Martin. Therefore shouldst thou drink it—but we——

[*George brings water. Goetz speaks to him apart.*

Goetz. Go to the road from Darbach; lie down with thy ear to the earth, and listen for the tread of horses. Return immediately.

Martin. But we, on the other hand, when we have eaten and drunken, are the reverse of what we should be. Our sleepy digestion depresses our mental powers; in a weak body such sloth excites desires, which increase with the cause which produced them.

Goetz. One glass, brother Martin, will not set you asleep. You have come far to-day—[*Helps him to wine.*]—Here's to all warriors!

Martin. In God's name!—I cannot defend idle people—yet all monks are not idle; they do what they can: I am just come from St. Bede, where I slept last night. The Prior carried me into their garden, where they had raised beans, excellent sallad, cabbages to a wish, and such cauliflowers and artichokes as you will hardly find in Europe.

Goetz. That is no part of your business.?—[*Goes out and looks anxiously after the boy. Returns.*]

Martin. Would God had made me a gardener, or some other labourer, I might then have been happy! My Abbot loves me; the convent is involved in business; he knows I cannot rest idle, and so he sends

me to manage what is to be done: I go to the Bishop of Constance.

Goetz. Another glass—A happy expedition!

Martin. The like——

Goetz. Why do you look at me so fixedly, brother?

Martin. I was admiring your armure.

Goetz. Would you have liked a suit? It is heavy, and toilsome to bear.

Martin. What is not toilsome in this world?—But what so much so as to renounce our very nature! Poverty, chastity, obedience—three vows, each of which singly is dreadful to humanity—united, insupportable; and to spend a life-time under this burthen or to pant comfortless under the depressing load of an offended conscience—Ah! Sir Knight, what are the toils of your life compared to the sorrows of a state, which, from a misinterpreted notion of the Deity, condemns as crimes even those actions and desires through which we exist.

Goetz. Were your vow less sacred, I would give you a suit of armure and a steed, and we should go together.

Martin. Would to heaven my shoulders had strength to bear harness, and my arm to unhorse an enemy!—Poor weak hand, accustomed to swing censers, to bear crosses and banners of peace, how couldst thou manage the lance and falchion? My voice, tuned only to Aves and Halleluiahs, would be a herald of my weakness to a superior enemy; otherwise should no vows keep me from entering an order founded by the Creator himself.

Goetz. To our happy return! [*Drinks.*]

Martin. I pledge you on your account only! Return to my prison must be to me ever unhappy

When you, Sir Knight, return to your walls with the consciousness of your strength and gallantry, which no fatigue can diminish; when you, for the first time, after a long absence, stretch yourself unarmed upon your bed, secure from the attack of enemies, and give yourself up to a sleep, sweeter than the draught after thirst—then can I speak of happiness.

Goetz. And accordingly it comes but seldom!

Martin. But when it does come, it is a foretaste of paradise. When you return back laden with hostile spoils, and tell, "Such a one I struck from his horse ere he could discharge his piece—such another I overthrew, horse and man;" then you ride your Castle around, and——

Goetz. What mean you?

Martin. And your wife—[*Fills a glass.*] To the health of your lady! You have one?

Goetz. A virtuous, noble wife!

Martin. Well for him who can say so; his life is doubled. The blessing was denied for me, yet was woman the finishing crown of creation. [*He wipes his eyes.*

Goetz, (aside.) I grieve for him. The sense of his situation chills his heart.

Enter GEORGE *breathless.*

George. My Lord, my Lord, horses at the gallop!—two of them——They for certain—

Goetz. Bring out my steed; let Hans mount. Farewell, dear brother!—Be cheerful and duteous; God will give space for exertion.

Martin. Let me request your name.

Goetz. Pardon me—Farewell! [*Gives his left hand.*

Martin. Why the left?—Am I unworthy of the knightly right hand?

Goetz. Were you the Emperor, you must be satisfied with this. My right-hand, though not useless in combat, is unresponsive to the grasp of affection. It is one with its mail'd gauntlet—You see, it is *iron!*

Martin. Then art thou Goetz of Berlichingen. I thank thee, Heaven, who hast shewn me the man, whom princes hate, but to whom the oppressed throng! Let me kiss this hand, let me kiss it.

Goetz. You must not!

Martin. Let me, let me—Thou hand, more worth than the relique through which the most sacred blood has flowed! dead though thou seemest, thou livest a witness of the noblest confidence in God.

Goetz., adjusts his helmet, and takes his lance.

Martin. There was a monk among us about a year, who visited you when your hand was shot off before Landshut. How he used to tell us what you suffered and your grief at being disabled for your profession of arms; till you heard of one who had also lost a hand, and yet served long a gallant knight. I shall never forget it.

Enter PETER *and the other Cavalier. They speak apart with Goetz.*

Martin, going on. I shall never forget his words in the most noble, the most unreserved confidence in God: "If I had twelve hands, what would they avail me without his grace? then may I with only one and heaven to friend——"

Goetz. In the wood of Haslach too? *(Returns to Martin.)* Farewell, worthy brother!

Martin. Forget me not, as I shall never forget thee!

[*Exeunt Goetz and the Troopers.*

Martin. The sight of him touched my heart—He

spoke not, and my spirit sunk under his—Yet it is a pleasure to have seen a great man.

George. Worthy Sir, you will sleep here?

Martin. Can I have a bed?

George. No, Sir! I know a bed only by hearsay; in our lodgings there is but straw.

Martin. It will serve. What is thy name?

George. George, Sir.

Martin. George!—Thou hast a gallant patron-saint.

George. They say he was a knight; that would I like to be!

Martin. Stop! *(Takes a picture from his breviary and gives it to the Page.)* There thou hast him—follow his example; be brave, and fear God.

[*Exit into the cottage.*

George. Ah! what a charming grey steed!—If I had but one like that—and the gilded armure—There is an ugly dragon—At present I shoot nothing but sparrows. O St. George! make me but tall and strong; give me a lance, armure, and a horse, and then let the dragon come against me when it will.

[*Exit.*

The *Fellow-Criminals* is a comedy, or rather a farce, in rime; which contains some ridiculous situations: but the comic force of Göthe is so much less stimulant than that of Kotzebue, that it has survived its pristine popularity.

The third volume opens with *Iphigeneia in Tauris*, an imitation of greek tragedy, not unworthy of Sophocles, and justly considered as the masterpiece of Göthe. It was performed on his eightieth birth-day, at the theatre of Weimar, as the highest compliment which could be paid to his literary eminence. I shall give it entire, from my own translation first published in 1793.

Iphigeneia in Tauris.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

IPHIGENEIA. THOAS, *King of the Taurians.* ARKAS, *a Taurian Chieftain.* ORESTES. PYLADES.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A wood surrounding the Temple of Diana; a distant glimpse of the sea.

IPHIGENEIA.

IPHIG. Beneath your waving shade, ye restless boughs
Of this long-hallow'd venerable wood,
As in the silent sanctuary's gloom,
I wander still with the same chilly awe
As when I enter'd first: in vain my soul
Attempts to feel itself no stranger to you.
A mightier will, to whose behest I bow,
For years hath kept me here in deep concealment;
Yet now it seems as foreign as at first.
For, ah! the sea, from those I love, divides me;
And on its shore I stand the live-long day
Seeking, with yearning soul, the Grecian coast,
While the waves only echo back my sighs
In hoarser murmurs. O how luckless he,
Who from his parents and his brethren far
Lonesome abides! The 'approaching cup of joy
The hand of sorrow pushes from his lip.
His thoughts still hover round his father's hall,
Where first the sun-beams to his infant eye
Unlock'd the gates of nature—where in sports

And games of mutual glee the happy brothers
Drew daily closer soft affection's bonds.
I would not judge the gods—but sure the lot
Of womankind is worthy to be pitied.
At home, at war, man lords it as he lists;
In foreign provinces he is not helpless;
Possession gladdens him; him conquest crowns;
E'en death to him extends a wreath of honor.
Confin'd and narrow is the woman's bliss:
Obedience to a rude imperious husband
Her duty and her comfort; and, if fate
On foreign shores have cast her, how unhappy!
So Thoas (yet I prize his noble soul)
Detains me here in hated hallow'd bondage.
For, tho' with shame I feel it, I acknowledge
It is with secret loathness that I serve thee,
My great protectress, thee, to whom my life
'T were fitting I in gratitude devoted;
But I have ever hop'd, and still I hope,
That thou, Diana, wilt not quite forsake
The banisht daughter of the first of kings.
O born of Jove! if him, the mighty man
Whose soul thou wóundedst with unhealing pangs
When thou didst ask his child in sacrifice—
If god-like Agamemnon, to thy altar
Who led his darling, from the fallen Troy
Thy hand hath to his country reconducted,
And on the hero hath bestow'd the bliss
To clasp his wife, Electra and his son—
Restore me also to my happy home;
And save me, whom thou hast from death preserv'd,
From worse than death, from banishment in Tauris.

IPHIGENEIA *and* ARKAS.

ARKAS. The king hath sent me hither, bad me hail
With salutation meet Diana's priestess.
This is the day, when Tauris thanks the goddess
For new-cull'd wreaths of conquest. With the king

The glad victorious army is approaching.

IPHIG. We are prepar'd to give them due reception.
The goddess will with gracious eye behold
Great Thoas' sacrifice.

ARKAS. Would that thine eye,
Much honour'd priestess, with like mildness shone
To us auspicious. Still the cloud of sorrow
Spreads its mysterious gloom around thee. Still
We vainly seek to lure from off thy lip
The voice of confidence for years withheld.
Long as I 've known thee here, this bended brow
Has ceas'd not to o'erawe me, and thy soul
Seems lockt with bolts of iron in thy breast.

IPHIG. As best behooves a friendless banisht orphan.[5]

ARKAS. And dost thou here seem friendless then and banisht?

IPHIG. Can foreign lands become our country to us?

ARKAS. To thee thy country sure, ere now, is foreign.

IPHIG. And therefore will my bleeding heart not heal.
In early youth, when scarse my bosom knew
The charities of father, mother, brethren,
Together from the ancient trunk we stretch'd
Our pliant branches toward the smiling heaven,
When on my hapless bough the curse of fate
Blasting alit, and ruthless tore me off
From those my soul held dear—with iron hand
It rent our tender union—yes! they fell,
The sweetest gifts of youth, affection's blossoms.
Tho' sav'd, alas I am but as a shadow,
My soul will never learn to joy in life.

ARKAS. Sure, if thy lot among us move complaint,
We have a right to call thy heart ungrateful.

IPHIG. I ever thank you.

ARKAS. Not with those pure thanks,
For which a benefit is gladly done:
Not with the brow serene, whereon the giver
Reads the reflection of a gladden'd heart.

[5] Ἄπολις ἄφιλος. Eur. Iphig. in Taur.

When thy mysterious fate so long ago
Within this temple plac'd thee, Thoas came,
Receiv'd, rever'd thee, as the gift of gods.
This shore, to every other stranger griesly,
To thee was hospitable. Till thy coming
None stray'd within our frontier but he fell,
According to the usage of our fathers,
A bleeding victim at Diana's altar.

IPHIG. Merely to breathe in freedom is not life.
Is it to live—around this holy spot,
Like ghosts around their graves, to wander wailing?
Is it a life of conscious happiness,
When all our days are dream'd away in vain,
And only bring us nearer those dim days,
Which on the dull oblivious shore of Lethe
The band of the departed moan away.
A useless life is but an early death—
And mine indeed has been this woman's lot.

ARKAS. Altho' it robs thee of thy happiness,
I pardon, yet lament this noble pride.
But hast thou since thy coming been so useless?
Who was it that dispell'd our monarch's gloom?
Whose soft persuasion has from year to year
Put off the' accustom'd sacrifice of strangers,
And stept between the prisoner and his doom
To send him bondless home? Has not Diana
Heard thy mild prayers, so that she forgoes
Without a sign of wrath the ancient offering?
And does not Victory wave her gladsome wing
Around our banners, and precede our march?
Do not the people bless thee, that the king,
Whose wisdom and whose valor long have sway'd us,
Stoops at thy voice to mildness, and forgets
In part the rigorous claim of mute submission?
Livst thou a useless life? when from thy presence
A dew of blessings o'er a nation spreads;
When to this land, to which immortals brought thee,
Thou art an ever-welling spring of good;
When this inhospitable fatal coast

Grants, at thy wish, life and return to strangers.
IPHIG. The past is very trifling in his eye
Who sees how much there yet remains to do.
ARKAS. And is it right to undervalue good?
IPHIG. Who prizes his own deeds is justly blam'd.
ARKAS. He too who undervalues real worth
No less than he who overrates demerit.
Hear me, and trust the counsel of a man,
Who loves thee with sincere and honest zeal:
To-day, when Thoas shall address thee, priestess,
O listen to his prayer!
IPHIG. Thou grievest me.
I oft have studied to avoid his offers.
ARKAS. Calmly compare thy conduct with thy duty.
Since worthy Thoas lost his only son,
He trusts but few among us, and these few
Far less than heretofore. With jealous eye
He views the son of every mighty noble,
As one who may succeed him; and he fears
A solitary, helpless, friendless age,
Perchance rebellion, and untimely death.
The Scythian sets no price on eloquence,
And least of all the king; he 'is only us'd
To stern command and speedy execution;
Nor knows the art to trail a winding speech
Along the mazes leading to persuasion.
Make not this task more hard by cold reserve
Or purpos'd misconception. Aid his tongue;
With mild submission meet his wise intention.
IPHIG. What! shall I hurry on the ill I dread?
ARKAS. And dost thou call his proffer'd hand a dread?
IPHIG. To me it is indeed a painful offer.
ARKAS. With confidence at least repay his love.
IPHIG. My soul, alas! can not unlearn to fear.
ARKAS. Why wilt thou not inform him of thy story.
IPHIG. Strict secrecy becomes a priestess well.
ARKAS. No secret to a monarch should be such.
And, tho' he claim not thine, his lofty soul
Feels, deeply feels thy studied cold concealment.

IPHIG. Does Thoas harbour then ill will against me?
ARKAS. It almost seems so. Tho' he talks not of thee,
Yet casual words have led me to believe
That he is firmly bent on thy possession.
Then do not thwart him, least displeasure ripen
Some dark resolve within his labouring breast,
And thou in sorrow recollect my counsel.
IPHIG. How? Does the king project what no brave man,
Who loves his honor, and whose bosom feels
Due reverence for the gods, should dare to think of?
Does he propose with violence from the altar
To bear me to his bed? Then will I call
On all the 'immortal choir, and chiefly thee,
Diana, the resolv'd—thy virgin arm
Will surely aid a virgin and thy priestess.
ARKAS. Priestess be calm. No boiling blood of youth
Inflames the king to perpetrate a deed
So rash and so unfitting. From his mind
I fear some other harsh resolve, which then,
For he is stern, and of unshaken firmness,
He irresistibly fulfils. I pray thee
Be grateful to him, and withhold no longer
Thy confidence, if thou can grant no more.
IPHIG. Tell me what further of his thoughts thou knowst.
ARKAS. Learn that from him. I see the king is coming.
Thou honourst him, and thy own heart will lead thee
To friendly confidence and meet behaviour.
Much can a woman's words on noble minds.

[*goes.*

IPHIG. How can I follow faithful Arkas' counsel?
Yet shall I willingly observe the duty,
To meet my benefactor with mild words.
Could I but to the man of power address
True words, without displeasing—I were glad.

IPHIGENEIA *and* THOAS.

IPHIG. With kingly gifts the goddess strew thy path,
With conquest, wealth and fame environ thee;

Thy people's welfare be her constant boon,
And may thy pious wishes ever prosper;
That thou, whose care to multitudes extends,
Mayst feel a bliss to multitudes deny'd.

THOAS. I am contented if the people praise me.
What I have won glads others more than me.
He is the happiest, whether king or subject,
Beneath whose roof domestic joy resides.
Thou wast a partner of my bitter grief
When by my side the sword of hostile war
Stretch'd with the dead my last my best of sons.
Long as my spirit brooded hot revenge
I did not feel how void my dwelling was;
But now, that I return with satiate soul,
Have offer'd up a nation to his manes,
I meet no comfort in my silent home.
Now from the eye, where glad obedience beam'd,
Lours discontent and plot. The childless man
Acquires not honor with his hoary hair.
To-day this fane I enter, where I oft
Have ask'd and thankt the heavens for victory,
My bosom of no novel object full.
Thou art not unacquainted with my wishes.
To bless my people and to bless myself
Do thou return a bride to grace my palace.

IPHIG. Does it beseem thee thus on one unknown
To lavish bounty?—Deep confusion veils
The fugitive, who sought upon thy coast
Only the quiet safety thou hast given.

THOAS. To hide the secret of thy birth so long
From me, as from the lowest, is unfitting.
This shore, which wholesome laws forbid to strangers,
To thee was hospitable; thou injoyst
Thy days of life in unrestricted freedom.
From thee we did expect that confidence,
Which to his host no pious guest denies.

IPHIG. If I have not disclos'd the name of those
To whom I owe my being, 't was my fear,
Not my mistrust, O king, that tempted me.

For didst thou know o'er whose accursed head
Thy guardian arm extends, thy mighty heart
Would shudder at the inauspicious deed.
Thou wouldst not have propos'd to share with me
Thy throne, but rather wouldst have driven me hence,
Ere the long period of my exile ends,
To pace about in company with woe,
Thrust with a cold inhospitable hand
From clime to clime, a wandering helpless outcast.

THOAS. Whate'er the gods for thee and thine have fixt—
Since thou hast dwelt among us and injoy'd
The pious rights of hospitality,
I have not wanted blessings from above:
Nor shall I soon believe that o'er thy head
Fate lifts the arm of wrath.

IPHIG. Thy benefits,
But not thy guest have drawn the blessings on thee.

THOAS. The good we do the wicked is unblest.
Cease then thy silence and thy opposition:
'T is not unjust to ask it. When the goddess
Consign'd thee to my hands, thou wast to me
As sacred as to her. Be she once more
Our umpire! and if thou can see the means
For thy return, I give thee leave to quit me.
But if thy flight be hopeless, if thy race
In scatter'd exile rove, or heavier fate
Have crusht them ruthless: then I claim thy hand.
My rights are more than one. Speak openly.
Thou knowst my word is sacred.

IPHIG. Willingly
My tongue breaks not its ancient bond to spread
The long-hid secret: once divulg'd it can
No more resume the safe retreat within;
But, as the gods determine, harms or saves.
Hear. I am of the race of Tantalus.

THOAS. Calmly thou speakst a word of import high.
Is he thy ancestor, whom all the world
Knows as a former favourite of the gods?
Is it that Tantalus, whom Jove himself

Call'd to his council-table, whose discourse
Experience link'd with wisdom, which the 'immortals
Heard with delight.

IPHIG. From him I spring; but gods
Should never treat a mortal like their equal:
Weak man grows giddy if he 'is lifted high.
He had a noble soul and was no traitor.
He was too great to be the slave of Jove,
Too mean for his companion: so he fell.
His fault was human, but his fate severe.
The poets tell us his vain-glorious pride [6]
And too incautious tongue from heaven hurl'd him
To groan below in ancient Tartarus—
And now the hate of gods pursues his offspring.

THOAS. Do they his misdeeds or their own atone?

IPHIG. His sons and grandsons heir'd the mighty breast
And curbless strength of Titan's progeny;
But fate with iron bandage from their eyes
Hid wisdom, patience, prudence, moderation.
Their wishes rul'd with boundless violence.
Pelops, the only son of Tantalus,
Acquir'd his wife by treachery and murder,
Hippodameia born of Œnomaus.
Two sons she bore him, Atreus and Thyestes.
With envious eye they mark'd the father's fondness
For his first-born, the son of lawless union.
Together they contriv'd a fratricide.
The angry Pelops thought Hippodameia
The authoress of the murder, and with fury
Reclaims his slaughter'd child—the 'affrighted matron
In anguish slew herself—

THOAS. Why art thou silent?
Repent not of thy confidence—speak on.

IPHIG. How happy he who *gladly* meditates
The story of his lineage, *loves* to tell
The deeds and greatness of his ancestry,

[6] Ὡς μὲν λέγουσιν, ὅτι θεοῖς, ἄνθρωπος ὢν
Κοινῆς τραπέζης ἀξίωμ' ἔχων ἴσον,
Ἀκόλαστον ἔσχε γλῶσσαν, αἰσχίστην νόσον. Eur. Orestes.

Delights his hearer with their list of *virtues*,
And feels with silent joy *his* happy name
Worthy to close the beauteous file of heroes,
Not often does one family produce
The demigod, or monster: first, a row
Of good or mean unheeded passes, ere
The pride or terror of a world appears.
When Pelops died, his sons, with common sway,
The city rul'd, until Thyestes' lust
Defil'd his brother's bed. His exile follow'd.
But long before, Thyestes, planning horrors,
Had from his brother stolen a child, and taught it
To call its uncle father; and the youth
Grew up in hate of Atreus; then he sends him
To plunge a steel in the paternal breast.
The king detects him, and with cruel torture
Dislimbs his fancy'd nephew. Soon he learns
It was his son, and his recoiling soul
Is all absorb'd in wishes of revenge.
With acted listlessness, he draws his brother
And both his nephews back into the city,
Slays the two boys, and at the feast of welcome
Presents their roasted members. When the father
With his own flesh had satiated his hunger,
A sudden gloom oppress'd him, he desires [7]
To see his children, hears them both announc'd,
And counts their coming steps with anxious ear.
The doors unfold, and Atreus, smiling, flings
Their bloody heads against the shuddering father.
Thou turnst aside thy head—so turn'd the sun
His palen'd visage from the damned deed,
And swerv'd his car from the eternal path.[8]
From such a race thy priestess is descended.

[7] Pectus gemit,
Adeste nati, genitor infelix vocat. Senec. Thyestes.

[8] Λέγεται * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Στρέψαι θερμὰν ἀελίου
Χρυσωπὸν ἕδραν. Eur. Electra

Much ill my forefathers have borne and done,
Which thro' tradition's twilight dimly gleams,
Or with broad wing forgetfulness hath shaded.

THOAS. Remain it hid! Enough of guilt and horror.
Say by what miracle thy virtues sprang
From such a savage race.

IPHIG. The eldest son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, is my father;
And I with boldness may assert, I ever
Beheld in him the model of a man.
To him the beauteous Clytemnestra bore
Me, the first-fruits of love, and then Electra.
Peaceful my father rul'd in long exemption
From the dire fate of Tantalus's race;
A son alone was wanting to his wishes.
Scarse was Orestes born, when fate forwent
To spin these golden days. Ye here have heard
Of the fierce war, avenging Helen's rape,
Which round the walls of Troy the Grecians wag'd;
If they have reacht the aim of their revenge
And won the town I have not learnt. My father
Was chosen leader of the Grecian forces.
Arriv'd in Aulis, adverse gods deny'd
The winds they wanted; for Diana frown'd
Upon my father, and by Calchas' mouth
Claim'd the devotement of his eldest daughter.
I, with my mother to the camp allur'd,
From her embrace was torn, and at the altar
Presented in atonement to the goddess.
She spar'd my life. The cloud that seal'd my sense
Her saving arm first scatter'd in this temple.
And I am she, that same Iphigeneia,
Of Atreus' race, and Agamemnon's daughter,
Diana's property, who now address thee.

THOAS. I have no higher honors for the daughter
Of Grecian kings, than for the maid unknown.
My first proposal I again repeat;
Come, follow me, and share what I possess.

IPHIG. How may I venture on this impious step?

Has not the goddess, who protected me,
Alone a right to my devoted head?
She sought me an asylum, she preserves me
Perchance to sooth an aged father's cares.
Whom my apparent loss enough has punisht.
Perchance my glad return is now approaching:
And shall I, mindless of the ways of heaven,
Bind myself here without Diána's sanction?
Was I to stay I ask'd a signal of her—

THOAS. That signal is that thou art still detain'd.
Seek not so many vain pretences, maid:
He, that refuses, needs not many words,
The other hears, among them, only *no*.

IPHIG. They are not words intended to mislead.
I 've laid the bottom of my heart before thee.
Dost thou not feel how I, with anxious bosom,
Pant to reclasp my father, mother, brethren;
That in the halls, where Mourning's still small voice
Has lisp'd my absence, Joy, with fragrant hand,
May hang the garland for my glad return.
Ah! wouldst thou send me thither in thy ships,
To me and them thou gave a second life.

THOAS. Return then—do whate'er thy wishes prompt—
Despise the voice of good advice and reason—
Be quite the woman, rul'd by each desire
That draws the wavering soul to right or wrong.
If haply lust within her bosom burn
No sacred bond retains her from the traitor,
Who from the faithful long-protecting hand
Of father or of husband, would allure her;
And when the blaze of passion does not prompt,
The golden tongue of eloquence in vain
Assails her deafen'd ear.

IPHIG. Remember, prince,
The noble promise which thy lips have made.—
And wilt thou thus repay my trust? Thou seemedst
Prepar'd to let me pour out my whole soul.

THOAS. I was not arm'd for so unhop'd an answer;
But 't was to be expected, for I knew

It was a woman that I had to deal with.

IPHIG. Prince, be not angry with our hapless sex.
Our weapons are not dignified as yours,
Yet are they not ignoble. Thou mayst trust me,
I am not blind unto thy happiness.
Thou thinkst, unknowing both thyself and me,
That closer union would in bliss connect us,
And boldly askest of me tame consent;
I thank the gods that they have giv'n me firmness
Thus to decline what they have not approv'd.

THOAS. 'T is not a god, but thy own heart denies me.

IPHIG. The gods address us only thro' our hearts.

THOAS. And have not I an equal right to hear them?

IPHIG. The storm of passion drowns a gentler voice.

THOAS. Can none beside the priestess lend attention?

IPHIG. The prince, above all others, should attend.

THOAS. Thy holy office, thy ancestral claim
To sit at Jove's own board, may well, I wean,
Have made thee more familiar with the gods
Than earth-born savages.

IPHIG. And must I then
Thus—thus—atone the confidence extorted?

THOAS. I am but man, 't is better we conclude.
I keep my word: meanwhile continue priestess
Of our Diana, as herself appointed.
The goddess pardon me that I thus long
Unjustly and with inward disapproval
Allow thee to withhold the ancient offerings.
From immemorial ages not a stranger
Lands on our fatal shore unsacrific'd.
Thy blandishments (wherein I sometimes read
The soft affection of a loving daughter,
Sometimes with inward joy the secret wishes
That fitly vest a bride) have held me back,
With magic bondage from the walk of duty.
My senses, lull'd by thee to artful slumber,
Heard not the angry murmurs of the people:
To this my weakness, loudly they ascribe
The early fall of my unhappy son.

For thee I brave no more a nation's curse
But reinstate the ritual of my fathers.
IPHIG. On my account I never ask'd it of thee.
He knows the 'immortals not, whose soul believes [9]
That they delight in slaughter; but attributes
His own dark cruel wishes to their natures.
Did not the goddess snatch me from the priest?
She chose my service rather than my death.
THOAS. 'T is not for us to judge and to reform
The sacred rites by our uncertain reason.
Perform thy duty, I accomplish mine.
Two strangers, whose arrival bodes no good,
Are found among the caverns on our coast,
And now in bonds. With these resume the goddess
Her ancient pious long-lost sacrifice!
I send them hither strait: thou knowst the service. [*goes.*
IPHIG. Those whom fate unjustly dooms
Thou, Diana, my protectress,
Canst in veiling clouds inwrap,
On the wings of mighty winds
Canst across the widest kingdoms
Or the widest ocean bear
From the iron arm of fate.
To thy all-beholding glance
Distant ages still are present,
Long futurity is known.
O'er the children of thy care
Rolls thy mild and guardian look;
As thy orb, the life of night,
O'er the silent-thanking world.
O preserve my hands from blood!
Peace and blessings go not with it.
Even round the 'unwilling murderer
Roves the spirit of the slain
To infest the lonesome hour
And the watches of the dark—

[9] Τοὺς δ' ἐνθάδ', αὐτοὺς ὄντας ἀνθρωποκτόνους,
Εἰς τὸν θεὸν τὸ φαῦλον ἀναφέρειν δοκῶ.
Οὐδένα γὰρ οἶμαι δαιμόνων εἶναι κακόν. Eur. Iphig. in Taur.

For the kind immortals never
To the scatter'd sons of men
Grudge the fleeting day of life:
But allow them willingly
Their delighted looks to raise
To their own eternal skies.

ACT II.

ORESTES *and* PYLADES *bound.*

OREST. It is the path of death that we are treading:
At every step my troubled soul grows calmer.
When I besought Apollo to remove
This griesly band of vengeful spirits from me,
He seem'd in clear and hope-infusing words
To promise me deliverance at Tauris,
Here in his sister's temple. Now I find
That all my woes shall terminate with life.
How readily does he, whom gods oppress,
Resign the aspect of the golden sun!
And must the blood of Atreus not obtain
A glorious end in fight—like Agamemnon,
Must I, a slaughter'd victim, fall defenceless—
So be it; rather at the altar here
Than by the knives of an avenging kindred.
Spare me this gasp of life—infernal gods,
Who dog-like track my footsteps, to lap up
With hellish thirst this parricidal blood,
Leave me—I soon shall be your own for ever.
The light was neither made for you nor me;
Nor should the verdant carpet of the earth
Be stalkt upon by fiends. Below, below,
I seek your dwellings, and an equal lot
Shall bind us there in everlasting darkness.
Tis thou, my Pylades, 'tis thou alone,
'The innocent copartner of my curse,

Whom to the comfortless abode I grieve
To drag with me so soon. Thy life or death
Alone excites my hope or apprehension.
PYLA. I am not yet, Orestes, like thyself,
Dispos'd to wander to the realm of shades:
Nor am I hopeless, from this tangled path,
That seems to lead us to the endless vale,
To find an upway back to light and life.
I think not yet to perish; but would fancy
That destiny prepares a way for flight.
Fear'd or unfear'd the stroke of death must come;
But it may yet be distant. Had the priestess
Already cut from our devoted heads
The consecrated locks; my only study
Should still be our escape. Despond not thus,
Thy doubts can but accelerate the danger.
Apollo said, that, in his sister's temple,
Relief, return, were both provided thee:
The promises of gods are ne'er ambiguous,
As the opprest imagine in despair.
OREST. Dark and ill-boding was the web of life
My mother coil'd around my infant head;
For as I grew, my likeness to my father
Frown'd mute reproof on her, and her adulterer.
How often, when Electra by the fire
In our deep hall sat silent, I have thrown
My troubled arm around her bending neck,
And with broad eye explor'd her secret sorrow.
Then would she tell me of my father's greatness—
And I have wisht to see him, to be near him,
To follow him to Troy—then would I pant
For his return
PYLA. Let dæmons of the deep
Nightly discourse of that: the recollection
Of brighter hours shall fire our souls to daring.
The gods have need of many a virtuous man
To work their kind intentions here below,
And on thy aid they reckon; for they sent not
Thee with thy father to unwelcome Orkus.

ORES. O had I seiz'd his garment and gone with him!
PYLA. If so—the gods, who sav'd thee, thought of me.
What I had been, if thou hadst not surviv'd,
I cannot think; since with thee and for thee
Alone I've liv'd and wisht to live till now.
ORES. Remind me not of those pure days of bliss,
When my asylum was beneath thy roof:
When the nipt blossom of my helpless youth
Thy noble father's kind and prudent care
Protected, shelter'd, sav'd: when thou, my friend,
My first companion, like a butterfly
Round a *dark* flower, wouldst play and sport about me,
Tranfuse thy chearfulness into my bosom,
Make me forget the sorrows of my soul,
And bask with thee in youth's delightful sunshine.
PYLA. 'Twas then my life began when first I lov'd thee.[1]
ORES. Say rather it was then thy woes began.
O 'tis the hardest of the pangs I suffer
That, like a plague-infected vagabond,
I bear destruction secretly about me,
And, when I enter the most wholesome place,
The blooming cheek grows pale, the writhing feature
Betrays the coming agony of death.
PYLA. If such contagion from thy presence flow'd,
I had been first to feel it, my Orestes:
Yet I am full of spirits still and courage,
And these are Execution's wings, on which
She reaches mighty actions.
ORES. Mighty actions!
I recollect the time we thought about them.
When we had chac'd the game o'er hill and dale
Hoping hereafter, like our ancestors,
So to pursue, with undegenerate strength,
The monster or the robber, and at twilight
Together sat upon the beachy shore
Leaning against each other, where the waves
Would sport and flicker to our very feet—

[1] Τι δὲ ζῆν σῆς ἑταιρίας ἄτερ. Eur. Orestes.

And the wide world so open lay before us—
Oft we have seiz'd our swords with glowing hand,
While future deeds of glory burst upon us,
Like countless stars from the surrounding gloom.

PYLA. The task is infinite, Orestes, which
The soul aspires to accomplish. We would do
Each deed as greatly as the poet shapes it,
Roll'd by the swelling tempest of his song
Adown the stream of time from land to land.
What our forefathers did appears so splendid,
When in the silent shades of evening stretcht
We hear it warbled to the stricken harp,
And what we do is, as it was to them,
A painful piece-meal work. Thus we run on
Pursuing what's before—of what's beside
Unmindful—nor observe the obvious traces
Of our forefathers' earthly drudgery;
But chase their shadows, which like gods adorn
A mountain-summit on a golden cloud.
Him I esteem not, who can prize himself
High as the multitude may chance to lift him.
But thou, young man, be thankful to the gods
That they have done so much thro' thee already.

OREST. Let him be thankful thro' whose favour'd hand
Misfortune from his family is warded,
His kingdom is enlarg'd or made secure,
His ancient foes defeated or destroy'd;
For he obtains the sweetest bliss of life.
But me they have made choice of for a butcher,
Have made the murderer of an honour'd mother,
And lay'd me low in unremoving woe,
The guilty 'avenger of a deed of guilt.
O hardly-fated house of Tantalus[2]!
Not thy last remnant would the gods destroy
Unsoil'd by crime and infamy.

PYLA. The gods

[2] Οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεὶς οἶκος ἀθλιώτερος
Τῶν Ταντα.λείων. Eur. Electra.

Avenge not on the son the father's crimes.
The good, the wicked, earns his own deserts
By his own deeds. The blessings of a parent,
But not his curses are hereditary.

OREST. Methinks it is no blessing brings us hither.

PYLA. It is at least the order of the gods.

OREST. Their order then destroys.

PYLA. Obey in patience.
When thou hast borne his sister to Apollo,
And both receive fit reverence at Delphi,
They shall be gracious to thee for the deed,
And banish thy infernal followers.
Beneath these hallow'd shades their feet impure
Presume not.

OREST. Then my death will be the calmer.

PYLA. My hopes rise higher: thoughtfully combining
The past and future, one may penetrate,
Methinks, the plans that fate is ripening.
Diana wishes from this savage coast,
And from its human offerings to escape:
We are selected for the 'auspicious theft,
And destiny has led us to the threshold.

OREST. Dost thou not cunningly mistake thy wishes
For the predestination of the god?

PYLA. What is all human prudence, if neglectful
To seek the will of heaven? The gods call forth
A man of many sins, but noble soul,
To difficult and dangerous undertaking—
Lo, he succeeds! The pardon'd penitent
Heaven and mankind conspire to bless and honour.

OREST. If my doom were a life of active service,
Some god would from my darken'd front roll back
This cloud of gloom, thro' which I only scan
The path all clotted with a mother's blood,
Down which I slide to Orkus—he would dry
The fountain that from Clytemnestra's wounds
Defiles me with its ever-springing gore.

PYLA. Wait patiently. Thou dost augment thy evils,
And take the Furies' office to thyself.

Let me contrive our conduct; at the last,
When there is need of our united daring,
I'll claim thy succour to achieve the project.
OREST. I hear Ulysses speak.[3]
PYLA. No mockery now.
Yet every one must fix upon some hero
On whom to model his pursuit of glory:
And I acknowledge to thee, in my eyes
Prudence and art do seldom misbecome
The man, who aims at shining enterprize.
OREST. I like him best, who 'is bold sincere and open.
PYLA. And therefore have I not requir'd thy counsel.
One step is already taken, from our guards
I learn there dwells a godlike woman here,
Who checks the execution of the law
That threats us, only offering to the gods
Incense and prayer and a pure spotless heart.
All love her, and they think that she descends
From Amazons, and hither fled for refuge
Against some great impending woe.
OREST. It seems
Her gentle sway lost all its lenient power
When guilt and I approach'd, whom Jove's displeasure
With midnight horror every where surrounds.
Relentment ceas'd from pity when I came,
And custom whets again the rusted knife.
The king is angry, and has doom'd our end;
How should a woman save us from his rage?
PYLA. I'm glad it is a woman we look up to.
The best of men learns cruelty at length
And grows accustom'd to the deed he hated;
Women retain whatever bent of mind
They first contract. As well in good as evil
One may more surely reckon on their sameness.
Hearken—she comes. She must not know at once

[3] Ὁ δὲ παῖς Σισύφου,—
Οἷος Ὀδυσσεὺς σιγᾷ δόλιος
Πιστὸς δὲ φίλοις.— Eur. Orestes.

And unreserv'd our names and our adventures.
Retire awhile, and let me speak with thee,
Before she sees thee.

[*Orestes goes.*

IPHIGENEIA *and* PYLADES.

IPHIG. *unbinding him.* Tell me whence thou art?
I think thou wearst the semblance of a Greek
Not of a Scythian. Freedom is not safety—
The gods avert impending danger from thee!

PYLA. Blest sound! thrice welcome in a foreign land
Thou well-known accent of my native tongue.
Thy voice calls up before the captive's view
The azure mountains of his mother-country.
O let my joy convince thee I 'am a Greek,
And plead for my forgiveness, if awhile
I have forgotten what is due to thee,
And bent my fancy toward the fond idea.
O say, if no superior power forbid,
From which of our heroic families
Thy noble birth derives its origin.

IPHIG. The priestess, by Diana's self appointed,
Discourses with thee, and let that suffice.
But tell me who art thou? what evil star
Hath guided hither thee and thy companion?

PYLA. That thou couldst dart the ray of hope upon us
As easily as I relate our woes!
We are from Crete, the sons of brave Adrastus.
He is the first-born, nam'd Laodamas;
I, Cephalus, the youngest: but between us
A rude wild youth grew up, whose very sports
Had often torn our bonds of love asunder.
While yet our father at the siege of Troy
Was busied, we obey'd a mother's prudence:
But when enrich'd with plunder he return'd
And died ere long; a contest for his wealth
And for the vacant sceptre parted us.
I join'd the elder: he has slain his brother.

For fratricide the Furies haunt his path.
The Delphian Phœbus promis'd us in Tauris
A termination to the louring curse.
Our capture and our threaten'd sacrifice,
Thou knowst.

IPHIG. And is the fall of Troy accomplish'd?
Dearest of men, repeat, repeat that word.

PYLA. It is. Be thou our guardian and protectress.
Accelerate the promis'd help of heaven,
Take pity on my brother and console him;
But spare him, I beseech thee, in thy speech.
His feeling soul, by painful recollection,
Is torn too easily; and feverish madness
Will often seize him in her vulture-claw
And give him up to the unpitying Furies.

IPHIG. Great as his sufferings are, I must conjure thee
Forget them for awhile and satisfy me.

PYLA. The haughty city, which for ten whole years
Withstood the might of Greece, is now a ruin;
But many a Grecian tomb will long arrest
Our fond remembrance on the Trojan shore.
There fell Achilles and his beauteous friend.

IPHIG. So crumble e'en the images of gods?

PYLA. Nor Palamede nor Telamonian Ajax
Review'd the sunshine on their native hills.

IPHIG. *aside.* He does not name my father with the slain.
He lives, he lives! and I again may see him—

PYLA. Yet happy are the thousands that have sunk[4]
By hostile hands in honourable combat:
For horrid slaughters and a mournful end
Some angry god prepar'd to the returning
Instead of triumphs. Does the voice of man
Not reach this land, that thou hast yet to learn
The complicate misfortunes that befell,
And art a stranger to the woe that fills
Mycene's hall with ceaseless lamentation.
Assisted by Ægisthus, Clytemnestra

[4] Quisquis ad Trojam jacet
Felix vocatur cadere qui meruit manu. Seneca. Agamemnon.

Slew, on the day of his return, her husband.
I see thou honourest this royal house.—
Thy bosom vainly labours to throw off
The unexpected weight of my sad words.—
Art thou the daughter of some friend or kinsman,
Or born perchance within that unblest city?—
Hide it not from me; and detest me not
For bringing hither first the hated tidings.

IPHIG. Say further how the horrid deed was done.

PYLA. The day the king arriv'd, as from the bath
Refresht he was ascending, and awaited
A change of raiment from his consort's hand,
She flung, with cunning arm, a tangled robe
Across his shoulders and majestic head.
While from its many and confusing folds,
As from a net, he strove to disentangle [5]
His prison'd limbs, the vile Ægisthus smote him,
And veil'd, the prince descended to the shades.

IPHIG. What was the cursed traitor's recompense?

PYLA. A bed and kingdom he possess'd already.

IPHIG. 'T was lust then prompted to the guilty deed?

PYLA. Lust and long-harbour'd wishes of revenge.

IPHIG. How had the king offended Clytemnestra?

PYLA. With harshness, which if aught might plead for murder
Would lessen the atrociousness of this.
He had allur'd the queen to come to Aulis,
There seiz'd her first-born dear Iphigeneia,
And stain'd the altar with a daughter's blood;
Because the gods denied a prosperous wind.
Hence sprang the hate, that to Ægisthus' tongue
Unlock'd her easy bosom, and induc'd her
To weave this woof of mischief for her husband.

IPHIG. *veiling herself.* Captive, enough. Thou 'lt see me yet again. [*goes.*

PYLA. She seems affected deeply by the fate
Of Agamemnon. Whosoe'er she be,

[5] Ἄπειρον ἀμφίβληστρον ὥστε ἰχθύων. Æschylus. Agamemnon.

She must have known him well, and have belong'd
To some high family before her capture
And sale to these barbarians. Now, my heart,
A twinkling star of hope is risen anew,
And we may steer our course with growing spirit.

ACT III.

IPHIGENEIA *and* ORESTES.

IPHIG. *unbinding him.* Unhappy man, I only loose thy bonds
In sign of harder fate: the freedom, granted
Here in the holy grove to both of you,
Is, like the last bright gleam of animation
Upon the sick man's face, death's harbinger.
I dare not yet acknowledge to myself
That you are lost; for how could I uplift
A murderous hand 'gainst your devoted lives?
And no one dares presume, while I am priestess,
To touch your consecrated heads. But, ah!
Should I refuse obedience to the king,
In anger he will choose among my train
Some other virgin to discharge the office,
And I shall have but wishes to bestow.—
Much-valued countryman! The very slave
Who but approach'd our patrial houshold gods
Is richly welcome in a foreign land—
How can I pour enough of joy and blessing
On you, who bear the image of the heroes[6]
Whom from my infancy I 've learn'd to honour,
And in my inmost heart light up anew
The faded flattering pictures of my youth.

OREST. Dost thou from prudent choice conceal thy name
And thy descent, or may I hope to know

[6] Τοιοῦτος εἴη τῶν ἐμῶν ὁμοσπόρων
Ὅσπερ λέλειπται· Eur. Iphig in Taur.

Rekindled soon the embers of revenge
That in the sacred presence of a mother
Had faded in his breast; in silence led him
To where his father fell, and pointed out
A wither'd blood-mark on the guilty floor[8]
That linger'd still for vengeance; there describ'd
With tongue of fire each murky circumstance
That dy'd the crime still deeper, wail'd her own
Hard slavish treatment and the haughty carriage
Of the successful traitors, show'd the dangers
That loured over Agamemnon's children
From their unfeeling step-mother (for such[9]
To them she was become) and to Orestes
Consign'd the old and oft-incrimson'd poignard
So wont to murders in the house of Pelops—
And Clytemnestra by her son was slaughter'd.

IPHIG. Immortals, who on ever-golden clouds
Spend your clear days in joy—was it for this
Ye tore me from my country, from the world—
For this that ye approach'd me to your shrines—
For this intrusted to my patient hand
To feed the holy flame, taught my calm'd soul
Like it to lift a clear and equal look
Of pious hope to your unruffled dwellings—
That I might later learn and deeper feel
The dire misfortunes of a race ye frown on?
Talk to me of the wretched—of Orestes.

OREST. Would I could tell thee also of his death!
How from his mother's gaping wounds arose
Her haughty spirit, and with angry yell
Shriek'd to the daughters of the ancient night[1]
"Seize on this parricide, this son of guilt,
And with implacable revenge pursue him."
They heard her voice; they roll'd their hollow eyes,
Like famisht eagles, on their destin'd prey;

[8] αἷμα δ' ἔτι πατρὸς κατα στέγας
Μέλαν σέσηπεν. Eur. Electra.

[9] Adest natis tuis
Furens noverca. Senec. Agamem.

[1] Νυκτὸς αἰανῆς τέκνα. Æsch. Eumenides.

In their dark dens they stirr'd; their sad companions
Doubt and Remorse from silent corners stole
With knitted hands to earth, from their loose locks
Dispersing pitchy damps of Acheron.—
Now ceaseless contemplation of the past
Rolls in black gyres around his haunted brow.—
The fiends long-banisht from the beauteous earth
Renew their all-deforming range with him,
Pursue his rovings, hang upon his step,
And only stop to add redoubled horror
To the black hour they overtake his flight.

IPHIG. Unhappy man! Thy much resembling fate
Makes thee more deeply sympathize with his.

OREST. How cam'st thou to suspect my fate like his?

IPHIG. Thy younger brother has intrusted to me
That thou hast also slain thy nearest kinsman.

OREST. I cannot bear that thy pure spotless soul
Should be misled by falsehood. Let the stranger
Weave his deceitful and insnaring wiles
For them he fears; but, between us, be truth.
I am Orestes: and this guilty head
Is stooping to the tomb, is seeking death—
In any form his coming shall be welcome.
Whoe'er thou be, to thee and to my friend
I wish deliverence, to myself destruction.
Thou seemst to be detain'd against thy will;
Contrive to fly with him, and leave me here,
That headlong hurl'd from these impending rocks
My gushing blood may to the sea extend,
And roll wide curses o'er this savage shore.
Go ye together back to lovely Greece,
There may new life and happier days await you.

[*Retires into the wood.*

IPHIG. Fulfilment, daughter of the almighty sire,
At length the hour of thy descent is come,
And thy vast image stands unroll'd before me!
My aching sight scarse reaches to thy hands,
Which, with the treasures of Olympus fill'd,
Shower wreaths of benediction!—As a king

Whose heavenly goodness warbles comfort to me?
IPHIG. Yes, thou shalt know me; but inform me first
(For from thy brother I have learnt but half)
Of those, who coming back from fallen Troy
Found on the threshold of a long-wisht home
An unexpected hard and cruel doom.
Tho' I was early banisht to this shore,
I recollect the shy and hasty glance,
I cast with wonder on the train of heroes.
'T was as Olympus from its top had pour'd
The awful shadows of the 'illustrious dead
To stalk in terror to the walls of Troy;
And Agamemnon was of all the greatest.
Tell me—he fell, the day he saw his home,
By Clytemnestra and Ægisthus slain?
OREST. He did.
IPHIG. Ah sad Mycene! On thy site
The sons of Tantalus, with lavish hand,
Are strowing curse on curse: like baneful weeds
They teem with ever-multiplying crimes,
And to their children's children still transmit
Murder on murder for inheritance.
Disclose the rest thy brother left untold,
When horror's gloom suspended my attention.
How was the remnant of this mighty race,
Hereafter the avenger of his father,
The last-born child, the only son, Orestes,
Preserv'd from slaughter on that day of blood?
The net of black Avernus round his head
Has a like fortune drawn, or spar'd in mercy?
Say, was he sav'd? Lives he? and lives Electra?
OREST. They live.
IPHIG. They live? Lend me, thou golden sun,
Thy fairest beams to lay in gratitude
Before Jove's throne! for I am poor and mute—
OREST. If the heir'd ties of hospitality
Or nearer bonds connect thee with this house,
As by thy joy would seem, O curb thy heart;

For to re-plunge into a sea of sorrow [7]
Is to the happy doubly horrible.
Thou only knowst of Agamemnon's death
I find—

IPHIG. And is not this enough to know?

OREST. Thou yet hast heard but half the horrid tale.

IPHIG. What more?—Orestes and Electra live?—

OREST. Hast thou no fears for Clytemnestra's fate?

IPHIG. My fears or hopes are impotent to save her.

OREST. She is departed from the land of hope.

IPHIG. Did her repenting hand in expiation
Shed her own blood?

OREST. Not so: yet her own blood
Consign'd her to the shades.

IPHIG. Give clearer answer.
Uncertainty with many-folded wing
Hides in ill-boding gloom my anxious head.

OREST. And have the gods reserv'd me to relate
A deed, which gladly in the silent realms
Of night and hell I would for ever hide—
Thy gentle tongue against my will compels it.
Expect and have a tale to shudder at.
The day that royal Agamemnon fell,
Electra's prudent hand conceal'd her brother
Beneath the roof of Strophius, a kinsman.
He willingly receiv'd, and educated
With his own Pylades, the fugitive,
And both the youths grew up in tenderest friendship.
Their bosoms early felt a burning wish
To 'avenge the monarch's death: in strange attire
They sought Mycene, and announc'd themselves
As messengers of young Orestes' death,
And bearers of his ashes. Thus they gain'd
A glad admittance from the credulous queen.
Orestes to Electra then disclos'd
His name and purpose. She, with ardent lip

[7] Τὸ γὰρ
* * * μετ' εὐτυχίας κακοῦσθαι,
Θνατοῖς βαρὺς αἰών. Eur. Iphig. in Taur.

As from Creusa's wedding-garment, thence
Contagious flows a fire unquenchable.
Away—like Hercules, I would exhale
My worthless hated life in wilds and deserts.
IPHIG. Thou shalt not perish.—O that I could hear
One calm reply to banish every doubt
And make me sure I have the bliss I 've pray'd for.
A wheel of joy and sorrow hurries round
My agitated soul. Upon the stranger
I look with apprehension; but my heart
Resistless throws me on a darling brother.
OREST. Is this Lyæus' temple, that the priestess
Thus with unbridled holy fury glows?
IPHIG. O hear me, look upon me, how my heart
Expands to compass all the happiness
Of seeing thee (the dearest whom the world
Has left me still) of folding in these arms,
That long have open'd on the vacant wind,
Thee, my Orestes. Let me, let me clasp thee.
As down Parnassus flows the 'eternal fountain
From rock to rock along the golden vale
Clear and abundant, so a flood of joy
Streams from my heart in copious waves, and spreads
An ample sea of happiness around me.
Orestes, O my brother!
OREST. Lovely nymph,
I neither trust thee nor thy soothing speeches.
Diana asks severer votaries,
Nor will she see her sanctuary profan'd.
A truce to thy embraces! Wouldst thou give
Thy fond affections to a worthy youth,
With love and safety crown my friend. He roves
Among yon rocks: seek him; abandon me.
IPHIG. Brother, command thyself, and know me better:
Nor take a sister's transports (heaven approves them)
For hasty punishable headlong lust.
Ye gods, remove illusion from his eye,
Least this bright instant of the utmost joy
Should make us trebly wretched. I am she,

Thy long-lost sister. Trembling from the altar
Diana bore me to her temple here.
Thou art the destin'd victim now, and findest
A sister in the priestess.

OREST. Curse on curse!
Now may the sun behold the dire completion
Of the black woes, that gather on our house.
Is not Electra here to perish with us,
And save her head from lengthening coils of horror?
Come, priestess, to the altar—Fratricide
With us is an hereditary custom.
First let me thank the gods that they decree
To root me childless from the face of earth.[3]
And, let me counsel thee, forget to view
The sun and stars with pleasure, and prepare
With me for mansions in the house of darkness.
Our race—like dragons in the sulphur-pool,
Born of one mother—tear each others entrails—
Childless and guiltless come along with me.
Thou lookst with pity on me—look not so—
Such were the eyes thy mother turn'd upon me
To seek an entrance to my filial heart,
When I had heav'd my hand to pierce her bosom:
And yet the dagger pierc'd her.—Mother, come,
And place a troop of Furies round thy children:
They 'll have a welcome sight to smile upon,
The last, most horrible, that shall befall us.
Nor hate, nor grim revenge have whet the poignard;
But a fond sister shall be forced to use it.—
Weep not, thou hast no crimes upon thy soul.
From infancy I have not known such love
As I could feel for thee. But, spare me not,
Lift, lift the glittering steel, in kindness make
An outlet for the boiling streams within.

[*Falls exhausted upon the ground.*

IPHIG. Alone I cannot bear this bliss and woe.[4]

[3] Ὀλοίμην πρόσθεν ἐκ θεῶν ἄπαις. Æsch. Choeph.

[4] Μοῦνη γὰρ ἄγειν οὐκέτι σωπῶ
Λύπης—ἄχθος. Sopho. Elec.

Is known by the profusion of his bounty,
(For that to him is nothing, which to crowds
Is riches) also ye are known, Celestials,
By long-reserv'd and wisely-granted gifts:
For ye alone distinguish what behooves us,
And oversee futurity's wide realms,
While mists conceal from us the wonderous prospect
And dim the twinkling star-beams to our gaze.
Calmly ye hear our restless childish prayers
To hasten your decrees; but your wise hands
Cull not the heavenly fruit, while unmatur'd:
And woe is him, who with impatient lip
Would seize the good in store!—he swallows death.
Let not this long-awaited joy forsake me,
And, like the visions of departed friends,
Abandon to reality of woe.

IPHIGENEIA *and* ORESTES.

Orest. *returning.* If thou be praying to the gods above,
Speak not my name with thine and Pylades',
My name draws vengeance down on its associates,
And prayers are impotent to soothe this torment.

Iphig. My fate is knit with thine.

Orest. Not so: alone
And unattended would I sink to Hades.
Were thy own veil inwrapt around my head
It could not hide me from the dragon-eyed
The ever-watchful followers of my step.
Nay, e'en thy very presence, heavenly woman,
May turn their looks askance, but can't avert them.
What tho' their impious brazen tread may not[2]
O'erstep the limits of the holy grove,
I hear them yonder grinning horrid laughter,
Like wolves around the tree upon whose top
The traveller climb'd for safety. There they lie,
And at my coming from the earth shall start,
Lift the big cloud of dust with busy feet,
Give to the hissing winds their snaky locks,

[2] Χαλκόπους Ἐριννύς. Sophoc. Elec.

And dog my flight with never-ending chace.
IPHIG. Orestes, listen to a friendly word.
OREST. No: keep it for a friend of the celestials.
IPHIG. They give thee earnest of reviving hopes.
OREST. I see the pale gleam of the flood of death—
'T will guide me thro' this mist of woe to hell.
IPHIG. Hast thou no other sister than Electra?
OREST. I knew but one; yet the all-ruling hand
Of fate remov'd an elder, who beheld not
The miserable doom of all her kindred.
Cease, cease thy questions, do not join the band
Of my tormentresses, who blow away
With wicked joy the ashes of oblivion,
Least the warm embers of remorse should fade
And cease to scorch my soul. Will they for ever
Cast scalding sulphur on the glowing brand
Which Crime has given to the sons of Pelops
For a perpetual heirdom—ever sear
My soul with coals of hell.
IPHIG. Be 't mine to fling
Some fragrant incense on the flame. Allow
Affection's gentle breath to cool thy bosom.
Orestes, my belov'd, wilt thou not hear me?
Has the terrific band of thy pursuers
Drain'd all the blood of nature from thy veins,
And have their Gorgon-eyeballs petrified
Thy feeling heart?—O, if a mother's curse
Call thee with hollow accent to the shades
May not the purer blessing of a sister
Draw from Olympus ease and comfort to thee?
OREST. She calls—and thou combin'st to rend my bosom.
Have gods of vengeance borrow'd e'en thy form?
Who art thou, that with searching tongue disturbest
The very bottom of my billowing soul?
IPHIG. Does not thy heart inform thee? I am she—
Iphigeneia—and am here—alive.
OREST. Who, thou?
IPHIG. My brother!
OREST. Hence! nor touch these locks;

Ye gods, who spread on high with flaming hand
The heavy storm-cloud, kindly terrible
Who pour the rain upon the thirsty earth
Amid the rush of winds and roar of thunder,
Changing the silent awe and humble fear
Of man to thankful tears and songs of praise,
While the new sun from ev'ry brighten'd leaf
Reflects his presence, and with painted hand,
Iris divides the dusky-skirted clouds—
O let me also in my sister's clasp,
And on the bosom of my friend, injoy
The bliss ye give, in fullest gratitude.
My heart feels conscious that your curses finish.
I hear the fleet Eumenides retire
And cloze behind them the far-thundering doors
Of Tartarus. The earth steams welcome fragrance,
Inviting me upon its smiling brim
To chace the joys of life and meeds of virtue.

PYLA. Let not the hour that's given escape unus'd.
The wind that swells our sail must be the bearer
Of our full satisfaction to Olympus.
Come, we have need of hasty resolution.

ACT IV.

IPHIGENEIA.

IPHIG. For the feeble son of man
When the heavenly band prepare
Hardship, danger and distress;
And have doom'd his shaken soul
Frequent change from joy to woe,
Or from woe to double joy:—
In the city's neighbourhood,
Or on the remoter shore,
That, in gloomy hours of need,
Steady help be never far,
They with foresight kind provide him
A calm a faithful friend.

On Pylades and on his undertakings
Shower down your blessings, ever-living gods.
His is the nervous arm of youth in strife;
And his the luminous eye of age in counsel.
His soul is fraught with an exhaustless store
Of holy calmness, which, with patient hand
He portions out to the poor wandering outcast;
Diffusing balmy peace and wise resolve.
He tore me from my brother, whom my eyes
Drank with fond gaze and ceaseless thirst, unheeding
How very near the rising cloud of danger
Now sails. They 'are hastening to the nook, wherein
The ship and their companions wait a signal,
And they have furnisht me an artful answer
In case the king shall urge the sacrifice.
I see I must be guided like a child.
I have not learnt disguise, nor know by cunning
To gain my purpose.—Falsehood, how I loathe thee!
A lie leaves not the soul at liberty,
Nor comforts like a truly-spoken word;
But it torments the breast that forges it,
Returning, like the dart which gods divert,
To wound the archer. Care on care assails
My anxious mind. Perhaps the Fury seizes
My brother yonder on the 'unhallow'd ground.—
Perhaps they 'are caught, imprison'd—Sure I hear
The tread of armed men—A messenger
Is hastening hither with the king's commands.
O how I fear to look upon the man
Whom, with a false reply I must deceive.

IPHIGENEIA *and* ARKAS.

ARKAS. Priestess, thou mayst not thus delay the offering:
The king and people wait with loud impatience.

IPHIG. I should obey my duty and thy orders,
If unexpected hindrance had not stept
Between my purpose and its execution.

Where art thou Pylades to lend me help?
[*Retires in search of him.*
OREST. *rising from his swoon.* Another—Grant me yet from
Lethe's wave
One more reviving cup of cool refreshment—
Soon shall these dregs of life be rinc'd away
By calm Oblivion's flood. To you, ye shades,
To your eternal mists, eternal stillness
A persecuted wretch would fly for refuge.
I hear the whispering of your twilight groves:
Round their new guest your cloudy forms assemble.
What lofty band in sweet communion met,
Like a collected family of princes,
Come gliding hither, every sex and age,
Yet all of godlike port in peaceful union.
'T is they, 't is they! my ancestors—With Atreus
Thyestes walks in confidential converse,
The children smiling hang upon their steps.
And does not enmity pervade your dwellings—
Does vengeance wither with the light of day—
Then I am welcome, and may hope to join
Your solemn train, may bid you, hail! my fathers,
Orestes—of your race the last—arrives.
He reap'd the harvest that ye sow'd of curses.
But here all burdens are more light to bear.
Admit him of your circle. Thee, Thyestes,
Thee, Atreus, I respect: here hate expires.
Show me my father, whom I saw on earth
But once—Does he accompany my mother
And link his arm in her's who plann'd his death?
And may not I approach her—say, behold
Thy son, behold your son—and they will greet me.
On earth a salutation foreran murder
Among the sons of ancient Tantalus;
After the night of death their joys begin.
Ye welcome me, receive me in your band,
Now guide me to the venerable form
Of him, who sat in council with the gods.
Ye seem to shudder and avert your looks.

What! have the mighty fasten'd cruel Torment
With brazen fetters to the hero's breast?
[*Iphigeneia and Pylades enter.*
And are ye come already? Welcome, sister.
Some god of mercy send our only remnant,
Electra, hither with a gentle arrow!
I pity thee, my friend—my hapless friend.
Come, come with me to Pluto's throne—'t is fitting
That the new guests salute their gloomy host.

IPHIGENEIA, ORESTES, *and* PYLADES.

IPHIG. Twin-born of Jove, who thro' the skiey vast
Conduct the lovely lights of day and night,
The solace of mankind, forbid to shine
On the departed, by your mutual fondness
Look on a brother's and a sister's woe.
Thou lov'st thy gentle brother, O Diana,
More than all things above, on earth, below,
And ever turnst in silent contemplation
Thy virgin-face to his eternal light.
Let not my only, late-found, dear Orestes
In the dark wilderness of madness rove;
But, if thy will, when thou didst hide me here,
Be now fulfill'd; if thou, thro' him to me,
Thro' me to him, intendest bounteous aid;
O loose him from the fetters of the curse,
Least we forgo the precious hour of flight.
PYLA. Wilt thou not know us, and this holy grove,
And this fair light that beams not on the dead?
Feel the embraces of a friend and sister,
Who hold thee fast and living. Grasp our hands—
We are not empty shades—arise, attend,
Each moment is important—our return
Hangs on a slender thread, which, it should seem,
Auspicious fates with willing finger spin.
OREST. *to Iphigeneia.* For the first time let me with open heart
Taste in thy arms the purity of joy.

Covers the rocks, that lie among the sand
Upon its brink, so tides of joy o'erflow'd
My soul. I grasp'd impossibility.
'T was as another silver cloud descended
Gently to heave me from the earth, and rock me
Into such slumbers, as involv'd my sense
When the kind goddess snatch'd me from destruction.—
My heart was wholly center'd on my brother,
I listen'd to his friend's advice alone,
My soul was only anxious how to save them:
And, as the seaman gladly turns his back
To the rude rocks of desert isles, I put
The thoughts of Tauris from me. Now the voice
Of this plain honest man again awakes me,
And I perceive that those are also men
Whom I abandon. Treachery resumes
Her ugliest form. Be calm, my trembling heart,
Will doubt and indecision tear thee now?
Thou must forgo a land of lonely safety
To beat about upon unsteady waves—

IPHIGENEIA *and* PYLADES.

PYLA. Where is she? that my winged words may bear her
The welcome message of our near escape.

IPHIG. Thou seest me full of care, and needing much
The comfort that thy presence promises.

PYLA. Thy brother is recover'd. We have walkt
Along the rocks of the unhallow'd coast
In chearful converse, nor observ'd a change
Where not o'ershadow'd by the sacred grove:
And with increasing glory round his brow
The rosy light of youth and beauty plays.
Courage and hope sit beaming in his eye,
And his expanding heart is all unlockt
To the transporting pleasure of delivering
Thee, his deliveress, from thy banishment.

IPHIG. Heaven bless thee, and may thy auspicious lip

Ne'er know the tone of sorrow or complaint!
PYLA. I bring thee more—for Fortune, like a princess,
Walks not abroad alone and unattended.
We found up our companions; in a nook
Among high masking rocks they had conceal'd
The ship, and lay in painful apprehension.
They saw thy brother, and with shouts of joy
Flew to receive him, and their restless zeal
Demands an early hour for our departure.
Each hand seem'd eager for the oar, and, lo!
A favourable gale by all perceiv'd
Spread from the shore its lucky-omen'd wing.
Then let us hasten to the temple: guide
My footstep, priestess, to the sanctuary,
That I may seize the object of our wishes:
My single shoulder shall suffice to bear
The statue of the goddess from its shrine.
I feel impatient for the honour'd burden.—
[*He approaches the fane without perceiving her unwillingness—then looks back.*
Thou standest quivering—tell me—why this silence?
Thou lookst confused—does any new misfortune
Withstand our happiness? Hast thou neglected
To send the king the cautious, prudent message
That we agreed upon?
IPHIG. No, thou dear man.
Yet thou wilt frown; and even now I read
Silent reproof upon that clouded brow.
The monarch's messenger has just been here.
I told him what thou hadst suggested to me.
He seem'd astonisht, earnestly besought me
To make the king acquainted with my project:
And now I wait his answer.
PYLA. That was wrong.
Danger again o'erhangs us. Why not rest
Upon the privileges of thy offices?
IPHIG. I never have employ'd it as a cloak.
PYLA. Thy scruples, spotless soul, will ruin us.
Why did I not foresee this accident,

ARKAS. What thwarts the solemn order of the king?
IPHIG. Chance, which delights to laugh at human foresight.
ARKAS. Say on—that I may bear the reason to him;
For he determin'd on the death of both.
IPHIG. As yet the gods have not determin'd on it—
Upon the elder of these men reposes
The guilt of shedding kindred blood. The Furies
Pursue his footsteps; and the haunted wretch,
Seiz'd in the inmost temple by a phrenzy
Profan'd the holy shrine with present madness.
I hasten with my virgin-train to bear
The statue of the goddess to the shore,
There by lustration and mysterious rites
The ominous pollution to atone.
Let none presume to follow our procession.
ARKAS. The king shall know this new impediment.
'Till he permit, begin not thou the rite.
IPHIG. That is a care belonging to the priestess.
ARKAS. 'Tis fitting that the king should hear what passes.
IPHIG. His counsel or command may alter nothing.
ARKAS. Oft we consult the mighty out of form.
IPHIG. Do not insist on what I must refuse.
ARKAS. Do not refuse a useful just request.
IPHIG. I yield—if thou return without delay.
ARKAS. With speed I 'll bear thy message to the camp,
And soon be here.—There is a message, priestess,
Which if I bore—'t would banish all confusion—
But thou hast scorn'd my honest prudent counsel.
IPHIG. All that I could I readily have done.
ARKAS. It is not yet too late to change thy mind.
IPHIG. That is beyond our power.
ARKAS. It may be painful.
IPHIG. Thou thinkst I might, because thy wish misleads thee.
ARKAS. Wilt thou risk all so calmly?
IPHIG. I abandon
My fate to the decision of the gods.
ARKAS. They 'are wont to save mankind by human means.
IPHIG. What they point out it is for man to do.

ARKAS. I tell thee every thing is in thy hand.
It is alone the anger of the king
That dooms these men to bitter death. The army
Are now disus'd to this inhuman custom:
For many, whom their adverse fates have thrown
Upon some savage coast, have there experienc'd
How godlike to the homeless wanderer
The friendly countenance of a man appears.
Do not forsake a work thou canst accomplish;
'Tis easy to complete what's once begun:
For mercy (when from heaven in human form
She stoops) does nowhere sooner spread her sway,
Than where a wild new people, full of life
Courage and warmth, whose uncorrupted feeling
Left to itself and vague uneasy bodings
Flows undirected, bear the load of life.

IPHIG. O spare my agitated soul: thou canst not
Direct its billows to thy will.

ARKAS. As yet
Ere 'tis too late, attempt shall not be wanting.

IPHIG. Thou feelest and thou givest pain—both vainly.
I pray thee leave me.

ARKAS. 'Tis to pain I trust,
It counsels wisely.

IPHIG. It torments my soul,
But lessens not my rooted strong repugnance.

ARKAS. Why should a noble bosom feel repugnant
To benefits which flow from generous hands!

IPHIG. Why not? when the kind offices are meant
Not to obtain my gratitude, but me.

ARKAS. He who is disinclin'd will never want
Excusing words. I 'll mention to the prince
The things that happen. Wouldst thou but revolve
How nobly he has us'd thee, from the hour
Of thy arrival to the present day.

[*goes.*

IPHIG. In evil hour the speeches of this man
Have turn'd me back upon myself. I shudder.
For as the stream, by sudden torrents swell'd,

And furnish thee with means to ward it off?

IPHIG. Blame me alone. I feel the fault is mine;
Yet to an earnest serious request,
Whose fitness my own heart was conscious of,
I could not give a different reply.

PYLA. This wears a threatening aspect. Let us not
Therefore be downcast, nor with headlong haste
Betray ourselves. Wait thou the man's return,
But persevere whatever his reply,
For it behooves the priestess, not the prince,
To choose and fix the lustral rites. In case
He should require to see the man afflicted
With horrid madness, do not grant it him;
Pretending that thou hast secur'd us both
Within the temple. This will give us time
From its unworthy owners to bear off
The holy treasure. Phœbus smiles upon us,
And, ere we piously fulfill his orders,
Has given us earnest of his kind protection.
Orestes is made well. With him the freed,
Conduct us, breezes, to the rocky isle
Where dwells the Delphic god, thence to Mycene;
That from the ashes of their chilly hearths
Our fathers' gods may rise, in the glad fire
Of their neglected homes again to bask.
Thy hand from golden censers shall disperse
Their long-miss'd incense.—Thou shalt scatter life
And health and blessing on the happy threshold,
Atone their favour, and to all thy kindred
Dispense reviving blossoms of delight.

IPHIG. Toward the sunshine of thy pleasant words,
Like a young flower, my lifted soul is bent.
How sweet the speeches of a present friend!
Their heavenly influence the lonely man
Mourns for repining, in his bosom slowly
Thought and decision ripen, which the words
Of warm affection would have soon matur'd.

PYLA. Farewell. I run to calm our friend's impatience;
Then shall in yonder thicket wait thy signal.

What art thou thinking of? A mournful train
Of images is passing on thy brow.
IPHIG. Forgive me—like thin clouds before the sun
Anxieties and cares are floating by.
PYLA. Be not afraid. Danger and Fear have form'd
A close alliance: they are old companions:
But 't is an idle union.
IPHIG. I consider
Those cares as honourable, that would lead me
Not to deceive the king, my second father,
With treacherous flight and pillage.
PYLA. From a man,
Who would have slain thy brother, thou art flying.
IPHIG. That man is not the less my benefactor.
PYLA. What fate requires is not ingratitude.
IPHIG. 'T is still ingratitude—necessity
may justify
PYLA. Thee, both to gods and men.
IPHIG. But my own heart remains dissatisfy'd.
PYLA. Excessive scruple is a veil for pride.
IPHIG. I am not wont to reason, but to feel.
PYLA. Thy feeling ought to teach thee self-esteem.
IPHIG. The heart is only easy, when unspotted.
PYLA. Beneath the hallow'd shelter of this temple
Well hast thou fenc'd the inlet of thy heart.
In life we learn less strictness with ourselves,
And with the world without us. Thou wilt learn it.
So strangely fashion'd is the race of man,
So manifold and complex its relations,
That none may hope to keep himself unblemisht
Both to himself and others. Nor are we
Decreed to be the judges of our actions.
The first immediate duty of a man
Is to pursue the path which heaven points out:
Past conduct seldom he appretiates rightly,
And hardly ever what he is pursuing.
IPHIG. Thy words have almost won me to consent.
PYLA. Where there 's no choice, persuasion is but needless.
To save thy brother and his friend one way

Is open. Shall we hesitate to take it?

IPHIG. Yes, let me hesitate—thou couldst not do
To any man, whose benefits had bound thee,
With calmness such injustice as thou counselst.

PYLA. If we are lost—upon thy conduct wait
The harsh reflections, to despair akin—
I see thou art not us'd to difficulty;
Since thou art not dispos'd to purchase safety
By one false speech.

IPHIG. O for a man's firm bosom,
Which, when it once conceives a bold design,
Forgoes all obstacles for that alone—

PYLA. Thy opposition 's vain. The iron hand
Of fate commands, and its decided signal
Is law supreme. Eternal Destiny
The gods themselves obey in humble silence.
What she imposes, bear—what she directs,
Perform—the rest thou knowst. I soon return
To take the seal of safety at thy hands.

[*goes.*

IPHIG. I must obey him; for the man I love
I see beset with danger. But, alas!
My own hard lot occasions rival pain.
And may I not retain the secret hope
That I had nourisht in my solitude?
Shall heaven's curse eternally o'erhang us,
Nor blessing ever light upon our race?
All else declines—prosperity's sweet garland,
Life's blooming strength—and shall not curses too
Wear out and cease? And have I vainly hop'd
That here in lonely innocence secluded,
From the misfortunes of my kindred sever'd,
I might one day return with a pure hand
And a pure heart to cleanse and to atone
The deep-defiled dwelling of my fathers.
Scarsely my brother in these longing arms
By the surprising kindness of the gods
Is heal'd from furious illness, scarsely comes
The long-requested vessel to convey me

Back to the harbours of my native country,
When deaf necessity with heavy hand
Imposes double guilt, to bear away
In secret stealth the ancient holy image,
Intrusted to me by the gods themselves,
And to deceive, betray and cheat the man
To whom I owe my life, my destiny.
O may unwillingness not get at last
The upperhand in my uneasy bosom—
Nor the deep hate, that you, ye gods, retain
Against the ill-doom'd race of Tantalus,
Fix in my tender breast its vulture-claws.
Save me and save your image in my soul.—
That antique household song recurs to me
(Methought I had forgot it long ago)
Sung by the Parcæ with a shuddering tongue,
When from his golden seat great Tantalus
Was hurl'd: they felt for him, their noble friend.
Their breasts were angry, terrible their song.
And long ago, when I was yet a child,
The nurse did use to chant it to us all,
And we did tremble as we listen'd to it.

Fear the gods, ye sons of men,
In eternal hands they hold
Might resistless. Who shall ask them
How they wield the dreadful trust?

Whom the gods have rais'd on high
He beware to fear them most!
Round their golden tables glitter
Seats that rest on cliffs and clouds.

Thence the guest, if strife arise,
Headlong falls disgrac'd and scorn'd,
And in midnight darkness fetter'd
Vainly hopes a juster doom.

They upon unshaken thrones
By the golden table stay.

They along the mountain-summits
Stride across the yawning deep.

From the fathomless abyss,
Where are bound the giant-brood,
Groans of anguish climb their heaven
Like the fumes of sacrifice.

Oft the rulers of the skies
Turn the guardian-eye away
From a long-protected off-spring
Of the families of earth.

In the son they oft avoid
To discern the pleading look,
And the once beloved features
Which his favour'd father wore.

So the frowning Parcæ sang.
Low in his sullen prison hears
The hoary banisht sage,
Thinks on his children's lot
And silent shakes his head.

ACT V.

ARKAS *and* THOAS.

ARKAS. I feel embarrass'd, and I do not know
Whom to suspect, or what; but plots are thought of.
Whether the prisoners meditate escape—
Whether the priestess lends them her assistance—
'T is strongly rumour'd that the ship, which brought
These strangers hither, lurks in some concealment.
The madness of the elder, these new rites,
A mere pretence to gain an hour's delay,
Are grounds for strong suspicion and for caution.

THOAS. Send for the priestess swiftly, and examine
The 'indented coast from yonder promontory

Down to the holy grove. Its sacred precincts
Beware to violate; but lie in ambush,
And seize on every stranger who approaches.
[*Arkas goes.*
My anger knows not where to vent itself—
If on the priestess, whom I thought so good,
Or on myself, who trusted her so rashly,
And by my mildness form'd into a traitress.
To slavery a man soon grows accustom'd,
And learns obedience with ease, if quite
Depriv'd of freedom. Yes! if she had fallen
Into the rude hands of my ancestors,
And they had spared her life—she had been grateful
For her mere preservation, would have shed
The blood of strangers on the ancient altar,
And thought the task, her duty. 'T is my kindness
That raises this audacious spirit in her.
In vain I hop'd for her attachment. She
Is only bent on independent fate.
At first she won my heart by flattery:
Now I am arm'd against it, she is seeking
Her ends by fraud and cunning, and has learnt
To think my oversight an ancient right.

IPHIGENEIA *and* THOAS.

IPHIG. Me thou wast asking for. What brings thee hither?
THOAS. Why is the sacrifice deferr'd? Inform me.
IPHIG. I told the reasons much at large to Arkas.
THOAS. And I would hear them from thyself again.
IPHIG. The goddess gives thee time for recollection.
THOAS. The time seems also useful to thyself.
IPHIG. If thou be predetermin'd to accomplish
Thy cruel resolution—wherefore come?
A king, who wills a deed of harshness, finds
Hirelings enow disposed for gain or honours,
To share the curse of perpetrated guilt,
Leaving his presence pure and undefil'd.
Hid by the louring cloud he plans destruction;

But meaner messengers bear flaming death
On those poor wretches, whom his anger dooms:
While he serenely sails above the storm
In purer ether, an impassive god.

THOAS. Wild accents quiver on the holy lip.

IPHIG. Priestess no longer—Agamemnon's daughter—
To whom, while yet unknown, thy ears have hearken'd—
A princess—stands before thee. Would thy voice
Employ her hand in murder? No: rash king.
I have, from early youth, been taught obedience
First to my parents, then to a divinity,
And willingly my soul fulfill'd the task;
But to the harsh and savage voice of man
I learn'd compliance neither there nor here.

THOAS. Not I, but ancient laws command thy conduct.

IPHIG. How gladly we catch hold of ancient laws,
That can be made the weapons of our passion.
I listen to an older law than thine,
Which bids me to withstand thee, which declares
The stranger sacred.

THOAS. Sure these prisoners
Lie near thy heart; for sympathy with them
Makes thee forget the common law of prudence;
The mighty should not be provok'd to anger. [5]

IPHIG. Whether I speak or not, thou mayst discern
What is and ever will be in my heart.
And ought not similarity of fate
To call forth pity in the sufferer's breast?
How canst thou blame me then? Their woes were mine,
I knelt, wept, trembled once before the altar,
And early death with solemn terror seem'd
To gird me round—the glittering knife was rais'd
Against my living bosom, and my soul
Recoil'd within me—clouds o'erspread my sight—
I swoon'd—and a superior arm had sav'd me.
The gracious presents that we owe the gods
Sure we are bound to pay to the unhappy.

[5] —τοῖς δυνατοῖς
οὐκ ἐριστὰ πλάθειν. Sophoc. Elec.

Thou knowst it—knowest me—and wouldst compel me!
THOAS. Thy office, not thy king requires it of thee.
IPHIG. It is the meanness sure of power to 'aspire
To take advantage of a woman's weakness.
Am I not born as free as any man?
If Agamemnon's son stood here before thee,
And thou didst ask an unbecoming thing,
He has a sword and arm, that would defend
The innate freedom of his bosom. I
Have only words—but noble-minded men
Regard the words of woman.
THOAS. So do I,
More than thy brother's sword.
IPHIG. The chance of arms
Is changeful, and the prudent combatant
Will ne'er despise a foe; for bounteous Nature
Deny'd not even to the weak some help
Against the harsh and overbearing man.
She taught him cunning, and deferr'd contrivance,
Which overtake and overcome at last.
The violent deserve such weapons, Prince.
THOAS. Prudence and caution mostly baffle fraud.
IPHIG. But a pure soul disdains them all alike.
THOAS. Beware of speaking thine own condemnation.
IPHIG. O couldst thou see the combat of my soul
To get the better of oppressive fate!
Lo! I am weaponless and suppliant;
But prayer—the branch, that in a woman's hand
Is mightier than the sword—I wave in vain.
What more remains to my defenceless spirit—
Must I petition miracles of heaven—
Or have I yet resources in myself?
THOAS. Methinks thou art most singularly anxious
For these two strangers. Tell me who are they,
For whom thy soul is moved so violently.
IPHIG. They are—they seem—I doubt not they be greeks.
THOAS. Who have reviv'd thy wishes of return—
IPHIG. *after pausing.* Has man alone the privilege of daring?
May only his heroic breast aspire

To clasp the 'impossible? What pass for great—
What actions heave the breast of the relater
With still repeated throbs—but those begun
By boldness with improbable success?
Shall he, who steals by night among the foes,
To wrap their tents in unexpected flame,
Or make their horses bearers of his booty,
Alone be priz'd? Shall only he, who scorns
Securer paths to roam amid the desert,
And bind the robber in his lurking-place,
Be crown'd with honor? Must a tender woman
Forgo the innate softness of her sex,
Be wild among barbarians, wield a sword,
Like a fierce Amazon, by blows and wounds
To ward oppression off?—My rising soul
Feels prompted to a nobler enterprize.
Reproach and heavier evils press upon me
If I succeed not.—At your feet I lay them—
Are ye, as ye are call'd, the gods of truth?
By your protection show it. Honour truth
In me.—Great king, deceitful plots are ripening;
It is in vain to ask the prisoners,
They 're wander'd hence in search of their companions,
Who, with their vessel, lurk along the shore.
The elder, seiz'd by horrid madness here,
But who is now recover'd, is Orestes,
My brother; with him was his worthy friend,
His confidential long-lov'd Pylades.
From Delphos to this coast Apollo sent them,
Bad them bear off the image of Diana,
And bring the sister thither; and for this
He promis'd him deliverance from the Furies
That haunt him since the hour his mother fell.—
Now I have given us both into thy hands,
The only remnants of the race of Tantalus,—
Destroy us—if thou can.

THOAS. And dost thou think
That the rude Scythian the barbarian hears
The voice of truth and of humanity

Which the Greek, Atreus, heard not?
IPHIG. It is heard
By all, beneath whatever climate born,
Thro' whose warm bosoms flows the stream of life
Pure and uncheckt.—What art thou thinking of?—
What art thou brooding in thy silent soul?
O, if it be destruction, kill me first!
For now, that their escape is render'd hopeless,
In all its terrors I behold the danger
To which I have expos'd the men I love.
Soon I shall see them bound before my face—
How shall I dare to bid a last farewell
To the dear brother whom I murder? Never
Shall I be able on his much-lov'd eye
To fix my looks again—
THOAS. With cunning fables
These young deceivers play upon thy wishes,
And weave a glittering web of falsehood for thee.
IPHIG. No: I am not deceiv'd; they 're true and honest.
Shouldst thou not find them so, then let them fall;
And banish me for loose credulity
To the black rocks of some deserted iland.
But, if he be my dear, my long-wisht brother,
Let us depart—extend the generous kindness
That thou hast shown the sister, to us both.
My father, by his wife's contrivance fell:
She, by her son. The last and only hope
Of Atreus' line on him alone reposes.
Let me with a pure heart and a pure hand
Return to cleanse and to atone our home.
Yes! Thou wilt keep thy word—thou didst declare
That, if return was e'er provided for me,
Thou wouldst not bar my flight: and now it is.
A king, like common men, does never grant
To gain a transient riddance from petition;
Nor promise what, he trusts, will never claim
Performance; for he feels his elevation
Most, when conferring joy upon the hoper.
THOAS. Unwillingly, as fire against water

That hissing seeks to overcome its foe,
My anger strives against thy words.
IPHIG. Let mercy,
Like to the holy flame of sacrifice,
O'erhover the rude combat of thy breast;
That I may crown the still and lambent glory
With songs of praise and gratitude and joy.
THOAS. How often has this voice assuag'd my soul.
IPHIG. Extend to me thy hand in sign of peace.
THOAS. Methinks 't is somewhat soon to ask so much.
IPHIG. Why should beneficence demand reflection?
THOAS. Because good oft draws evil after it.
IPHIG. And hesitation oft turns good to evil.
Do not deliberate—indulge thy feelings.

IPHIGENEIA, THOAS, *and* ORESTES.

OREST. *arm'd, addressing his followers.* Redouble your exertion to repel them.
Few moments are sufficient. Let their croud
Not break your ranks: but keep the passage free
For me and for my sister to the ship.
[*To Iphigeneia, without perceiving Thoas.*
Come, we have been betray'd. Our time is precious.
Away directly. [*He perceives the King.*
THOAS. *laying his hand on his sword.* In my presence none
Lifts with impunity a naked sword.
IPHIG. Do not profane these shades with violence
And murder. Bid your people to forbear
And hearken to the priestess and the sister.
OREST. Who is this man that threaten'd us?
IPHIG. Respect
In him the king, that was my second father.
Forgive me, brother, that my childish heart
Has put our fate entirely in his hands.
I have acknowledg'd to him your intentions,
And sav'd my soul from conscious treachery.
OREST. And will he peaceably permit our going?
IPHIG. Thy naked sword prohibits a reply.
OREST. Speak then. Thou seest I listen to thy words.

[*Orestes sheathes his weapon. Noise of strife without. Pylades enters; and soon after him Arkas, both with drawn swords.*

IPHIGENEIA, THOAS, ORESTES, PYLADES, *and* ARKAS.

PYLA. Make haste, our people summon their last efforts;
But numbers press them slowly toward the sea.
How! do I find assembled princes here?
This is the honour'd person of the king.

ARKAS. Calmly, but as becomes thee, mighty prince,
Thou standest among foes: but soon their rashness
Will meet due chastisement. The crew are flying;
And next their ship is ours. At thy command
It sinks in flame.

THOAS. Hie thee back
And stay our soldiers. Let the foe be spar'd
'Till we have finisht speaking. [*Arkas goes.*

OREST. I consent.
Go, my dear Pylades, collect the friends
Who yet are left us, and await in calmness
The end decreed our enterprize by heaven. [*Pylades goes.*

IPHIG. Remove my cares ere ye begin to speak.
I fear sad strife, if thou be not dispos'd
To hearken, prince, to equity and reason:
If thou, my brother, be not also willing
To damp the sallies of thy warmer youth.

THOAS. I, as becomes the elder, bind my anger.
Now answer me, how dost thou prove thyself
The son of Agamemnon?

OREST. Here 's the sword
With which he slew the valiant men of Troy—
I took it from his murderer, and besought
The gods to grant the courage, arm, and fortune
Of that great king, and a more glorious death.
Choose one among the nobles of thine army,[6]

6 Strabo says of the dispute concerning the possession of Eleia, which was settled by single combat, that it was determined κατὰ ἔθος τι παλαιὸν τῶν Ἑλλήνων, b. 8. p. 357. so that this defial is not a Gothic and misplaced idea, as a foreign critic would insinuate.

And place the best of them against me here.
Far as the endless earth produces heroes
This prayer to no stranger is denied.
THOAS. Our ancient customs have preserv'd no trace
Of such a privilege.
OREST. From thee and me
Then let this novel usage take its date:
An imitating people soon shall hallow
Their sovereign's noble actions into law.
Nor let me only for our own deliverance;
But let a stranger for all strangers fight.
If I should fall—their fate be spoke by mine.
If I should conquer—let no stranger step
Upon this shore, on whom the kindling eye
Of welcome beams not, and let none depart
Uncomforted, unsatisfy'd, unaided.
THOAS. Young man, thou dost not seem to me unworthy
Of those from whom thou claimest thy descent.
Great is the number of the brave and noble
That wait on me; but even at my age
I have not learnt in war to play the sluggard.
Myself will try with thee the lot of arms.
IPHIG. No, no. Such bloody proofs, O king, are needless.
Unhand your swords. Think what have I at stake.
Rash combat oft eternizes a man:
If he should fall, the song of praise is his;
But ah! the tears, the never-ending tears
Of the abandon'd, the surviving woman
Posterity ne'er reckons, and the poet
Names not the thousand days and nights of weeping
Wherein her anguisht soul with fruitless groans
Calls on her hastily-departed friend.—
I had my terrors least a pirate's art
Was drawing me from this secure asylum
To sell me into bondage, and my questions
Explor'd each circumstance, required tokens,
And now my heart is fully satisfy'd.
See here upon his right-hand is the mark
As of three stars of blood, which, on the day

That he was born, the priest explain'd to mean
Some bloody deed to which the gods reserv'd him.
Then on his brow thou seest this crooked scar [7]—
Electra, in her hasty headlong way,
Dropp'd him, while yet an infant, from her arms,
He fell against a tripos—O 't is he!
Shall I yet add his likeness to his father—
And the warm transports of my inmost heart,
To the abundant proofs of certainty?

THOAS. But had thy words remov'd my ev'ry doubt,
And had I tam'd the anger of my breast,
Yet must we fight. I see no chance of peace.
Thou hast thyself acknowledg'd that they come
To steel the holy image of the goddess,
And do ye think that I will see it calmly?—
The Greek is wont to turn his greedy eye
Upon the distant treasures of barbarians,
A golden fleece, or horses, or fair daughters;
But force and cunning have not always led them
In safety home with their ill-gotten wealth.

OREST. The statue will not be a cause of quarrel.
We now perceive the error, which the god
Hung o'er our clouded eyes, while hitherward
He suffer'd us to bend our dangerous course.
When I besought his counsel and assistance
To banish the Eumenides, he answer'd:
"When thy pious hand from Tauris
The unwilling inmate brings
Of the ancient sanctuary,
And the sister of my care
To the Grecian shore conveys,
Then thy curse shall terminate."
We thought but of Apollo's sister then—
Thou wast the promise of the oracle.
Thy lasting bonds are broken now. Thou art
Once more, thou holy one, restor'd to us.

[7] Οὐλὴν παρὰ ὀφρῦν, ἣν ποτ' ἐν πατρὸς δόμοις
* * σοῦ μὲθ' ἡμάχθη πεσών. Eur. Elec.

Toucht by thy hand a healing virtue reach'd me:
And in thy arms for the last time my evil
Seiz'd me, and shook me to the soul, then fled,
As to its den a snake. I now injoy
Once more thro' thee the spreading light of day,
With awful admiration I contemplate
The councils of the goddess. Like an image
To which the gods unalterably bind
By hidden means the fate of mighty cities,
She took thee, the protectress of thy house,
Away, in holy solitude preserv'd thee
To be a future blessing to thy brother,
And all thy kindred. When for us no safety
On the wide earth seem'd left, thou giv'st us all.—

[*To Thoas.*

O monarch, let thy soul incline to peace;
Do not prevent her from accomplishing
The purifying of her father's palace:
Let her to an auspicious home restore me
And on my forehead place the ancient crown.—
Return the blessings that her coming brought thee.—
Let me injoy my earlier nearer right.
Cunning and force, the highest praise of man,
Fade in the rays of her superior mind:
Her truth, her pure affecting confidence
In Thoas' noble soul will be rewarded.

IPHIG. Think on thy promise: and let these few words
From a plain, honest tongue, produce their end.

[*Taking Orestes by the hand.*

Look on us—'t is not often thou wilt find
An opportunity for such a deed.
Thou never canst refuse us—grant it soon.

THOAS. Go then.

IPHIG. Not so, my king. With thy reluctance
Unblest and frown'd upon, I cannot go.
Banish us not; but let the friendly ties
Of hospitality unite us still:
So shall we not for ever be divided
And torn asunder. Thou art dear to me

As was my father, and the deep impression
For life remains engraven on my soul,
If but the least among thy people bring
His well-known accent back upon my ear,
I will receive him like a god, prepare
With my own hand the couch for his repose,
Invite him to a seat beside our hearth,
And question him about thy fate and thee.
O may the gods shower down upon thy head
The merited reward of all thy worth,
Thy goodness, and thy mercies! King, farewell.
O look upon us, and in answer give me
One parting salutation: so the wind
Shall swell our sails more gently, and the tear
Of separation, with less anguish burst
From these moist eyes. Farewell. Extend to me
In pledge of ancient friendship, thy right hand.
THOAS. *giving his hand.* Farewell.

Clavigo, a fine household tragedy, follows. The hero, a popular author at Madrid, has been made archivist to the king; this opens to him splendid prospects, and he endeavours to break off an old attachment for Marie de Beaumarchais, to whom he had promised marriage. Her brother is informed of the projected treachery, and comes from Paris, accompanied by a second, to demand reparation, or satisfaction. Clavigo, irresolute, partly from a remnant of affection, partly from cowardice, signs a paper acknowledging his fault, and applies to Marie de Beaumarchais for pardon. She concedes it, and the brother tears the extorted confession. A friend of Clavigo, Carlos, disapproves this reconciliation, and induces Clavigo once more to

desert. This breaks the heart of Marie de Beaumarchais, who was already consumptive, and she dies. The concluding act, in which Beaumarchais punishes the double treachery, deserves transcription.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Street before the House of Gilbert.—Night.

(The house is open. Before the door stand three men clad in black mantles, holding torches. Clavigo enters, wrapt in a cloak, his sword under his arm—A servant goes before him with a torch.)

Clavigo. I thought I told you to avoid this street.

Servant. We must have gone a great way round, Sir, and you are in such haste. It is not far hence, where Don Carlos is lodged.

Clavigo. Torches there!

Servant. A funeral. Come on, Sir.

Clavigo. Maria's abode! A funeral! A death-agony shudders through all my limbs. Go, ask, whom they are going to bury.

Servant, (to the men.) Whom are you going to bury?

The Men. Maria de Beaumarchais.

Clavigo, (sits down on a stone and covers himself in his cloak.)

Servant, (comes back.) They are going to bury Maria de Beaumarchais.

Clavigo, (springing up.) Traitor, must thou repeat it? Repeat that word of thunder, which strikes all the marrow out of my bones?

Servant. Peace, Sir! Come on, Sir. Consider the danger by which you are surrounded.

Clavigo. To hell with thee; reptile! I remain.

Servant. O Carlos! O that I could find thee!—Carlos!—he has lost his reason. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. CLAVIGO *at a distance—The mutes.*

Clavigo. Dead! Maria dead! Torches! her dismal attendants! It is a trick of enchantment, a night vision, which terrifies me; which holds up to me a picture, in which I may see anticipated the end of all my treacheries. But there is still time—Still!—I tremble—my heart melts with horror! No! no! thou shalt not die—I come, I come!—Vanish, ye spirits of the night, which with your horrible terrors set yourselves in my way—[*He goes up to them.*] Vanish!—They remain! Ha! they look round after me! Woe! Woe is me! They are men like myself.—It is true! true! —Canst thou comprehend it? She is dead—It seizes me amid all the horror of midnight—the feeling—that she is dead. There she lies, the flowers at her feet—and thou—O have mercy on me, God in heaven—I have murdered her! Hide yourselves, ye stars, look not down! You, who have so often beheld the villain, in feelings of the most heartfelt happiness leave this threshold; through this street float along in golden dreams with music and song, and enrapture his maiden listening at the secret casement and lingering in transport. And now I fill the house with wailing and sorrow—and this scene of my bliss with the funeral-song—Maria! Maria! take me with thee! take me with thee! [*A mournful music utters a few sounds from within.*] They are beginning the way to the grave.——Stop! Stop! Shut not the coffin—Let me see her yet once—[*He runs up to the house.*]—Ha! into whose presence am I rushing? whom to face amid their horrible

sorrows? Her friends! Her brother! Whose breast is panting with raging grief. [*The music goes a second time.*] She calls me! she calls me! I come!—What anguish is this which overwhelms me! What shuddering withholds me!

SCENE III.

(The music goes the third time, and continues. The torches move before the door; three others come out to them, who range themselves in order, to inclose the funeral procession, which now comes out of the house. Six bearers carry the bier, upon which lies the coffin, covered. Gilbert and Buenco follow next in deep mourning.)

Clavigo, (coming forward with majesty.) Halt!

Gilbert. What voice is that?

Clavigo. Halt! *(The bearers stop.)*

Buenco. Who dares to interrupt the solemn funeral?

Clavigo. Set it down! *(The bearers set it down.)*

Gilbert. Ha!

Buenco. Wretch! are thy deeds of shame not yet ended? Is thy victim not safe from thee in the coffin?

Clavigo. No more! make me not frantic. The miserable are dangerous—I must see her—*(He tears off the pall and the lid of the coffin. Maria is seen lying within it, clad in white, her hands clasped before her—Clavigo steps back, and covers his face.)*

Buenco. Wilt thou awake her, to murder her again?

Clavigo. Poor mocker!—Maria! *(He falls down before the coffin.)*——

SCENE IV. BEAUMARCHAIS *comes up the Street. The former.*

Beaumarchais. Buenco has left me. They say she is dead. I must see her; spite of hell, I must see her.

Ha! torches! a funeral! *(He runs hastily up to it, gazes on the coffin, and falls down speechless. They raise him up; he is as if deprived of sense: Gilbert holds him.)*

Clavigo, (who is standing on the other side of the coffin.) Maria! Maria!

Beaumarchais, (springing up.) That is his voice. Who calls Maria? At the sound of that voice what burning rage starts into my veins!

Clavigo. It is I.

Beaumarchais, (Staring wildly around and grasping his sword. Gilbert holds him.)

Clavigo. I fear not thy blazing eyes, nor the point of thy sword. Oh! look here, here, on these closed eyes, these clasped hands.

Beaumarchais. Dost *thou* show *me* that sight? *(He tears himself loose, runs upon Clavigo, who instantly draws—They fight—Beaumarchais pierces him through the breast.)*

Clavigo. I thank thee, brother—Thou marriest us. *(He falls upon the coffin.)*

Beaumarchais, (Tearing him away.) Hence from this saint, thou fiend!

Clavigo. Alas! *(The bearers raise up his body and support him.)*

Beaumarchais. His blood! Look up, Maria, look upon thy bridal ornaments, and then close thine eyes for ever. See! how I have consecrated thy place of rest with the blood of thy murderer—Charming! glorious!

SCENE V. SOPHIA *from the house. The former.*

Sophia. My brother? O my God!—what is the matter?

Beaumarchais. Draw nearer, my love, and see! I hoped to have strewn her bridal bed with roses; see the roses with which I adorn her on her way to heaven.

Sophia. We are lost!

Clavigo. Save yourself, inconsiderate young man! save yourself, ere the dawn of day. May God, who sent you for an avenger, conduct you! Sophia—forgive me. Brother, friends, forgive me.

Beaumarchais. How the sight of his gushing blood extinguishes all the burning vengeance within me! how with his departing life vanishes all my rage! *(Going up to him.)* Die, I forgive thee.

Clavigo. Your hand! and your's Sophia!—and your's! *(Buenco hesitates.)*

Sophia. Give it him, Buenco.

Clavigo. I thank you—You are still good as ever—I thank you. And thou, O spirit of my beloved, if thou still hoverest around this place, look down, see these heavenly kindnesses, bestow thy blessing, and do thou too forgive me. I come! I come!—Save yourself, my brother. Tell me, did she forgive me? How did she die?

Sophia. Her last word was thy unhappy name—She departed without taking leave of us.

Clavigo. I will follow her, and bear your farewells to her.

SCENE VI. CARLOS, *a Servant. The former.*

Carlos. Clavigo! murder!

Clavigo. Hear me, Carlos! Thou seest here the victim of thy prudence: and now, I conjure thee, for the sake of that blood, in which my life irrevocably flows away—save my brother.

Carlos. O my friend? *(to the servant)* are you standing there? Fly for a surgeon. [*Servant exit.*

Clavigo. It is in vain—Save, save my unhappy brother—Thy hand in assurance of it. They have forgiven me, and so I forgive thee. Accompany him to the frontiers, and ——oh!

Carlos, (Stamping with his feet.) Clavigo! Clavigo!

Clavigo, (Drawing nearer to the coffin, upon which they lay him down.) Maria!—Thy hand! *(He uncloses her hands, and grasps her right hand.)*

Sophia, (to Beaumarchais.) Hence, unhappy one, away!

Clavigo. I have her hand, her cold dead hand. Thou art mine. Yet this last bridegroom's kiss.

Sophia. He is dying. Save thyself, brother.

(Beaumarchais falls on Sophia's neck. She returns the embrace, and makes a sign for him to withdraw.)

The title of the next play, in German *Die Gechwister*, it would puzzle me to translate; perhaps *the Brother and Sister* would best represent the original meaning. Wilhelm, a middle-aged merchant, is living frugally with a sister fifteen years younger than himself; she is devotedly attached to her brother, and although his friend Fabricius makes her an offer of marriage, she prefers to remain single at home. Wilhelm now reveals to her that she is the daughter of a widow-lady with whom he formerly boarded, and who died leaving this infant child penniless. He had brought her up as a younger sister, but is himself insensibly become her lover; and after this discovery they agree to marry. The situations are interesting and delicately delineated.

Stella was translated into English in 1798, was reviewed with moral reprehension, and satirically carica-

tured by Mr. Canning in his *Antijacobin*. It is, however, as a work of art, one of Göthe's best plays, full of natural, new, pathetic and well-painted situations. The characters are various, distinct, and, notwithstanding their several faults, amiable.

Fernando, an officer, was separated by professional causes from Cecilia the wife of his youth, and has become acquainted with Stella, a female, whom he seduced, eloped with, and also deserted, in quest of his legal wife, by whom he has a daughter about fifteen.

Cecilia, reduced in her circumstances, comes to place this daughter, as a companion with Stella, who lives as a widow, in a genteel rural retreat, and asserts a high character for beneficence and propriety. The females are become attached to each other, when Fernando returns. Successive embarassments and recognitions give rise to interesting scenes. The solution is accomplished by both ladies agreeing to live together along with Fernando.

Kotzebue's *La Peyrouse* borrows from this play many analogous situations; but, by shifting the scene to the antipodes, offends less the conventional morality of Europe.

The *Triumph of Sensibility* is a strange dramatic caprice, which, if successful, must have owed its good fortune more to the decorations than the dialogue. A jealous monarch consults an oracle, receives an enigmatic answer, which is curiously fulfilled, and all his suspicion vanishes.

This drama contains a recitation of the beautiful monodrama of Proserpina, which, as the best part of the piece, may be inserted here.

PROSERPINA, A MONODRAMA.

[*The Scene represents a cavernous rocky wilderness; on one side a pomegranate-tree.*]

Stay, wretched maid, in vain thou rov'st across
This blasted wilderness: the fields of woe
Before thy footsteps spread their endless horror;
But what thou seek'st, alas! is far behind thee.

Forward nor upward dare I cast my eyes;
The swarthy caves of Tartarus conceal
Heaven's lovely face, in which with looks of fondness
I oft have sought my father's glad abode;
Daughter of Jupiter, how art thou fallen!

Ye nymphs, my lost companions, while together
We loiter'd in the flow'ry vales of Enna,
Or in the sky-clear stream of Alpheus plung'd,
Sprinkl'd each other in the evening ray,
Twin'd garlands for each other, but, in secret,
Thought on the youth for whom our hearts had meant them;
No midnight, then, had gloom to check our prattle;
No day was then too long to hear and tell
The tales of friendship. Not the sun himself
Started more gleeful from his silver bed,
Than we arose, alive to ev'ry joy,
To drench our rosy feet in morning dew.

But now, ye nymphs, in scatter'd solitude
Ye steal along the stream, pick up those flow'rs
Which I, the booty of a ravisher,
Dropt from my lap, stand gazing after me,
And moan about the spot that saw me vanish.

Yes! the swift steeds of Orkus bore me off;
And with firm arm, relentless Pluto held me!
Love! cruel Love! flew laughing to Olympus—
Art thou not satisfied with heaven and earth,

Ambitious boy? must thou have hell besides,
And with thy flames increase the flames below?
Snatch'd hither to this endless deep, and made
A queen—a queen? whom only shadows bow to.

Hopeless the woe, and hopeless is the bliss
Of the departed; and I may not change it.
Their awful doom shall never be repeal'd
By fate. And I among them rove along,
Queen, Goddess, but, like them, the slave of fate.

How I could like to stop for Tantalus
The fleeting wave, or satiate his dry lip
With the coy fruit: I pity the old man,
A victim of unsatisfy'd desire.
Fain would I seize Ixion's wheel to stay
His sufferings; but we, gods, are powerless
O'er the eternal torments. Then I wander
And look upon the busy Danaids
Alike uncomforting, uncomforted:
Still empty, empty still,
No drop of water reaches to their lips,
No drop of water loiters in the sieve:
Still, empty still, and so art thou
My heart; and whence shalt thou be fill'd? and how?

Glide on, ye chosen shades, glide calmly by me,
My steps are not with yours. In your light dances
In your deep groves, your whispering dwelling-place,
I hear not, as on earth, the stir of life.
Nor do ye know the agony of bliss
That waits on sudden change from woe to joy?

Joy—can it settle on his gloomy brow,
Or in the hollow of his eye, whom I
Must, tho' I loath the title, call my husband?
Love, wherefore didst thou for a moment open
A heart to me that soon should close for ever?

Why chose he not some one of my companions
To place beside him on the doleful throne,

And not thy daughter, Ceres?——Mother, mother,
How little all thy godhead now avails thee,
That thou hast lost thy daughter; whom thy love
Imagin'd in security to sport
And trifle the bright hours of youth away!
Ere this thou hast been there to seek for me,
And ask my little wants, if I would have
Some golden sandals, or a purfled robe;
And thou hast seen my nymphs, chain'd to the mead,
Where late they lost me, but have found no more—
There with torn locks my darling maidens mourn.
"Whither," thou askest, "whither is she fled?
Which is the road the daring ruffian took?
Shall he unpunish'd stain the race of Jove?
Say, whither sped his coursers? Bring me torches!
I'll seek him thro' the night, nor spare a step
That may explore his haunt." The wakeful dragons,
Wont to all paths, are fasten'd to thy car,
And roll about their eyes, and speed along
Thro' wilds untrodden and frequentless woods.
But hither, hither to the deeps of night,
Where the immortals never care to tread,
Where under loads of horror groans thy daughter,
They do not come. Guide upwards, upwards, mother,
The lightning-swiftness of thy winged snakes
To Jove's abode: his all-discerning eye
Alone has seen thy daughter's deep retreat.

Father of gods and men, if still thou sit'st
Upon the golden seat to which thy hands,
When I was little, often mildly rais'd me,
And playful heav'd me toward the endless heavens,
That in my childish terror I have fear'd
To lose myself in air—if thou beest still
My kind fond father—oh!—not toward thy head,
Not toward the fire inwoven firmament's
Eternal blue, but hither, hither guide her,
That with her I may leave this prison-house—
That the dear rays of Phœbus may once more

Beam on my eye, and Luna once again
Smile from between her silver locks on me.
Thou hear'st me, my dear father; thou wilt lift me
Once more to light, wilt end my heavy woe,
And grant me to behold thy skies rejoicing.

Recover, my torn heart! Hope, hope can shed
The blush of dawn upon the tempest-cloud.
This ground now seems less rocky, and the moss
Less wither'd. Now such griesly gloom no more
Shrouds the black mountain-top; and here and there
I spy a flowret in the rocky clefts:
These faded leaves still live and linger here
That I may joy therein. Strange! that below
Should grow the fruit that in the earthly gardens
I lov'd to cull. *(She gathers a pomegranate.)*
Welcome, thou pleasant fruit!
Let me forget awhile where 't is I pluck thee,
Again believe myself, as heretofore,
Sporting away the smiling days of youth
With heavenly chearfulness, in blooming bowers,
For ever redolent of joy and transport.... *(She eats.)*
It banishes my languor, 't is delicious....

What breaks upon my fleeting happiness,
Thro' the warm bosom of my joy transfixing
The iron claws of hell! What was my crime
In tasting this? Why does the first of all
My pleasures here produce such torment? Why?—
Ye rocks, methinks, impend more horribly
To wall me round; ye clouds, to press me lower:
And from the womb of the abyss I hear
A louder howl of storms. These wide dominions
Seem to groan sullenly, "Thou now art ours."

THE PARCÆ, UNSEEN.

Yes! thou art ours; for so thy sire has doom'd.
Fasting thou wast to have return'd; but now
The apple makes thee ours. All hail, our queen!

PROSERPINA.

Hast thou decreed it, father? Wherefore? wherefore?
What had I done, that thou shouldst cast me from thee?
Why not recall me to thy shining throne?—
Wherefore the apple? Cursed be its fruit!—
Why, if so fatal, was it made so sweet?

THE PARCÆ.

Mourn not: thou now art ours. All hail, our queen!

PROSERPINA.

That Tartarus were not your dwelling-place,
So could I wish you thither! That Cocytus
Were not your bath! then I had flames to plague you.
I, I your queen, and cannot work you woe.
My link to you be then eternal hate.
Draw still, ye Danaids! still spin on, ye Fates! rage on, ye Furies!
Unchang'd, eternal be your misery.
I rule you, and am only more unblest.

THE PARCÆ.

To thee we bow. Hail, mighty queen, our queen!

PROSERPINA.

Away! away! I curse your whole allegiance.
Oh! how I hate you! and how ten times more
I loath thee—ah! methinks I feel already
Thy dire embraces—Wherefore stretch to me
Those hated arms? Go, plunge them in Avernus!
Call up the horrors of a Stygian night,
And they will meet thy call; but not my love.
My husband and aversion, Pluto, Pluto,
Give me a fate like that of all thy damned;
Call it not love, but cast me with those arms
Into destroying torments.

THE PARCÆ.

Hail, our queen!
Thou now art ours for ever, mighty queen.

The *Birds* is an abridgement, or modernization, of the comedy of *Aristophanes* so entitled. To Evelpis and Pistheterus are substituted two modern quacks, who flatter the birds, advise the construction and fortification of Nephelococcygia, and place themselves commodiously at the expense of the aerial commonwealth. Although the personal allusions are suppressed, and the whole play shortened; yet it gives an instructive and lively idea of the exterior of the greek comedy. It was performed at Weimar, and politely received.

Egmont is one of the best historic tragedies of the German theatre, and only inferior to the Wallenstein of Schiller, which it preceded. The Prince of Orange, and Egmont, are allied in contending for the liberties of Flanders; and although they do not avowedly patronize the innovations of the protestant reformers, they avail themselves of the cooperation of that party to resist the Spanish encroachments. Margaret of Parma is governess, or regentess, of the Netherlands, and has for her secretary the afterwards celebrated Macchiavel, who favours a lenient and tolerant system. On a sudden Margaret is superseded by the Duke of Alba, who determines on enforcing unconditional submission. He invites the leading nobility of Flanders to hear his commission read. The Prince of Orange absents himself, and has withdrawn to his hereditary estates. Egmont attends, and advocates courageously the ancient constitution of the country. Meanwhile Alba has laid his plan; he seizes, tries, and executes Egmont.

There is little, however, in the character and situation of Egmont to render the execution very critical and pathetic: and the whole event passes with more of the coldness of historic than of the warmth of dra-

matic narrative: the episodical love of Egmont for Clara occasions indeed an attempt at rescue, but excites little sympathy and no hope.

Göthe is fond of bringing literary celebrity on the stage: a characteristic scene is that which begins the third act between the Regentess and Macchiavel.

SCENE.—The palace of the Regentess.

Margaret of Parma. I might have supposed it. When one lives in perpetual anxiety and toil, one thinks one has done every thing possible. And he who looks on, and gives orders for a distance, thinks he requires only the possible. O ye kings!—I could not have thought it would have vexed me so. It is so pleasant to rule—but to resign? I do not know how my father could; but I will also.

(Macchiavel appears in the back ground.)

Regentess. Come nearer, Macchiavel. I am thinking of my brother's letter.

Macchiavel. May I know what it contains?

Regentess. As much tender solicitude for me, as regard for the welfare of the state. He praises the steadiness, the industry, and the fidelity, with which I have hitherto watched over the rights of his majesty in these lands. He pities me that an unbridled people should give me so much to do. He is so perfectly convinced of the depth of my insight, and so extraordinarily satisfied with the prudence of my conduct, that I must almost say the letter is for a king too well written, and for a brother certainly.

Macchiavel. It is not the first time he has testified to you his just satisfaction.

Regentess. But the first time it is mere oratorical figure.

Macchiavel. I do not understand you.

Regentess. You will. For, after this delicious introduction, he is of opinion that, without men, without a little army, I shall cut but a poor figure. We did wrong, he says, to withdraw the soldiers from the provinces at the complaint of the inhabitants. A garrison, he thinks, which weighs a little on the shoulders of the citizens, would prevent them by its heaviness from making bold strides.

Macchiavel. He would irritate the minds of many.

Regentess. The king thinks, do you hear? thinks that an able general, who listens to no reasons, would soon put to rights the nobility, the citizenry, and the peasantry, and is therefore about to send with a strong army—the duke of Alba.

Macchiavel. Alba?

Regentess. You wonder?

Macchiavel. You say—is about to send—he asks no doubt whether he should send.

Regentess. The king asks not; he is sending.

Macchiavel. You will have an experienced warrior in your service.

Regentess. In my service?—Speak out Macchiavel.

Macchiavel. I would not anticipate you.

Regentess. And I would fain disguise myself. It is vexatious, mortifying to me. I would rather my brother spoke as he thinks, than that he sent me formal epistles drawn up by a secretary of state.

Macchiavel. Do they not perceive—

Regentess. I know them within and without. They would gladly have it swept clean; but, because they can't reach, they trust every one who comes with a broom in his hand. O, it seems to me as if I saw the king and his council work'd on this tapestry.

Macchiavel. So lively.

Regentess. No feature is wanting. There are good men among them. The honourable Roderic, who is so experienced and moderate, does not aim too high, nor let any thing down too low; the upright Alonzo, the industrious Freneda, the firm Las Vargas, and some others who attend when the good party has a chance. But there sits the hollow-eyed Toledan with his brazen front, and his fiery piercing eye, mutters between his teeth something about feminine softness, ill-timed concession, and that woman can ride broken horses, but are bad stable-keepers, and other such jokes as I have heard to satiety from political gentlemen.

Macchiavel. You give good colouring to your picture.

Regentess. Own this Macchiavel; that in all my shading there is no color so biliously brown, so gally, as Alba's complexion, or the color he paints with. Every one is in his eye a blasphemer, a treason-monger. For, under this section, every one may be racked, impaled, quartered, and burnt alive. The good, I have done here, looks at a distance like nothing, because it is good. He dwells on every caprice that is past, on every riot that is quieted, and brings before the king's eyes so much mutiny, uproar, and disaffection, that it is imagined we are eating one another, when in fact it is time to forget the explosions of a few hasty fanatics. Thus he contracts a cordial hatred for the poor people; they appear to him no better than beasts and monsters, and he looks round for fire and sword, as if men could so be governed.

Macchiavel. You seem to me too vehement; and to take up the matter too strongly: you remain Regentess.

Regentess. I know that. He will bring his instruc-

tions. I am old enough in state-affairs to know, how people are pushed out without taking away their office. —He will bring an instruction somewhat indefinite and equivocal. He will act to the utmost because he has the power. When I complain he will hint at a private instruction; if I ask him to exhibit it, he will produce a paper about something else; and, if this does not make me easy, he will still go on his own way. Thus what I fear will be done, and what I wish set aside.

Macchiavel. I wish I could contradict you.

Regentess. What I have quieted with unspeakable patience, he will stir up again by his hardness and cruelty: and I shall see my work destroy'd before my eyes, and have to bear the blame of his guilt.

Macchiavel. Does your highness expect that?

Regentess. Thus much power I have over myself as to keep still. Let him come, I will make room for him in the best manner, before he pushes me aside.

Macchiavel. So important a step so suddenly.

Regentess. And more painful than you suspect. Who is wont to rule, and considers every day that the fate of thousands is in his hands, descends from the throne, as into the grave. But better thus, than to remain like a spectre among the living, and without real power to assert a place, which another has heir'd, possesses, and enjoys.

Claudina of Villa-bella is a pleasing opera, of which the recitative is in blank verse and the airs in rime: her father, the proprietor of an elegant palace and estate in Sicily, has also in his family Lucinda a niece. Pedro of Castel-vecchio, the younger son of the father's friend, is her accepted lover, and is staying at the house. In the neighbouring mountains, Rugantino, a

chief of banditti, is concealed with his followers: he has seen Lucinda, has inspired a reciprocal passion, and projects to carry her off. While Pedro is serenading his Claudina, Rugantino comes to seize Lucinda. Pedro defends her, is wounded in the right arm, and made prisoner by the banditti. He discovers in Rugantino his elder brother, Carlos of Castle-vecchio, who had left the family in a freak of youthful passion. Through the instrumentality of Pedro, a general reconciliation is effected; a pardon is obtained from the prince of Rocca-bruna; and the two pair of lovers are made happy. There is much movement and much poetry in the piece.

Erwin and Elmira is another melodrama, in which again two pair of lovers separate from jealousy, and are finally reunited.

Torquato Tasso passes for a play in great favor with the reading public of Germany: and no doubt it paints with a masterly pencil the pride, the mistrust, and the irritability which this great poet had in common with Rousseau. But the drama is without plot, many of the scenes are trifling and tedious; and the catastrophe amounts only to this, that after finishing his Jerusalem delivered, after presenting the manuscript to his patron Alphonso duke of Ferrara, after receiving a laurel crown from the hands of the princess Eleonora, the poet suddenly takes disgust, and sets off on a pilgrimage to Rome and Naples. All this is consistent with the biographical narratives, and depicted with truth of nature; but the interest taken in the hero on account of his celebrity, renders his misconduct an unwelcome subject of contemplation. The style of the dialogue is exquisitely elegant, and worthy of the accomplished persons brought on the stage.

Lila is another dramatic caprice nearly as absurd as the *Triumph of Sensibility*. The heroine, like Don Silvio of Rosalva, has read so many fairy tales, that she believes in elves, ogres, and magic, and fancies her husband in the power of hostile necromancy. A physician advises the family to fall in with her hallucination, and to personate the beings which people her fancy. They do so; and accomplish a cure. The ballets, the songs, the decorations, the masquerades, may have obtained success for a poem, less exceptionable perhaps in its conception than the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but less studded with beauties of detail.

Faustus, the next play in the collection, was composed in fragments, at long intervals, and each edition differs from the preceding: the prologue is newer than the body of the work, and the catastrophe is still wanting in my copy. Though not the best work of Göthe, it is the most singular, fantastic and impressive. The pious complain of its profaneness, the modest of its obscenity, the virtuous of its moral indifference, and the studious of its contemptuous satires on learning and acquirement: yet all allow that it has attraction and significance; that it displays a deep insight into the causes and motives of human conduct; and that, in the midst of its farcical marvels, it preserves a naturalness of delineation, which gives even to the impossible a certain impression of reality. Every one forbids it to be read, yet each in his turn reads it; and if one does not rise the better, one rises at least the wiser, from its perusal.

In Mr. Shelley's posthumous poems there is an excellent translation of the prologue, which is an imitation of the introduction to the book of Job. The devil, here called Mephistopheles, applies to Jehovah for

permission to tempt Faustus, obtains it, and returns to earth on the mission. He ultimately succeeds. In the course of the drama Faustus wishes to visit the Witches' sabbath, and the fiend takes him thither. This will be the most convenient portion to detach.

SCENES

FROM THE FAUSTUS OF GÖTHE.

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

SCENE—The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.

FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would you not like a broomstick? As for me
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from th' appointed place.

FAUSTUS.

This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.

But see, how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission,
I'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid :
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Hallo, my friend ! may I request that you
Would favour us with your bright company ?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose ?
Pray be so good as light us up this way.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature ;
Our course, you know, is generally zig-zag.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha, ha ! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go strait on, in the Devil's name,
Or I shall puff your flickering life out.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

Well,
I see you are the master of the house ;
I will accommodate myself to you.
Only consider, that to-night this mountain
Is all enchanted, and if Jack-a-lantern
Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him.

FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and* IGNIS-FATUUS, *in alternate Chorus.*

The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desart waste.

But see, how swift advance and shift,
Trees behind trees, row by row,—
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go.
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones,
Stream and streamlet hurry down
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Paradise on Earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above.
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which Echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

To whoo! to whoo! near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake as if 't were day?
See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the brake!
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hill side,
With strange contortions through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And, animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennæ,
To blister with their poison spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-coloured mice, that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troops each other's motions cross,
Through the heath and through the moss;

And, in legions intertangled,
The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!
Everything around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puffed up and multiplied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag.
One may observe with wonder from this point,
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

FAUSTUS.

Aye—
And strangely through the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
Of mountains, lightning hitherward: there rise
Pillars of smoke, here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colours spreading;
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensest splendour.
And near us, see, sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in, are kindled.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rare, in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
His palace for this festival—it is
A pleasure which you had not known before.
I spy the boisterous guests already.

FAUSTUS.

How
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.
Beware! for if with them thou warrest
In their fierce flight toward the wilderness,
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
A cloud thickens the night.
Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest!
The owls fly out in strange affright;
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shattered;
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
And ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crushed and scattered
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall;
And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
The airs hiss and howl—
It is not the voice of the fountain,
Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl—
Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear;
The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the Brocken the witches go;
The multitude here may be seen
Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
Sir Urian is sitting aloft in the air;
Hey over stock! and hey over stone!
'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done?
Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A VOICE.

Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were nine,
Old Baubo rideth alone.

CHORUS.

Honour her, to whom honour is due,
Old mother Baubo, honour to you!
An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour!
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night, and outspeeding the wind—

A VOICE.

Which way comest thou?

A VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein;
The owl was awake in the white moon-shine;
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad bright eye.

VOICES.

And you may now as well, take your course on to hell,
Since you ride by so fast, on the headlong blast.

A VOICE.

She dropt poison upon me as I past.
Here are the wounds——

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come away! come along!
The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?
Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom.
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
And the mother is clapping her hands.—

SEMI-CHORUS OF WIZARDS I.

We glide in
Like snails when the women are all away;
And from a house once given over to sin
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

SEMI-CHORUS II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
Where a man but a single spring will make.

VOICES ABOVE.

Come with us, come with us, from Felunsee.

VOICES BELOW.

With what joy would we fly, through the upper sky!
We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we;
But our toil and our pain, is for ever in vain.

BOTH CHORUSSES.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.
Come away!

VOICES BELOW.

Stay, oh, stay!

VOICES ABOVE.

Out of the crannies of the rocks,
Who calls?

VOICES BELOW.

Oh, let me join your flocks!
I, three hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt and mount to Heaven,—
And still in vain. Oh, might I be
With company akin to me!

BOTH CHORUSSES.

Some on a ram and some on a prong.
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along;
Forlorn is the wight, who can rise not to-night.

A HALF-WITCH BELOW.

I have been tripping this many an hour:
Are the others already so far before?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!
And less methinks is found by the road.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come onward away! aroint thee, aroint!
A witch to be strong must anoint—anoint—
Then every trough, will be boat enough;
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky,
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?

BOTH CHORUSSES.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground;
Witch-legions thicken around and around;
Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over.

[*They descend.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling;
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling;
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning,
As Heaven and Earth were overturning.
There is a true witch element about us,
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided:—
Where are you?

FAUSTUS *(from a distance.)*

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What
I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland! pray make way, good people.
Take hold on me, doctor, and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way: we shall slip down there in a minute.

FAUSTUS.

Spirit of Contradiction! Well, lead on—
'T were a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humours of the time.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See yonder, round a many-coloured flame
A merry club is huddled altogether:
Even with such little people as sit there
One would not be alone.

FAUSTUS.

Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the evil ones; there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.

'T is an old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments—one must
Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I'll lead you
Among them; and what there you do and see,
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.
How say you now? this space is wide enough—
Look forth, you cannot see the end of it—
An hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable:
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
What is there better in the world than this?

FAUSTUS.

In introducing us, do you assume
The character of wizard or of devil?

A scene in which there is less wildness of fancy, but more meaning and allegory, is that in which Margaret, after having been seduced by Faustus, enters the cathedral: it has furnished some hints to Sir Walter Scott in his *Lay of the last Minstrel.*

SCENE.—A cathedral in which high mass is chaunting, accompanied by the organ. Margaret is standing amid the croud; an Evil Spirit behind her.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How different was it with you, Margaret, once,
While full of innocence and cheerfulness
You could approach the altar, and would mutter
Out of your prayer-book the response—your heart
Half full of childish sports, half full of God.
Where centre now your thoughts? And in your heart

What a misdeed lies gnawing. Are you praying
For your poor mother's spirit, who through you
Passed unanointed from a sleep of drugs
Into her long, long suffering. 'Neath your bosom
Don't you feel something stirring, at whose presence
Both you and it may quake with apprehension.

MARGARET.

Woe woe is on me. Could I but be free
From thoughts that come to me against my will.

THE CHOIR.

Dies iræ dies illa
Solvet Sæclum in favilla.

EVIL SPIRIT.

Wrath waits thee, seizes thee. The trumpet sounds,
All the graves tremble, and thy conscious heart
Shudders to pass from rest in mould and ashes
Into the flames of torment.

MARGARET.

Were I hence!
It is as if the organ choak'd my breath,
As if the chaunt smote heavy on my breast.

THE CHOIR.

Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet adparebit
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

I feel imprison'd. The thick pillars gird me.
The vaults lour over me. Air, air, I faint.

EVIL SPIRIT.

Where wilt thou lie conceal'd? for sin and shame
Remain not hidden—woe is coming down.

THE CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL SPIRIT.

From thee the glorified avert their view,
The pure forbear to offer thee a hand.

THE CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

MARGARET.

Neighbour, your dram-bottle.

Jerry and Betsy is a Swiss eclogue agreeably wrought up into a melodrame. Betsy, the only daughter of a Swiss peasant, has inherited a cottage and some meadows, which render her an important match in the eyes of the young men of the village. She carries herself highly, and has almost quenched the hopes of her admirer Jerry. Some Italian drovers, who have purchased lean cattle in the neighbourhood to sell among the farmers in Lombardy, quarter their stock without ceremony in her meadows, and devour much grass. Betsy asks in vain for redress; but Jerry collects a troop of peasants, expels the intruders, and procures indemnity for the spoliation. This convinces Betsy of her unprotected state, and she accepts his hand.

Sport, Cunning, and Revenge is an *opera buffa*, or comic melodrame in rime. The village-doctor has intercepted a legacy, originally intended for Scapin, by inducing an old female patient to make a codicil to her will in his own favor. Scapin plans revenge. He af-

fects to have no appetite, and lets himself at low wages to the avaritious doctor. The wife of Scapin comes to consult the physician, who makes up a prescription, which she swallows. While the master's back is turned, Scapin changes the medicine-drawer for one labelled arsenick, and the doctor is led to believe that he has by mistake administered poison. Mrs. Scapin plays the poisoned woman, and affects to die in the house. Scapin offers for a sum of money to get rid of the corpse, so thus they recover the legacy. The situations are much in the spirit of Italian comedy, and, what with the bustle, the drollery, and the music, the play was adapted to succeed.

The next and eighth volume contains miscellaneous poems, of which a few are subjoined.

THE SEA-MARK.

I.

Dark on the ancient turret stands
A hero-shade on high;
Who, as the vessels sail beneath,
Thus bids them oft good bye:

II.

"These sinews once were strong and bold,
My swelling heart was up;
And there was marrow in my bone,
And liquor in my cup.

III.

"And half my life I chose the storm,
And half in ease so dwell;
And you, blythe ship, and ye, blythe crew,
Be glad to do as well."

THE MERMAID.

The waters rush'd, the waters swoll,
Whereby a fisher sat,
Who eyed and eyed his angling rod,
His heart went pit-a-pat.

And while he sat, and while he look'd,
The heaving floods unclose,
And rustling thro' the cloven wave
A mermaid fair arose.

She said to him, and sang to him:
"Why dost thou lure my brood
With human art and human wit
To leave their native flood?

"O could you see my tiny fish,
So calmly blest they glide,
You'd fling your human cares away,
And in my dwelling bide.

"Bathes not the sun in briny deeps,
Bathes not the milder moon?
And fairer beam their dewy locks,
As conscious of the boon.

"Hast never felt the sky allure,
So blue and deep and sheen;
Lures not thine image on the wave
While steep'd in dew serene?"

The waters rush'd, the waters swoll,
His naked feet they wat;
As beckon'd him the maid he lov'd,
His heart went pit-a-pat.

She spake to him, she sang to him,
His doom was rooted then:
She drew him half, he threw him half,
And was not seen again.

THE KING OF THE DEUSES.

According to the Edda, the Deuses were divided into Deuses of Fire (Muspelthurs) and Deuses of Frost (Hrimthurs.) Those frozen to death were supposed to have been seized by the latter class of Evil Spirits. A remnant of this superstition appears to have suggested the following Ballad.

What journeys so late thro' the night and the blast?
A father who carries his child.
Close, close to his bosom he presses it fast;
For chill is the frost on the wild.

" My darling, why hidest so fearful thine eyes?"
' The king of the Deuses is there:
I know by his crownet, his tail, and his size,'
" Child, 't is but a mist in the air."

" My pretty, come with me, my garden is gay
All winter in spite of the cold:
Nice games my blythe sister shall teach thee to play,
And dress thee in coatings of gold."

' Hear, father, dost think that I really shall find
' The fine things I am promis'd to see?'
" Be quiet, my darling, 't is only the wind,
That blows the dead leaves o'er the lea."

" Sweet boy, wilt thou with me? my daughters shall bring
Fresh sweetmeats from morning till night,
And dandle and dance thee, and prattle and sing,
And rock thy new cradle till light."

' Look, father, and seest thou not dim on the wold,
His daughters, who lurk by the way!'
" My darling, thy phantoms full well I behold,
Those are the old willows so gray."

" I love thee, I fancy thy delicate shape,
And willing or nilling thou'lt come—"
' My father, his talons I cannot escape—
The Deuse bears me off to his home.'

Then quak'd the poor father, and durst not look back,
And hurried and worried his horse,
In the dead of the night at his home to alight,
When lo! the sweet child was a corse.

An ode to a river, ill-entitled the *Song of Mahomet*, is inferior perhaps to Stolberg's ode to a mountain-torrent, (see vol. ii, p. 88,) but may deserve transcription for the sake of comparison.

See where the rocky spring, clear, bright, as joy,
Bursts from amid the bush-encircled cliffs;
Like to a glittering star
Between the streaks of cloud.
Fresh as a youth, he hastens from his bed,
And dances gladly on the marble floor,
And backward springs with glee
To catch the eye of heaven.
Through steep and winding ways he spurns along
The motley pebbles of the mountain-top,
And with a leader's voice
Calls to his brother-brooks.
Beneath his footstep, in the valley spring,
The fairest flowers of fragrance and of day,
And at his breezy breath
The verdant meadow lives.
But him not long detains the shadowy vale,
Not long the flowrets that begird his knee,
With snaky course he seeks
The evener plain below.
The social brooks have join'd his spreading way;
And now, in silver clad, he treads the plain.
Floods of the plain behold,
And to their brother shout:
O take thy brethren with thee to the deep,
To our old father, the eternal sea,
Who with spread arms awaits
His children's hop'd return,

But oft in vain: us in the desert drinks
The greedy sand, us may the sun devour,
Perchance a thwarting hill
Shall hem us in a lake.
Take then thy brethren of the mountains, take
Also thy brethren of the plain along,
And let us jointly go
To be our father's guest.
Ye all are coming——in his pride he rolls
Mightier, and gives to regions fame and name;
Beside him cities climb
To kiss his welcome foot.
Impetuous now he rushes wider on,
And leaves the marble palaces behind,
Reflecting from his breast
The turret's crest of flame.
Borne on his giant-shoulders safely glide
The cedar-houses of his merchant kings;
And flags and sails adorn
And testify his force.
And thus he bears his many brethren on,
And many children born upon his banks,
To be his father's guest
In the eternal sea.

EPIGRAM.

Why blame the faithless woman's plan?
She 'is angling for a constant man.

The following idyl is beautiful and natural.

THE WANDERER.

WANDERER.

God bless you, woman, and the sucking child
Upon your bosom! Here I 'll sit awhile
Against the rock; and at the elm-tree's foot
Lay down the burden that has wearied me.

WOMAN.

What business brings you up these sandy paths
During the heat of day? Have you brought toys,
Or other ware, from town to sell i' th' country?
You seem to smile, good stranger, at my question.

WANDERER.

I bring no city-wares about for sale.
The evening's very sultry. I 'm athirst.
Show me, good woman, where you draw your water.

WOMAN.

Here, up these steps of rock, athwart the thicket.
Do you go first: you 'll soon be at the hut
That I inhabit. We 've a spring hard by it.

WANDERER.

Traces of man's arranging hand are these!
Thine—'t was not, liberal Nature, to unite
These blocks of marble thus—

WOMAN.

A little further——

WANDERER.

A mossy architrave! Almighty Genius!
E'en upon stone canst thou imprint thy seal.

WOMAN.

A little higher yet—

WANDERER.

On an inscription
I 've set a daring foot! TO VENUS AND—
Ye are effac'd, are wander'd hence, companions,
Who should have witness'd to posterity
Your master's warm devotion.

WOMAN.

Do these stones

Surprize you, stranger? Yonder, by my hut,
Are many more such stones.

WANDERER.

Where, show me where?

WOMAN.

There, to the left-hand, as you quit the coppice.
See—here they are.

WANDERER.

Ye Muses and ye Graces!

WOMAN.

This is my hut.

WANDERER.

The ruins of a temple!

WOMAN.

The spring beside it furnishes our water.

WANDERER.

Thou hover'st, ever-glowing, o'er thy grave,
Immortal Genius—while thy masterpiece
Crumbles upon thee.

WOMAN.

Stay, I 'll fetch a cup.

WANDERER.

Your slender forms divine the ivy girds,
Ye twin-born columns, who still lift on high
A sculptur'd front amid surrounding ruin:
And, like thy sisters, thou too, lonely shaft,
Veiling with dusky moss thy sacred head,
Look'st down in mournful majesty upon
The broken fall'n companions at thy feet;
They lie with rubbish soil'd, by briars shaded,
The tall grass waving o'er their prostrate forms:
O Nature! canst thou thus appretiate

Thy masterpiece's masterpiece? destroy,
And sow with thistles thine own sanctuary?

WOMAN.

My boy is fast asleep. Hold him a minute,
And wait beneath the poplar's cooling shade
While I fetch water. Slumber on, my darling.

WANDERER.

How soft his sleep whom heavenly health imbathes!
Blest infant—born amid antiquity's
Sacred remains—on thee her spirit rest!
Whom that environs, he in godlike bliss
Each hour enjoys. Unfold, thou swelling gem,
Under the mild beam of a vernal sun
Outshining all thy fellows; and, whene'er
The silken husk of blossoms falls, appear
A blooming fruit, and ripen to the summer.

WOMAN.

God bless him, does he sleep? I have but this,
A homely crust to offer you to eat
With the cool draught I bring.

WANDERER.

I thank you much.
How green and lively look the plants about us!

WOMAN.

Ere long my husband will return from labor,
Stay and partake with us our evening loaf.

WANDERER.

'T is here you dwell?

WOMAN.

Yes, in these very walls,
My father built our cottage up himself,
Of tiles and stones he found among the ruins;

Here we all dwelt. He gave me to a ploughman,
And died within our arms. Hope of my life,
My darling, see how playful 't is; he smiles.

WANDERER.

All bounteous Nature, ever teeming mother,
Thou hast created all unto enjoyment;
Like a good parent furnish'd all thy children
With one inheritance—a hut, a home.
High on the architrave the swallow builds,
Unconscious of the beauties she beclays;
The golden bud with webs the grub surrounds,
To form a winter-dwelling for her offspring:
And thou, O man, between antiquity's
Sublimest remnants, patchest up a cot—
Art happy among tombs. Farewell, kind woman.

WOMAN.

You will not stay?

WANDERER.

God bless you and your child!

WOMAN.

Good journey to you.

WANDERER.

Whither leads the road
Across yon mountain?

WOMAN.

That 's the way to Cuma.

WANDERER.

How far may 't be?

WOMAN.

About three miles.

WANDERER.

Farewell!

Nature, be thou conductress of my way,
Guide the unusual path that I have chosen
Among the hallow'd graves of mighty dead,
And mouldering monuments of ages gone;
Then to a home direct thy wanderer's step,
To some asylum, from the north wind safe,
And with a platane grove to shade the noon,
Where, when his evening steps the hut revisit,
A wife like this may clasp him in her arms,
The nursling smiling at her happy breast.

Some comic rimed dialogues for puppet-shows are interspersed in the volume, of which the best describes a German village-fair with great vivacity, and includes a sacred drama on the story of Haman and Mordecai.

The ninth volume exactly contains *Herman and Dorothea*, a bucolic epopeia in German hexameters, which enjoys a truly national popularity, and deserves it by the natural and faithful description of the manners of the country, and by the simple yet interesting tenor of the love-story it relates. The French have invaded the left bank of the Rhine: the inhabitants of a large village, which has fallen into the power of the enemy, have determined to emigrate in a mass, and to seek on the right bank of the Rhine a new place of abode. The wulsa (to borrow an Hindostanee term) of fugitives have crossed the Rhine, and are passing near the place, where Herman, the son of an innkeeper, resides with his father and mother. They have heard of the distress of the emigrants, and pack up linen, old clothes, wine and provisions, which they send Herman, in his Landau, to distribute among the necessitous. He overtakes the march, finds Dorothea, a fine girl of good heart, attentive to a sick female relation, and confides to her disposal his bundles of necessaries. She makes an

impression on him, and he returns home to ask leave to woo her. A preacher and an apothecary are sent with him to enquire concerning the young woman. Their information is satisfactory, and they return home in the carriage with the news. Meanwhile Herman induces Dorothea to accompany him back on foot, with the mere expectation of being engaged as maid-servant by his father and mother. All objections are progressively silenced, and she is received as his bride.

The beginning of the second canto may serve as a specimen: the whole poem was translated into blank verse in 1805, by Mr. Holcroft, but was not much relished by our critics.

Soon as the well-made son had reenter'd the tavern, the preacher
Look'd at him sharply, examining mien and behaviour acutely,
With the inquisitive eye of a person accustom'd to judgement,
Smil'd then, and thus address'd him in words of friendliest accent:
Herman, an alter'd man you return; for I never beheld you
Half so cheerful, such fire in your looks, such inward contentment:
Gifts you have scatter'd, and now you are reaping a harvest of blessings.
Calmly then Herman replied, but in words of a serious import:
Whether I acted aright, Sir, I know not; I follow'd an impulse
Such as my own heart gave me, as I shall proceed to inform you.
Mother, you linger'd so long in sorting and folding the old things
'T was too late that the bundles were ready, but all had been pack'd up
Carefully, hams, and the wine, and the beer, and the bacon.
When I had past through the gates of the city, and quitted the pavement,
All the attroopment of citizens, horsemen, women, and children
Met me. Already the march of the fugitives was where the roads meet.
Then I quicken'd the pace of my horses, and made for the village,
Where, as I heard, they would take some repose, and be station'd the dark night.
Soon I attain'd to the cause-way, and saw, slow moving, a waggon,
Drawn by a couple of oxen, the finest and stoutest of cattle,
Guided with skill by a tall girl, who with a staff in her right hand
Urged them or kept them behind. I stopt, and she came to me calmly
Saying: Not always have sorrows and trouble been ours as at present,
We 'ure unaccustom'd to ask of the passing stranger assistance,
Need has compell'd me to speak. See there in the straw lies a woman,
Wife to our opulent owner, and suddenly taken in labor.
We have been waiting to tend her, precarious still is her living,
Naked the new-born child lies yet in her arms, and but little
Have we to offer our patient, but little have others to spare us,

Should we e'en reach them to night in the village they mean to repose at.
If you are one of the neighbourhood, come to give help to the needy,
Have you perchance some linen, it would indeed be of service.
So had she spoken, when slowly and faint look'd up from her straw-bed,
Pallid, the lying-in woman—and thus I replied to the prayer:
Surely a spirit from heav'n puts into the mind of the good man
How he should feel for the woes that may press on his suffering brother;
See how my mother, foreseeing the wants I might find on the journey,
Has given me bundles of linen to scatter in alms for the needy.
Quickly I loosen'd the knot of the parcel, and gave her the bed-gown
Worn by my father, the shirts and the linen. And joyful she took them,
Thank'd me and feelingly said: The happy one knows not
What kind wonders of mercy still happen; for only the suff'rer
Sees God's finger and hand conducting the good to compassion:
What you are doing for us, O may he in his mercy requite you.
Then I beheld the sick lady feel over the chintz of the bed-gown
And the soft flannel within, and a smile of contentment came on her.
Now, said the girl, haste we to be into the village before dark,
Where our townsmen are resting, and mean to be lodged for the whole night,
There I'll make up the things for the child, while the people are sleeping.
Greeting me thankfully then she soon drove forwards the oxen.
I stood still for a while, indecisive whether to drive now
Into the village, and there to disperse among others the victuals,
Or whether to give them too to the girl to distribute them wisely.
And in my heart I decided, and gently went after her saying:
Thou good creature, my mother has given me linen not only,
Also some victuals and drinks, that are still in the boot of the carriage,
Now I am greatly inclin'd these also be put in your keeping,
You will discretely distribute what I can but squander as chance wills.
Thereto the maiden replied: Most faithfully will I bestow them;
Out of the gifts you intrust shall the neediest joy in your goodness.
So spake she. I open'd at once then the chest of the carriage,
Gave the hams and the loaves, the bottles of wine and the beer-tub;
Gladly I'd given her more, but behold now my pantry was empty.
She pack'd these all up at the feet of the lady in child-bed;
I came back with my horses to join you again in the city.

In the year 1786 the self-created count of Cagliostro, the countess de la Motte, and the cardinal de Rohan were committed to the Bastille on a charge of having abused the name of the queen of France, to obtain from the court-jewellers a diamond-necklace of great value, which they gave themselves out as authorized to purchase. As some of the persons implicated were of noble family, and even Cagliostro was powerfully

protected, the investigation was conducted with great gentleness, and the parties removed rather than banished. This story Göthe has transplanted to a little court in Germany, and dramatized with much fidelity to the original anecdote, with truth of nature, and with pageantry of decoration, under the title of the *Great Cophta.* A mysterious initiation into that order of masonry, which Cagliostro founded, forms a conspicuous part of the spectacle; but the catastrophe, though poetically just, excites little interest, as the mortifications inflicted are all merited. The most dramatic scene closes the second act: in which the niece of the marchioness, apprehensive of Cagliostro's pretendedly supernatural powers, makes to her aunt the confession of an intrigue with the marquis; but it is hardly decorous enough for translation.

Some original information, which Göthe collected at Palermo, concerning the family of Joseph Balsamo, is appended to the piece. The volume also includes a lively description of the carnival at Rome, which has been Englished in the *Varieties of Literature.*

In the first volume of this work (p. 111) mention was made of an antient apologue entitled *Renard the Fox;* this poem Göthe has modernized in German hexameters, and it exactly fills the second volume of the second lot of his collective works. The allusions are so local that an extract would afford little amusement here.

Four volumes are filled with a tedious planless novel, entitled *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship;* it describes the education of a young dramitist, who has attached himself to a band of strolling players. The character of a young Italian girl, named Mignon, excites some interest, and a song she introduces has been imitated

by Lord Byron, and has made the tour of Europe. Here it is.

SONG.

Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale;
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies;
Where myrtles spring, and prouder laurels rise?
Know'st thou the land? 't is there our footsteps tend:
And there, my faithful love, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the pile, the colonade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, "what ails thee, hapless maid," to say?
Know'st thou the land? 't is there our footsteps tend;
And there, my gentle guide, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day;
Where scarse the mule can trace his misty way;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood;
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?
Know'st thou the land? 't is there our course shall end!
There lies our way—ah, thither let us tend!

In general however this novel is written in a prose far inferior to that of *Werter's Sufferings*, in clearness, elegance, picturesque beauty or pathetic stimulation.

Elective Attractions, a shorter novel in one volume, displays greater knowledge of human nature, and includes some delicate situations; but this again is hardly worthy of the pen of Göthe, and announces some declension of his plastic power.

The seventh volume contains more miscellaneous poems of different dates, many of which have great merit: the exceptionable ones are perhaps the most characteristic. Some of them must be extracted.

THE MINSTREL.

"What melting strains salute my ear,
Without the portal's bound?
Page, call the bard;—the song we 'll hear,
Beneath this roof resound."
So spake the king; the stripling hies;
He quick returns;—the monarch cries,
"Old man, be welcome here!"

"Hail, mighty chiefs of high renown;
Hail, beauteous, matchless dames,
Whose smiles the genial banquet crown,
Whose glance each breast inflames!
Ah, scene too bright! with downcast eyes,
In haste I check my fond surprize,
My rash presumption own!

With downcast looks, the song he rear'd;
The full-ton'd harp replied:
The knights grew fierce, their eye-balls glared;
Each tender fair one sigh'd.
The king applauds the thrilling strain,
And straight decrees a golden chain,
To deck the tuneful bard.

"Be far from me the golden chain;
Ill suits the proffer'd mead.
To some bold knight, 'mid yonder train,
Be then the gift decreed.
Or, let the upright chancellor,
The load, with other burdens, bear:
To me such gift were vain!

"As chants the bird on yonder bough,
So flows my artless lay;
And well the artless strains that flow,
The tuneful task repay.

Yet, dare I ask, this boon be mine;
A goblet fill with choicest wine,—
On me the draught bestow."

He lifts the cup and quaffs the wine:
"O nectar'd juice," he cries,
"O blest abode, where draughts divine,
Unvalued gifts ye prize!
Ah, thank your stars, with heart as true,
'Mid all your joys, as I thank you,
For this rich cup of wine!"

THE KING OF THULE.

There liv'd a King in Thule,
He lov'd with all his soul;
And she, he lov'd so truly,
Left him a golden bowl.—

He priz'd it past all measure,
He drain'd it at each meal;
His eyes wept o'er his treasure,
Whene'er he drank his fill.

He thought his last of breathing,
Told all his cities through;
All to his heir bequeathing,
But not the bowl, I trow.

In his castle, near the ocean.
He sat, his knights withal,
Their beards were all in motion,
At the banquet, in the hall.

There sat this dry old fellow,
Quaff'd Life's last warmth with glee;
And the sacred bowl, when mellow,
He cast into the sea.

He saw it sinking, shining,
Where waves around it roar—
His eyes thereo'er declining,
Drop never drank he more.

THE VAMPIRE-NUN,

OR,

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

I.

A youth from Athens was to Corinth come,
Hoping to find therein another home
With an old citizen, his father's friend.
The parents had been intimate when young,
And call'd their children, with prophetic tongue,
Bridegroom and bride, desirous of the end.

II.

Shall he be welcome now he draws so near,
Or must he buy the proffer'd boon too dear?
He and his father both are heathens still;
But the Corinthian family, he 'is appriz'd,
Into the Christian faith have been baptiz'd;
And converts change, in many things, their will.

III.

The house already lay in silence deep,
Father and daughter were retir'd to sleep,
The mother watches yet in the saloon;
Welcomes the youth, and to his chamber led,
Where wine and food are for his comfort spread,
And, wishing him good night, she vanish'd soon.

IV.

The supper tempted not the weary guest,
Clad as he was, he flung himself to rest
Upon the bed, neglectful of the cheer:
Slumber had hardly clos'd his heavy eyes,
When, entering at the open door, he spies
A female stranger slowly gliding near.

V.

The lamp was burning; by the glimmering flare,
In a white robe and veil, with modest air,
He saw a maiden in his chamber stand:
A band of black and gold her forehead bound,
With terror in her glance she gaz'd around,
And toward him slowly stretch'd her lily-hand.

VI.

"Am I, said she, so strange within this home
As not to be inform'd our guest was come?
Must I within the cloister stay confin'd,
And only look for shame and for reproof,
If I return beneath my native roof?
Rest on—I 'll vanish like a passing wind."

VII.

"Stay, lovely maiden, so the youth exclaim'd,
And started briskly from his couch, inflam'd;
Here Ceres' gifts, here Bacchus' blessings glow,
And thou bringst those of Amor to the board.
Dismiss thy terrors, and approach the hoard,
And taste the presents the glad gods bestow."

VIII.

"Keep back, young man, and hope to find me coy;
I am not of the family of joy;
The irrevocable pledge alas! is given.
A mother's rashness seal'd my cruel doom;
She vow'd to priests, who haunted her sick room,
That youth and nature victims be to heaven.

IX.

"The motley medley of the gods of old
Was driven from chambers, henceforth void and cold;
A sole invisible now dwells above:
A saviour on the cross is all in all:
No offerings now of lambs or bullocks fall,
But human sacrifices in a drove."

X.

He hearkens, ponders every little word,
No one escapes his curious ear, unheard:
"And can it be that, in this still alcove,
My promis'd bride is with me face to face?
Our parents' promise sanctions our embrace,
And has secur'd heaven's blessing on our love."

XI.

"Kind hearted youth, beware, from me refrain:
My second sister thou mayst yet obtain:
In the dark cloister let my moans resound:
E'en in her arms, O think at times of me,
I think too often at all times of thee,
But soon shall hide me in the hollow ground."

XII.

"No, by this flame I swear, thou shalt not go,
Till Hymen hears and consecrates our vow:
Thou art not lost as yet to me and joy.
Come with me to my father's house, and there
Give to the antient gods a happy pair:
And let us here our wedding-feast enjoy."

XIII.

The amorous couple presently arrange
Some tokens of their faith to interchange.
She reach'd to him a golden chain to wear:
He offers her a silver cup with glee:
"That 's not," she said, "a present fit for me,
Give me a single lock of thy own hair."

XIV.

The ghostly midnight hour was fully come:
Now first the maiden seem'd to feel at home,
And eagerly she drank the purple wine
With her pale lips, but turn'd aside in dread,
When with a friendly hand he proffer'd bread,
To the least morsel she did not incline.

XV.

Anon she handed to the youth the cup,
With thirsty haste he drank the liquor up,
And ask'd for love to crown the quick repast.
His heart was throbbing in impatient mood,
But still his constant prayer she withstood,
Till on the bed in tears his limbs he cast.

XVI.

And now she flung herself beside him there:
"How do I grieve to witness this despair;
But if you once presume to touch my frame,
Shuddering you 'll feel what I have yet conceal'd,
Though white as snow, like ice I am congeal'd,
Such is the bride you 're hoping to inflame."

XVII.

By force of youth and passion manly warm,
At once he seizes her with nervous arm:
"Hope in my clasp to gather heat again.
If thou from underground art sent to me,
Exchange we breath and kiss and flowing glee,
Thou too shalt burn and glow in every vein."

XVIII.

Love knits them fondly closely face to face,
And tears are mingled with the wild embrace.
Her eager lip his ardent kiss entreats.
With murmurings soft, and intermingling sighs,
Each of the other only conscious lies:
But ah! no heart beneath her bosom beats.

XIX.

Meanwhile the mother pries about in gloom,
Hears an odd murmuring in the stranger's room,
And hearkens at the door, and listens long.
Screams as of giddy joy come floating by,
As of a bride and bridegroom's revelry——
She startles, shudders, at the mighty wrong.

XX.

Long motionless she watches at the door,
She must be sure of what she fears, before
She ventures to break in upon the pair.
"The cock is crowing; 't is my hour of flight."—
"Will you not come again to-morrow night?"
These words, and rapid kisses, she could hear.

XXI.

Longer the mother could not hide the shock——
She opens suddenly the well-known lock.
"Have I such wanton wenches in my train,
As to belong to strangers in a thrice?"
She enters at the door, and with surprize
Sees her own daughter with the 'Athenian swain.

XXII.

The youth is chiefly bent, in his alarm,
With her own veil to hide the maid from harm,
Or with the carpet on their couch outspread.
But she prefers to leave her visage bare,
And with a spirit's force, and fearless air,
Lifts her long figure slowly from the bed.

XXIII.

With hollow tone she spake in words of spite:
"Mother you grudge me one delicious night;
The couch of bliss is a forbidden doom.
You wake me to despair. It was not good
To wrap me early in a hallow'd shroud,
And send me prematurely to the tomb.

XXIV.

"To stay beneath the coffin's leaden lid
Me a peculiar judgement has forbid.
Chaunt of your priests ascends not there above:
Their blessing helps not, nor avails their ire,
No salt and water cools the amorous fire,
Nor does the grave itself extinguish love.

XXV.

"This youth was promis'd once to me for good,
While yet the temple of bright Venus stood,
Mother, you broke your plighted word to me.
A vow to foreign phantoms you could dare;
No god will hear a mother's voice forswear
Her daughter's hand and just maternity.

XXVI.

"From the deep grave I 'am driven forth in pain
To seek for the miss'd good, and seek in vain;
And doom'd to love the man already lost.
When he is gone and wither'd, O my mother,
I shall perhaps be doom'd to seek another:
The young must be the victims of my ghost.

XXVII.

"Thou lovely youth destruction is thy doom:
Here on this spot thou witherst in thy bloom,
I 've given thee my chain; I keep thy hair.
Look at it yet again, and turn away;
Soon as the morrow dawns thou wilt be gray,
And only wilt be brown again when there.

XXVIII.

"Hear, mother, my last prayer, and without ire,
Pile for us both at last a funeral pyre,
And take my reliques from their vault unblest:
So bring in flames the lovers to repose,
While the sepulchral fire around us glows
Among the antient gods we 'll seek our rest."

THE APPRENTICE TO MAGIC.

I.

Now that my old master-wizard
Is for once at least away;
All the spirits in his keeping

Must my sovereign will obey.
Watch'd have I his word and deed,
Many an hour, and many a day,
And, with strength of mind and head,
Work a wonder I too may——
Wander, wander,
Yonder, yonder,
To the brook along the path:
Bring me water,
As you taught are,
Pour it, shower it, in the bath.

II.

Hither, you old broomstick, hither!
You have been a willing slave;
Be, as heretofore you have been,
Ready, steady, quick and brave:
Stand upon two legs, and carry
Human arms and head, I crave;
Bring a pail, and fetch me water
In the bath my limbs to lave.
Wander, wander,
Yonder, yonder,
To the brook along the path:
Bring me water,
As you taught are,
Pour it, shower it, in the bath.

III.

See, he 'is running to the river,
Dips his pail, and brings it back;
Now again he 'is going thither,
And is hither in a crack;
Quick as lightning he 'is returning,
Water I no longer lack:
The bathing trough is running over;
You may cease to keep the track.
Stand still! stand still!

I 've had my fill.
How! your gifts are coming yet.
O dear! O dear!
You do not hear:
And the check-word I forget.—

IV.

The word, which when the work is over,
We utter muttering to unmake
The mimic man, to stop his journeys,
And bid the busy body take
His quiet broomstick form again.——
The garden will be soon a lake,
And yet he 'is bringing fresh supplies,
He 'll flood the cellars—how I quake,
Not any longer
Brave the stronger:
This is malice, this is spite.
How fell a scrowl!
How deep a growl!
I 'am more than ever in a fright.

V.

Cursed broomstick, deaf as deadness,
Offspring of the lowest hell,
Shall your master's house be flooded?——
How the streaming waters swell:
Over every single threshold
Flows enough to fill a well;
Be again the stock you have been,
And in your old corner dwell.
Stand still! stand still!
I 've had my fill.
Now if you provoke my wrath,
I 'll seize on you,
And chop in two,
Soon this axe shall work you scath.

VI.

What—coming still with other pailfuls,
I 'll fell you, goblin, to the ground.
Well-aim'd, by Belzebub, you 've got
At last, I trust, a fatal wound;
And willing, nilling, must, I fancy,
Desist, as you 're in duty bound.
And I again can fetch my breath,
And look a little freely round.——
Woe increases!
Both the pieces
Stand up watermen complete;
Neither tarries,
Either carries
Pail on pail with restless feet.

VII.

How they hurry, flurry, scurry;
Wet and wetter is the hall.
Cellars flooded, staircase mudded,
Double deluges appall.
O here comes the good old master.——
Master, master, hear my call,
I can't bring the sprites to rest,
Whom I was able to inthrall.
Besom, besom,
Don't distress him;
To your corner fast and faster.
But as spirits,
When the time fits,
Hearken only to your master.

To the miscellaneous poems succeed various elegies and epigrams, composed by Göthe, during his Italian tour, in hexameter and pentameter lines. A not unwelcome mixture occurs of allusions to the antique monuments, and to the modern manners of the country:

but in general their contents are more natural than interesting, and they are often too quotidian to be stimulant. The best of the elegies is entitled Alexis and Dora: here follows the shortest.

Alexander, and Cæsar, and Henry, and Frederic the only,
Gladly would give a half out of their treasure of fame,
Could I confer upon them but a night on the couch I abandon.
Orcus holds them alas! fast in the band of his might.
Joy in your being, ye living, that Love is still warming your bed-room,
Ere to your fugitive feet Lethe shall billow her wave.

Here is one of the epigrams.

Can you imagine this gondola, like to a tremulous cradle,
Also the chest thereupon, like to a coffin of death;
We, who sit twixt cradle and coffin, must totter and ballance,
As on the Venice canal, so on the ocean of life.

I have found difficulty in reducing the following poem into English hexameter and pentameter lines; but a work of the heart may not be maimed for metrical purposes: and therefore I give it in word-for-word prose.

Petty among the German princes is certainly my prince,
Short and narrow his land, limited what he can do;
But were every one so to employ inwards and outwards his forces,
Great would be the joy to be a German among Germans.
Yet why dost thou praise him, whom deeds and works proclaim,
When thy veneration may perhaps seem hired?
For he has given to me, what the great seldom give,
Affection, leisure, confidence, fields, garden and house.
To no one owe I thanks but to him; and much have I wanted,
I, who, as a poet, ill understand the arts of gain.
If Europe has praised me, what has Europe done for me?

Nothing. Even my poems have been an expense to me.
Germany imitated me. France read me.
England received friendlily the harrassed guest.
But what avails it to me, that even the Chinese
Enamels with anxious hand Werter and Charlotte's love?
No emperor asked about me; no king has troubled
Himself for me: he has been my Augustus and Mæcenas.

The Seasons, a poem composed in distichs, closes the volume.

The remaining part of the collection, containing only prose-works, may be analyzed with less detail. *Wilhelm Meister's Peregrinations*, a continuation of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, occurs next. The hero was then in his apprenticeship, and is now on his travels: but in the meanwhile he has married, and his son Felix, a lad of fourteen, accompanies him on his pedestrian excursions. His old friend Jarno, who first inspired him with a passion for Shakspeare, is still living, is become a mineralogist, and meets the hero in the first book: but most of the characters are new; and the interest attaches to adventures, which do not require a distinct recollection of the former novel, being unconnected with its fable. Picturesque descriptions, sage reflections, and poignant situations occur in all Göthe's writings; yet a senile garrulity creeps on him, his style is become more trailing, and those gushes of feeling, which refresh the soul, sparkle seldomer along the smoother but expanded current of his narrative.

The *Recognitions of Clemens* may be classed among the beautiful novels of antiquity; and though personages connected with the evangelical narratives are introduced too freely and frequently for the feelings of modern piety; yet in early times this book contributed much to the popularity of the christian religion. A

delineation occurs in these *Peregrinations*, which may seem to have been suggested by the *Recognitions*, and is designed in like manner to introduce to our acquaintance persons resembling some leading characters in the sacred books. The poetical episode alluded to will not fatigue the reader.

'In the shade of a mighty rock, on a gray spot, where the steep mountain-road winds round the corner of a promontory toward the valley in the bottom, *Wilhelm Meister* was sitting: the sun, which was still high, illuminating the summits of the firs in the chasmy deep below. He was writing in his tablets, when *Felix*, who had clambered up the rock, came up with a stone in his hand. "What do you call this stone, father?" said the boy.—"I do not know," answered *Wilhelm*. —"Is this gold that glitters in it?"—"No; and, now I recollect, I think they call it mica."—"I shall keep the stone," said the son; and he put it in his pocket with others which he had been picking up.

'While this was happening, a singular appearance on the steep road drew their attention. Two boys, beautiful as the day, in gay dresses, made up like loose shirts, came running and jumping down the path, and *Wilhelm* had leisure to observe them, till on seeing him they checked their speed, and for a moment stood still. The head of the eldest was covered by curly flaxen locks, which first caught the notice of the gazer, until it settled on his clear blue eyes, and glanced complacently over his pleasing figure. The second, more like a friend than a brother, was adorned with brown and straiter hair, which mantled over his shoulders, and seemed to vie in darkness with his eyes.

'*Wilhelm* had scarsely time to contemplate these two beings, so unexpected in the wilderness, when the

voice of a man from behind the screen of rock called out in an earnest but affectionate tone, "Why do you stop? do not loiter in our way." *Wilhelm* looked upwards; and if the sight of the children had surprized him, his astonishment now became greater. A strong, active, not very tall, youngish man, neatly clad, with brown skin and dark hair, stepped firmly and cautiously down the rock, leading after him an ass, which first presented its well-fed, and well-caparisoned, and well-eared countenance, and next revealed the fair burden which it bore. A pleasing woman, seated on a quilted saddle, and wrapt in a blue mantle, was holding in her arms a sucking child, which she pressed to her bosom, gazing on it with inexpressible tenderness. The guide, like the children, paused on seeing *Wilhelm*, and the beast checked his foot: but the descent was so steep that his master could not hold him in, and the procession soon disappeared behind another rock, lower down.

'Nothing was more natural than that this vision should interrupt *Wilhelm's* contemplations. He arose full of curiosity, and looked down the zig-zag declivity, expecting to catch another glimpse; and he was about to follow and to greet the wanderers, when *Felix* came running up, and said, "Father, may not I go with these children to their house? They want to take me with them; and you may come too, the man said. They live at the bottom of the hill; let us go."—"I will at least speak to them," replied *Wilhelm*.—He overtook them on a spot where the road was less precipitous, and eagerly contemplated the groupe which had so strongly riveted his attention. He could now remark many other little circumstances. The young man had a plane and other carpenter's tools on his shoulder, and a slender

iron level. The children, who looked like angels, had bunches of reeds in their hands, resembling palm branches; and they had small baskets of eatables, such as errand-boys carry across the mountains. The mother, when he examined her more nearly, was perceived to wear under her blue mantle a pale red close dress, so that our friend was singularly reminded of a painting which he had seen of the "Flight into Egypt."

'After mutual salutations, the young man addressed *Wilhelm*, who seemed lost in astonishment, and said: "Our children are become friends, will you come and see whether their elders also suit one another?" *Wilhelm* hesitated an instant, and then answered, "The spectacle of your family-progress excites confidence, and, I must add, curiosity: for at the first glance I seemed to feel doubtful whether you were real pilgrims, or spirits who had assumed the form to enliven this desolate scenery."—"Come to our dwelling," replied the carpenter. "Come along with us," repeated the children, taking *Felix* between them by the arms. "Come with us," said the woman, turning her eyes with a gentle expression of welcome to the stranger. Without more pause, *Wilhelm* said, "I am sorry that I cannot immediately attend you: but this night at least I must pass at the frontier-house, where my luggage and my papers are left unpacked, and in disorder. That I may convince you, however, of my willingness to avail myself of your friendly invitation, I will give you my *Felix* as a pledge that I will follow you to-morrow. How far off do you live?"—"We shall reach our home at sunset," replied the stranger; "and you have not above four miles to return to the frontier-house. Your son shall be sheltered to-night, and we shall expect you in the morning." The man and his

beast proceeded; *Wilhelm* smiled significantly on seeing his *Felix* so readily received among the angels, from one of whom he obtained a bunch of reeds, and from the other a basket; and the procession was about to disappear behind a rock, when *Wilhelm* called out, "By what name am I to enquire for you?"—"Only ask for Saint-Joseph," was the answer, which resounded from the deep; and the whole groupe was now again concealed behind rocks and lengthening shadows. Presently, a choral hymn ascended echoing from below, in which the voice of *Felix* seemed distinguishable to *Wilhelm*.

'Already on the morrow had the wanderer, with the guide whom he engaged, descended the steep rocks, passed the middle of the mountain, crossed the forest, and was walking on a gentle slope of meadow, into a cultivated valley, buried between hills, when a large monastery, half in ruins, attracted his attention. "This is Saint-Joseph," said the guide: "what a pity that such a beautiful church should go to decay, and that the trees and the ivy should be growing round the pillars and the windows."—"Several parts of the building," replied *Wilhelm*, "seem in tolerable preservation."—"Yes," said the other, "a kind of steward lives there, who collects the rents and revenues attached to the monastery."—They had now passed a gate, which was open, and reached a roomy court, surrounded by heavy majestic buildings. Among the children playing in the court, *Wilhelm* perceived his *Felix*; the other two were the angels of yesterday. They came running to him, saying, that their father would soon be at home, and that in the meanwhile he had better go into the hall, and rest himself. *Wilhelm* was much struck with the room that they called the hall, which opened into

the court, and was a neat spacious chapel, in good condition, but fitted up for household use. On one side stood a table, chairs, and benches; on the other were shelves with pottery and glasses: also some chests; and, though the arrangement was orderly, it announced habitual use. The light fell downwards from tall windows on one side: but the notice of the wanderer was most engaged by *al fresco* paintings on the wall below the windows, reaching down to the dado. These paintings represented the history of Saint-Joseph. In one, he was seen employed as a carpenter; and in another he was meeting Mary, when a lily sprang up between them, and angels hovered round. Here was his marriage; there the salutation of angels. In another place he sate meditating over his axe, deliberating about putting away Mary, when the angel appeared to him in a vision. Elsewhere he was worshiping the new-born child in the stable at Bethlehem. Next followed an elaborate painting; many pieces of wood were sawed, and planed, and scattered about, when two of them accidentally formed a cross; the child had fallen asleep on these; and Joseph and the mother were looking on. Next occured the flight into Egypt, which excited a smile in the wanderer, as it so precisely represented the scene of yesterday.

'Not long had he been gazing when the host came in, whom *Wilhelm* immediately recognized as the conductor of the holy caravan. After the natural greeting, discourse followed: but *Wilhelm's* attention still clung to the pictures. The host remarked the interest of his guest, and said, "You are smiling at the adaptation of this building to its inhabitants, which is still greater than you suspect. In fact, the building has fashioned the inhabitants; for, when the lifeless is living, it may

bring forth life."—"O yes," answered *Wilhelm*; "I should be surprized if that spirit, which centuries ago operated so powerfully in this wilderness, and called into being so mighty a mass of buildings and possessions, which drew to itself so much power, and scattered so much improvement in the district,—I should be surprized if these ruins did not still exhale a force that acts on living beings. But let us not deal in generals; tell me your history; and let me know how it happens that the past revives in you, and that scenes of former days return."

'While *Wilhelm* was awaiting the answer of his host, a gentle voice called from the court, "Joseph!" The host hearkened, and went to the door.—"His name too is Joseph," said *Wilhelm* to himself; this is singular; and yet not so singular as that he should so exactly personify his Saint. He looked at the same moment through the door, and saw the Madonna of yesterday talking with her husband: at last they separated, and the woman crossed over to another apartment. "Mary," said he, "one word more." "*Her* name too is *Mary*," thought *Wilhelm*; "I shall presently fancy myself carried back eighteen hundred years;"—and a mysterious antiquarian feeling came over him, as he regarded the ruins, and the stillness, and the mountainous inclosure.

'The host and the children now entered; and the latter invited *Wilhelm* to a walk, while some little household-arrangements were making. They paced over the ruins of the pillared church, which seemed to defy the storm, although stately trees had struck root on the walls, and, mingling their boughs with ivy and with wall flowers, formed a sort of hanging garden. A lively brook ran near; and from the rising ground

beyond it *Wilhelm* saw, in its whole extent, a ruin become doubly remarkable to him from knowing its inhabitants.

'On their return, a table was spread in the holy hall. At the top, stood an elbow-chair, in which the lady of the house sat down: beside her, was a high basket, in which the infant reposed: at her left hand she placed her husband, and *Wilhelm* at her right. The children occupied the lower end of the table, and an old female servant brought in the victuals. Something of a very old-fashioned air characterized both the repast and the vessels in which it was served: the children prattled; and *Wilhelm* steadily observed the behaviour of his hostess. After dinner, the party separated, and the host conducted his guest to a shady part of the ruin, whence the view extended down the long valley. "It is time," said he, "that I should satisfy your curiosity, as I feel that you can sympathize in the wondrous destinies which surround us. This sacred institution, with whose remains you are become familiar, was dedicated to the Holy Family, noted for many miracles, and visited by many pilgrims of old. The church was consecrated to the mother and the son, but has been deserted these two hundred years; while the chapel, devoted to the holy foster-father, has preserved itself nearly entire, as well as a part of the convent. A temporal prince now collects its revenues, who employs a steward to reside here; and that steward am I, the son of the former steward, who also succeeded his father in the office. Saint-Joseph, although his formal worship has long ceased, had been to our family so useful a patron, that you will not wonder at our forming for him a peculiar veneration. Hence I was baptized in his name, and this in some degree influenced my destiny. I grew

up, attached myself to my father, and accompanied him in the collection of the rents, but felt perhaps a more intimate love for my mother, whose benevolent cares embraced the whole district, and who sent me occasionally on pious errands, and messages of charity. —As I was still young, and my shoulders did not always suffice to bring home the different things which my father had to collect, I accustomed a young ass to bear panniers, and drove him before me up and down the steep paths; while I followed him with the more pleasure because I found, from the paintings in the chapel, that this sort of animal had attained the honor of bearing both Christ and his mother. The chapel, however, was not then quite in the state in which you now see it, but was used for a stable, and for the stowage of wood and fuel. Happily the paintings were placed above the reach of injury; and even while a child I used to climb on the faggots in order to observe them. In short, I made out the history of my patron-saint, and loved him as if he had been my uncle. As I grew older, and found that some means of maintenance were necessary, until I should inherit the steward's place, I gained the approbation of my parents to be a carpenter, with the instruments of which trade the paintings had made me acquainted. I think that my choice was particularly determined by the picture at the south end. An order was given to Saint-Joseph to make a throne for Herod, which was to stand between two stately columns; he took the measure carefully: but, when he came to put the throne up, he found it too tall, and not broad enough. Knowing the character of Herod, the carpenter became perplexed; when the little Jesus, seeing him uneasy, bade him take hold of the throne on one side, while he took hold on the

other, and they began to pull. Immediately as if it had been made of leather, the height yielded, the seat dilated, and the throne fitted its position exactly, to the great comfort of Joseph and to the satisfaction of the monarch. This is the miracle represented in that painting; and formerly all the carving of the throne was visible, which the painter could render elaborate more readily than the maker. All this induced me to view in a very honourable light the occupation which I had chosen; and, as I found in the neighbourhood a very good instructor and master, I learnt my trade properly, within reach of my parents, whom I regularly visited on holidays, and who often employed me as heretofore. Among the persons to whom my mother's attentions were willingly given, young women in a hopeful state stood foremost, as I could progressively remark; though in such circumstances a somewhat mysterious use was made of me as a message-bearer. I was sent, not directly to the individuals, but to an elderly woman, who lived near, in the valley, and was called Mrs. Elizabeth. My mother, who was herself experienced in the art of midwifery, kept up much intercourse with Mrs. Elizabeth, who used to act as a sort of nurse for lying-in women; and I soon heard in various quarters how many of our young folks had been brought into life by these two females. The mystery with which Elizabeth always received me in her very neat cottage, and the decorous repression of my occasional inquiries, gave me a high veneration for her.

'"Peace had long prevailed in our country, but at length a war broke out. I was driving one day my beast of burden as usual in a well-known path, when I found a female sitting or rather lying in a hollow, under a

canopy of verdure, on the bank of a hedge. She appeared asleep, or in a swoon. When I approached her with offers of assistance, she opened her beautiful eyes, and rose up, exclaiming, "Where is he? Have you seen him?" I asked whom? "My husband," replied she.—From her very youthful appearance, this answer was uexpected by me; yet I the more readily continued to offer her any services that she might need, and to assure her of my sympathy. I learnt that the two travellers had been obliged to desert their carriage, on account of the rockiness of the roads, and to take the footpath; and that, being attacked by armed men, her husband had drawn his sword in her defence, and had in the combat been hurried to some distance. She could follow him no further, and had fainted on this spot, where she had lain she knew not how long. She begged me to quit her, and to hasten after her husband. She then rose, and the most beautiful figure stood before me: but I could easily perceive that she was in a condition which might soon require the aid of my mother and Mrs. Elizabeth. We consulted awhile, for *I* wished first to put her in a place of safety, and *she* wished first to obtain news of her husband. She would not quit the trace of him, and all my representations would perhaps have been fruitless, had not the captain of our militia, which had been embodied on account of the neighbouring disturbances, passed with some of his men through the forest, and undertook to seek the husband, and to inform him where to find his wife. I now removed my panniers into a cavern which I knew, and which had often served me as a place of deposit; accommodated the saddle for a person to sit on it, and not without strange emotions lifted the fair charge on to my willing beast, which knew of itself

the road home, and with quiet steadiness left me to pace beside him. You may imagine how I felt. I long had sought that which I now seemed to have found. It was as if I dreamt, or rather as if I woke from a dream, and saw it realized. That heavenly figure, which I had seen in the picture hovering in the air, and at other times mingling among mortals, was seated before me. Sometimes, if we came to an open spot, she would beg me to look around, to stop and to listen; and she intreated with such grace, such deep-felt tenderness, that I could not but do every thing in my power. I climbed a tree to seek wider intelligence, and when I jumped down a sort of cry of anxiety escaped her, lest I should have suffered injury by the exertion.

'"Already she had attached me to her for life, when we reached the dwelling of the good Elizabeth, and I felt that a painful separation was at hand. In assisting her to dismount, I kissed the neatest shoe that I had ever seen, without her perceiving it. Having helped her down, I called through the house-door, "Mrs. Elizabeth, you are wanted." The good old lady came, received the fair stranger, comprehended her situation, and conducted her up stairs. I embraced the good woman, and stood awhile at the door with my beast, like one who has safely deposited a precious burden, and remains as poor a carrier as before.—I hesitated to withdraw, irresolute what to do, when Elizabeth came back to the door, and begged me first to bring my mother to her, and then to gain intelligence of the husband. "Mary earnestly begs you to do so," she added. "Cannot I speak to her once more?" I said. "No," replied Elizabeth, "that cannot be," and we parted. In a short time, I reached our dwelling,

and that very evening my mother went to the assistance of the young stranger. I hastened round the country, and hoped to get information at the custom-house: but the people there were uncertain of the event. The lovely form floated before me, now tottering on the beast, and now looking down on me so woe-begone, yet so kindly. For her sake, I should not have grudged the husband his life; yet I fancied her a widow quite as willingly. At length, it was ascertained that the carriage had been recovered, but that the unfortunate husband had died of his wounds in a village not far off. This melancholy account had travelled, I was told, by another person to the house of Elizabeth, so that I had no reason for going thither; and yet I found myself before evening at her door. The house was shut, but there was light in the chamber, and I saw shadows moving on the curtain: but I did not like to knock, and went away.

"Why should I dwell on all these details? Some days elapsed before the women chose that I should come near them: they had learnt the sad news, and did not want my further help. A week or more afterwards, Elizabeth called me in, desiring me to step softly, and follow her. She took me into a neat chamber, where I saw in the corner, sitting upright on a bed, with curtains half-drawn, my fair stranger. Elizabeth went toward her, as if to announce me, took something out of the bed, and showed me, wrapt in the whitest linen, a beautiful boy. She held him just between me and the mother, and I thought of the lily-stalk which sprouts up in the picture between Mary and Joseph, as an emblem of the purity of their relation to each other. From that moment, a load seemed lifted off my heart, and I felt assured of my eventual happiness.

I could approach her freely, bear the glance of her celestial eye, and print a hearty kiss on the forehead of the babe. 'How I thank you,' said the mother, 'for your notice of my orphan-child!' Heedlessly and with warmth I exclaimed, He needs not be an orphan, if you will.

'"The thought of that moment, so big with fate to me, still haunts me in my wanderings. Weeks and months rolled by. Mary was recovered, and I often saw her. The circumstances of her family allowed her to engage a respectable dwelling; she staid awhile with Elizabeth, and then came to visit my mother, and to thank us, as she said, for our friendly aid in her distress. She liked to be with us, and I hoped that I had my share in contributing to her comfort. That which I wanted to say, and did not dare to say, came out wonderously in the chapel. I was explaining to her the pictures, and dwelt warmly, and so as to bring tears into my eyes, on the duties of a foster-father. She too was melted; and I deemed myself now sure of a return of regard, although the time was not yet come for effacing the memory of a previous attachment. The law accustoms widows to mourn a year and a day; and certainly, to a feeling heart, that length of time is necessary to soften down the painful impression of a great loss. At last it elapsed, and I mentioned to my mother the wishes of my heart. She related to me how deeply Mary had suffered for the loss of her husband, and that, only from the conviction that she was bound to live for her child, she had been able to recover her powers. By degrees, my attachment was the subject of conversation among the women, and Mary became accustomed to the idea of living under our roof. She passed some time in the neighbourhood,

but at length we married. The original feeling which connected us has not expired: the duties and the pleasures of a foster-father and a father are united in me; and, by a curious coincidence, the number of our offspring is the same with that of the Holy Family. We endeavour at a humble distance to imitate the virtues of our models, and to cultivate that piety and purity of sentiment for which they have been venerated."'

Next follows a work, still unfinished, entitled *Fact and Fiction concerning my life.* This is not an autobiography, but rather a biographical novel, in which many things are related of the hero, which never happened to him. It is a household epopeia, which, like the Waverly novels, mingles history and invention, in a manner interesting to the reader, but dangerous to his distinctness of memory, particularly as, in this instance, he cannot turn to the pure chronicle of the historian. A spirit of omen-hunting, hardly consistent with the complete infidelity, to which Göthe lays claim, pervades the narrative, which contains however a lively picture of the house and family in which he spent his early years——an excellent geographical description of his native city——a splendid account of the coronation of the emperor Joseph II, at which Göthe assisted, as bearer of a silver dish to the imperial table ——a journal of a tour made in company with the Socinian Basedow, and with the evangelic Lavater, in the course of which the author designates himself as an atheist——many valuable particulars of his early literary acquaintance, &c., &c., &c.—but, as I know not how to separate the fiction from the fact, I prefer not to attempt founding upon it a regular biography.

In comparing Göthe with his dramatic rivals Kotzebue and Schiller, it must be allowed that he had the

merit of showing them the way: although he survived them both, his best plays preceded theirs: and if he has left no gothic tragedy equal to the *Gustavus Wasa* of the one, or to the *Wilhelm Tell* of the other, yet they have neither of them left a classical tragedy equal to his *Iphigeneia in Tauris.*

To Kotzebue must be conceded the praise of superior invention: his dramas are more numerous, more different from each other, than those of Schiller, or even of Göthe: his facility, fertility, mutability astonish: his comic approaches his tragic force: he has the variety of English weather: and his sudden power over all the emotions has in it something of magical metamorphose: his costume, both of spectacle and idea, if in some little things incorrect, is yet full of picture, of discrimination and of effect.

To Schiller belongs the merit of deeper pathos and of higher majesty; but his resources are less various, and he has no comic powers. He never interrupts the course of the feeling he undertakes to excite, but pushes it on progressively to the utmost with a giant's energy. His heroes have a something colossal, demoniacal, Titan-like, in their characters and passions: they are great men, and can only have been created by an equal: they speak the language of the gods, the little things of earth pass not through their imaginations. Hence his manner is not adapted for ordinary topics: his exaggeration offends in *The Robbers,* in *Cabal and Love,* and elsewhere.

To Göthe must be awarded greater truth of nature than to either of his competitors: but for that very reason he produces less immediate effect. Kotzebue appeals to the sympathy, Schiller to the admiration, but Göthe to the experience. He has no prodigies of

virtue or villainy to exhibit, no moral monsters to delineate; he does not pourtray man as he should be, or could be, but as he is, the frequent victim of versatility, inconsistency, and folly. He has no lesson to teach, but that such things are, and that the proper study of mankind is man. His characters are manifold and distinct; but his plot commonly imitates the march of history, and brings together not those whom it would be most stimulant to assemble, but who are most likely to meet. His Egmont is as irresolute as Hamlet, and trifles away his time with a mistress, when the country had claims on his exertions, and when his life was to be the penalty of his folly. Not always are his heroes, or his fables, sufficiently attaching, or interesting: yet every sentiment, and every incident is probable. Faustus,[8] the most characteristic of his plays, is but a seeming exception: for the wonders have truth of allegory, and the very supernaturalism abounds with traits exquisitely natural.

Some tragedies have been printed along with those of Euripides, which cannot well have been his: such as *The Trojan Dames*, where Polyxena is otherwise disposed of than in the *Hecuba*: hence it is not easy to sharply characterize this greek poet. On the whole however Göthe bears more resemblance to him than to any other antient dramatist, by natural delineation, frequent pathos, ready sententiousness, and freedom of doctrine.

The more recent works of Göthe have been surveyed with copious eloquence, and exuberance of detail, by

[8] Lord Gower has beautifully Englished this drama, but with many reticencies: the author has chosen to shock the reader, when the translator avoids it: and the nakedness of Mr. Shelley's also partial version must be called in, to give the vernacular student an idea of the boldness of the poem. Berenger's *Songs* frequently hazard a similar personification of Jehovah.

a contributor to the early numbers of the *Foreign Review*. To me they do not appear to merit so unqualified a panegyric, such lofty praise, as is there given. Without wishing to hold them forth as works of supererogation, much less of superannuation, they have surely a character of alloy rather than of precious metal, displaying more prate than thought, more reminiscence than observation. However they hardly belong to my topic. The irruption of Bonaparte into Germany, plunged that country into five years of anarchy, and greatly altered the political distribution of its component parts. This revolutionary period terminated the Augustan age of Germany, by diverting for several years the public attention from the pursuits of literature to the cares of safety. And at this period too my instructor and guide Bouterweck terminates his notices of the German Poets. I shall therefore not attempt to chronicle the productions of that other age, which commenced on the expulsion of the French from Germany, and which seems likely to form a new eclectic school of poetry, less distinguished for raciness and variety than the unpruned verdure of an earlier growth. All the great names in German poetry have already passed in review; and although for fullness sake some chapters must be allotted to writers, whom it would have been anachronous to mention sooner, yet we are now about to turn from the fixed to the shooting stars, from the heaven-born heirs of immortality to the winged ephemerons of the atmosphere.

§ 7.

Goerres—Translation of the Shah-nameh—Ferdoosi—Hero-book of Iran—Date of the Zend-Avesta—Story of Sijavesh and Seudabeh.

Professor Goerres was born in 1804, and was early distinguished and even celebrated for his great acquirements both in European and Oriental Literature. His productions have lately been altogether prosaic; but there is one work of his, which does honor to the poetic literature of Germany, namely his translation of the *Shah-nameh* or *Hero-book of Iran*, of which no other European nation possesses a complete version.

Professor Goerres observes in his preface that in the year 916 of the Christian æra, was born at Sar, near Tus, the capital of Khorasan, the author of the *Shah-nameh*, Abul Cassem Mansoor Ferdoosi. His father was gardener at the villa of a nobleman; and, as this pleasant spot was called Ferdoos or Paradise, he named his son after it. The poet Assadi distinguished early the genius of the boy, gave him instructions, and recommended him to the patronage of Mahmoud Mashook, the high-priest of Tus; to whom he read specimens of his rimed chronicle of Persia, which were much admired, and were recited by the youth in the presence of Abu Mansoor Afsagien, the governor of Tus.

Ferdoosi has sung the praise of this governor, and owed to him an important introduction to Mahmood, the Sultan at Ghasny; among whose courtiers Mahik

was peculiarly the friend of the poet, and procured for him a sort of pension, on which he subsisted while engaged in the completion of his long epopea. Various books from the royal library were presented to him, respecting the antient history of the country; among them were some writings of the Guebres, which he studied so assiduously as to incur a suspicion of heresy; and the Sultan threatened to have the bard trampled under foot by elephants. Explanations, however, took place, and it was perceived that Ferdoosi had only versified certain traditions of the Giaours, on account of their marvellous and poetic character, without wishing to make this mythology pass for truth. He therefore obtained pardon; and, after having recited at court some additional sections of his poem, he returned to his retreat with increased emoluments. He lost at the age of thirty-seven an only son, whom he bewails.

The *Shah-nameh* is said to have been completed in the year 985 of the Christian æra, and in the sixty-ninth of the author's age; and the Sultan ordered a dinar for every line to be given to the poet, the whole number of lines being one hundred and twenty thousand. It has been related that the vizier having paid silver dinars, the prince ordered the amount to be fully discharged in golden dinars: but such computations probably describe the sum of his pensions, rather than a single donation. Ferdoosi now returned to his native place, lost his sight, hired a boy to read to him, and was affectionately attended and nursed by a single daughter; who continued resident with him until his death, which is said not to have happened before the year 1020, at the very advanced age of one hundred and four. Twenty-seven years after his decease, the then reigning Sultan ordered a mausoleum

in honor of his memory to be erected in the garden in which he had been buried; and perhaps the date of this edifice has been mistaken for that of Ferdoosi's death.

In one of his poems, he alludes to a visit which he made at Bagdad to a merchant of his acquaintance; and such was then his celebrity, that the Vizier offered him an apartment in the palace, and presented him to the Caliph, who dismissed him with presents. The daughter of Ferdoosi, who appears to have inherited a liberal property, built at her own expence a stone stair-case, or staithe, on the bank of the river at Tus, which her father had projected for the accommodation of his fellow-citizens. Her very independence, however, has a character more analogous to Parsee than to Moslem manners; and as Abul Cassim, the high-priest at Tus, is stated in the first instance to have refused to read the usual prayers over the poet's grave, it is not unlikely that his external conformity to Mohammedism was confined to the period of his residence at court. His poems are, moreover, quoted in the *Zend-Avesta* a sacred book of the Guebres; and they were translated into Arabic by Kyamedeen Fitthe Aboo Ali Il Hendi, at the command of Sultan Æly Adihim Eesvy.

The work of professor Goerres contains a verbal German version of the *Shah-nameh* into prose; to which has been prefixed by the translater, an introductory comment, partly literary and partly geographical: with a map of Persia, containing especially the rivers, cities, and mountains mentioned in the poem. In the preliminary dissertation, which is written in a very metaphorical and mystical style, it is observed, that Ferdoosi, in order to render the history of ages susceptible of epic narration, has imagined the singular

plan of personifying entire dynasties of princes as individuals, and condensing the events of a whole war into the form of a single combat. An attempt is made to explain these allegories, and to translate back into historic fact the strange machinery: but, however ingenious it may be to transmute a dragon into an army, and from its partial wounds to infer the degree of defeat, yet we have no sufficient basis for confidence in this system of exposition. The Apocalypse has been supposed to relate the siege of Babylon by Avidius Cassius, and it is with similar deciphering that Professor Goerres turns into real events the centennial reigns of the princes of Ferdoosi: but, as the corroborative testimony of annalists is in this case wanting to vouch for the inferred events, they cannot satisfactorily be assumed on the evidence of so hazardous an interpretation. This theory, however, may have the good effect of teaching some European poet how to involve great masses of event in a single epic poem, and may thus create the very art which it imputes.

In the year 1788, Mr. Champion published a rimed English translation of the first eight books of the *Shah-nameh*, which he inscribed to Sir William Jones. These eight books are here divided into shorter sections, called sagas, by the German translater, and are comprehended in his first volume: while the second contains that portion of the work which Mr. Champion did not live to complete, and of which a version remains a desideratum in English literature.

Professor Goerres incorporates the story of Zohak in his fifth saga, or legend, and thus delivers it:

'At this time, there was a man among those who wield the lance on horseback, excellent, good and pious, just, benevolent and noble. He was called Erwendab,

possessed milch-kine in thousands, camels, sheep, and Thasian horses. A son was born to this righteous man, whom he loved not a little, and whose name was Zohak. He was courageous, but headlong and impure; and he was called Purasi, because Pura signifies *number* in Pehlivi, and *ten thousand* in Deri; for of Thasian horses with golden bits he had more than the name expresses. He had not quitted the path of faith, when a devil came to him one morning; to whom the youth lent a willing ear, and gave up his heart, his understanding, and his purity of soul: at which the Devil rejoiced, and offered him fair words, and seduced him. "I will tell you things," said he, "which nobody knows."—"Tell them," replied the young man, "and be my teacher in good advice."—The other replied: "First I must make a covenant with you." The youth did as he was bidden, and swore never to betray his secret. Then the Devil began: "Beside thyself there is no one in the house. Of what use is the old man! Why a father over a son at your age? He is failing, and you are in the vigor of life; remove him from the throne; his dignity would become you better. If you will heed me, I will make yon bashaw over the whole earth."—Zohak had pity for the blood of his father, and said: "That is unseemly, propose something else." The Devil replied: "If you will not follow my counsels, you still cannot break your covenant, and dissolve your oath. Remain, if you like, in your present subserviency, and leave your father in his pomp and state."—Thus he tempted the soul of the Thasian to swim into his net, and ask: "But by what means, and under what pretence?"—He went on: "I will exalt thy head above the sun; only be silent, help I do not want."

'The bashaw had fitted up a beautiful garden for prayer: every morning early he went into it, there purified his body and soul in secret, and a servant handed him a torch. In the path the Devil dug a deep hole, and covered its mouth with twigs. When the Shah of Thasi came by night this way, the servant of God fell in, and broke his back. Thus the abandoned Zohak stepped into the place of his father, and put the crown of the Thasians on his head. But the dæmon thought of new devices, and said: "If thou adorest me, every wish in the world will be granted thee; if thou dost nothing without my consent, thou wilt become bashaw of the whole world; beasts, men, birds, and fishes will obey thee." Then he changed himself into a graceful youth, eloquent and alert, and came to Zohak, saluted him respectfully, and said: "If I can be welcome to the Shah, he will find me a cook skilful in his art." Zohak engaged him on his speech, and gave him the key of his kitchen. At that time meats were not very various, and the mode of nourishment was rude: but he prepared dishes of all sorts of flesh of quadrupeds and birds, and fed Zohak with blood, like a lion, that he might gain courage to follow his advice. First he gave prepared yolks of eggs, and Zohak ate and was delighted. In the following night, the cunning one thought of devices, and when at dawn the sun entered the blue vault, and strewed gold and rubies around, he dressed partridges and pheasants for his table. On the third day, he provided fowls and lamb; on the fourth, roasted veal sprinkled with saffron and rose-water; and during the whole year Zohak drank wine perfumed with musk.

'Much joy had the impure Zohak in this man, and he said once to him: "Tell me thy wish, that I may

bring it to bear." The cook answered: "Mayest thou ever be glad, and remain my lord and master: my heart is full of love to thee, and my soul clings to the King: allow me this one thing, to kiss thine eyes and thy face." Zohak heard the speech, but guessed not the secret of the tempter's heart. "I grant thee thy wish," he said, and permitted the Devil to embrace him, and to print a kiss on his shoulders. Immediately two black serpents grew out from the places which he had kissed. Then Zohak became troubled in his heart, and sought for every means of cure in vain. His bosom was filled with hatred, and his head with discord. At length, he resolved to cut off the snakes, and was glad when he accomplished it: but like branches of trees, they sprouted again, and craved. Physicians and surgeons met and consulted, and tried every method without avail. At last came the Devil in the form of a physician, and said: "It is possible to make thee well: feed thy serpents, and let them alone: that is the only way: but offer to them brains of men, all other food they will reject."

'By this perfidious advice, the Devil hoped to thin the earth of its inhabitants.'

The poet then passes on to the *History of Jemshid.* Now from this specimen it is obvious that Professor Goerres understands the Persian text better than Mr. Champion did: who, in the first six lines, mistakes Deri Poorasp for a province; whereas Deri is the name of a living language, and Poorasp a word quoted in it. In the same sentence, the poet also tells us that Pehlivi is a living language, and quotes a word in it: this is wholly dropped by Mr. Champion; yet the archæological information, that Pehlivi was spoken in Ferdoosi's time and neighbourhood, is an important fact toward

dating the *Zend-Avesta*, which is composed in that now extinct tongue. By giving the name Eblis to the Devil, or *div*, who tempts Zohak, Mr. Champion has committed an anachronism, and a breach of costume; Eblis is the Mohammedan devil, and was not an ideal being extant in the time of Zohak.

In the seventh section of the *Zend-Avesta*, this story of Zohak and his serpents is mentioned; and consequently the author of that work had seen this early portion of the *Shah-nameh*: but, in the twenty-eighth saga of the *Shah-nameh*, Ferdoosi mentions the *Zend-Avesta* as already extant, and as having emanated from the fire-temple of Kend, in the time of Feridun. It should seem, therefore,[9] that the author of the *Zend-Avesta* was absolutely contemporary with Ferdoosi, had read his early poems, and had been perused at a later period by the poet; who plays, however, into the hands of the priest, and treats his work as of acknowledged antiquity. This is nearly a demonstration that Ferdoosi was at heart a sectary of the *Zend-Avesta*, a secret Guebre, and fire-worshipper.

Perhaps it is not quite certain that the entire *Shah-nameh* was written by one hand. The first six sagas have a simplicity and an energy of style not unlike that of Dante, but abound with flat vulgar unornamented passages, and with occasional flashes of bombast. On the contrary, with the seventh saga, or soon afterwards, begins a more polished and cultivated style, easy, graceful, copious, and equal; which announces,

[9] Anquetil du Perron, in the preliminary discourse to his translation of the *Zend-Avesta*, endeavours to date it before Mahommed; but the number of Arabic words contained in the Pehlivi (See Sir W. Jones' Letter in the 4th vol. of his Works, p. 585—613) rather favour the opinion that this language acquired its recorded form, not merely after the evulgation of the Koran, but after the Mahommedan conquest of the district in which it prevailed.

if not greater genius, more education and habit of composition. It has been recorded of the poet Assadi that he completed the *Shah-nameh*: but this is inconsistent with chronology, for he was the older of the two poets, and the patron of Ferdoosi's youth. We suspect, therefore, that Assadi began the *Shah-nameh*, wrote the first six cantoes, and trained Ferdoosi to become his continuator; as Ariosto continued Boiardo.

In order that the reader may be able to compare this progressive refinement of the diction in the *Shah-nameh*, I translate verbally a section from the second volume, which appears to be composed by a less rude and more accomplished genius than the author of the story of Zohak.

'THE SAGA OF SIJAVESH AND SEUDABEH.

'The Mobed relates to us another antient tradition. Once, while Thus and Kiv were hunting on the borders of Turan, they found in a wood a maiden, who had fled from her father's house because in his cups he had threatened to ill use her. Both became inflamed with love for the beautiful girl, and quarrelled for the possession of her. As they could not come to terms, they agreed to take the maid before Kai Khaus, and that he should settle the dispute by allotting her to the one or to the other:—but, when Khaus beheld the beauty of the woman, he also at first sight became violently in love, and inquired into her descent.

'"On my mother's side," said she, "I am of a sovereign family, and my father is of the race of Feridun. My grandfather was the Sipehdar of Kersives, where my father encamps, who is lord of Bulger." When he had heard her speech, Khaus took her away from both, and sent her into his own harem. After nine

months she bore him a son, lovely as a Peri, whose name was called Sijavesh. When he came to a proper age, Rusthem begged him of his father, and brought him up in Sabulistan, and taught him chivalry; how to handle the bow and the noose; how to hunt and to encamp; and how to award right and wrong, and to practise wisdom and virtue. He became strong and clever: the elephant and the leopard withstood him not in strife.

'When he was grown up, Sijavesh begged of Rusthem to take him back to his father. Rusthem armed him splendidly for the journey, and accompanied him to the court of Kai Khaus. The Shah sent Kiv and Thus with a guard of honor to receive the guests. Sijavesh, when he came to court, greeted with awe his father on the throne; and the King was pleased with his figure, his manners, and his skill, and thanked God that he had such a son. He then prepared a magnificent repast, and publicly made rich presents to the youth. For seven years, he tried him and found him faithful; in the eighth he gave him a girdle and a throne, and the land of Khursan; and, after the old guise, he caused the donation to be recorded on silk, that he might have a home of his own, and enjoy the chase and the fight.

'It happened that Seudabeh, his father's wife, once unexpectedly beheld him. Her soul became thoughtful at sight of the youth, and her heart was moved; and she sent to him, and invited him to come for a time into the harem, that the moon-checked might rejoice in the light of his coutenance. He declined the invitation: but she spoke to the King, and persuaded him to bring his son into the harem, that his sisters might have the pleasure of seeing him. He became pensive

at this, and thought that his father wanted to try him, and answered: "Send me rather to the Mobeds, or to the nobles, or to the captains, that I may learn what is yet wanting to be learned by a sovereign; what have I to do with your women?" The father approved his sentiments, but explained to him the simplicity of his own intentions, whereupon Sijavesh went into the apartment of the females.

'Here he found a paradise of lustre and magnificence, perfumes, dainties, and fine furniture. On an ivory stool sat Seudabeh, bright as the star Suheil, with a crown of jewels on her head, and her locks curling to the ground. She came down when she beheld the youth, and embraced him long and closely, and kissed him much. And he was aware of her love. The sisters also saluted him, and placed him on a golden seat; and all was festivity and joy. When he had stayed awhile, he took leave, and went again to the Shah, praising him and his household; and the King spread another repast, over which they spent the night.

'In the morning, when the king went to Seudabeh, she began by praising the young man, and said: "We have daughters in the harem of thy own race, and of that of the kings of Aresh and Pishin; let us marry him to some one of these that he may have children of his own, worthy of him." This proposal pleased the King, and he asked Sijavesh whether he would take for a bride some one of his kinswomen, whom he had seen in the harem. Sijavesh received the hint with apparent complacency, but with inward anxiety; because in all this he could trace the hand of Seudabeh. She seated herself on her throne, and arranged the maidens around her; and when Sijavesh came in, she placed him by her side, that he might choose among

all of them the fairest: while they, as they walked past, admired him, and each hoped in secret to be chosen.

'Now all the maidens had passed by, and still he sat thoughtful and silent. Then said the Queen: "No wonder that in my sunshine thou hast not seen these moons: but I will give thee my own daughter, if thou wilt swear to me that after thy father's death thou wilt embrace me in joy; for my soul and my body are thine, and thou canst command me as thou wilt." She then gave him such sounding kisses that the youth blushed. But in his heart he resolved not to become faithless to his father; and yet to conceal his determination, in order not to provoke the vengeance of Seudabeh. He therefore gave vague answers, consenting to accept the daughter, if his father should entirely approve it.

'When the King learned this decision of his son, he cheerfully opened all his treasures. But Seudabeh called once more the youth into the harem, and said: "I have obtained for you from the King twenty elephants laden with treasure; and here is my daughter, whom I confer upon you. Behold my countenance; for seven years it has burned with love toward you; therefore grant me in secret my wish. If thou refusest, I will be thy ruin; and darken to thee both sun and moon." But he went away frowning and refusing.

'Then she tore her clothes, scratched her cheeks with her nails, and crying and weeping, ran to the Shah, to whom she related that Sijavesh had made to her a declaration of love, and that, on her resisting angrily, he had thus ill-treated her. The Shah called Sijavesh before him. The youth denied the charge, and averred in the name of God, that she had spoken untruths. But she persisted in her declaration, and added that

the child she was about to bear to the Shah had nearly perished from her anxiety. The Shah knew not which to believe: but at length this method suggested itself: he smelt over the whole body of Sijavesh; and, when he found no odor of the musk and rose-water which Seudabeh employed, he concluded that the youth had not touched her, and aquitted him. He was angry with Seudabeh: but, recollecting what she had done for him formerly in Hamaveran, and out of love to their common daughter, he let her go unpunished.

'Now the Queen thought of new mischief. One of his domestics, a bad woman, was with child, and to her she gave drugs which produced abortion. Two children were thus prematurely born, which she placed on golden dishes. She then sent away the woman, and began a loud lamentation. When the attendants came running, they were ordered to call the Shah, and she exhibited these children as his, pretending that the violence of Sijavesh had brought on her miscarriage. Khaus convened the astrologers: who consulted their astrolabes, and, after a week, pronounced that the children were not the children of the Shah, and had not Seudabeh for a mother. On the indications which they gave, he apprehended the real mother, but neither rewards nor threats could extort from her any confession.

'When Seudabeh learned what had happened to her servant, she came weeping to Kaus, and reproached him with his injustice: so that he again called the astrologers, who repeated that the children had this woman for a mother, and that they were a brood of Ariman. She replied that they spoke from fear of Sijavesh and Rusthem, and slandered her grossly; and she wept, and desperately tore her hair. Then was Kaus

melted, so that he sat down and wept with her. Whereupon one of the Mobeds advised to elicit the truth by means of the ordeal; "for," said he, "Heaven never suffers the just to perish." Sijavesh offered to undergo the proof; for Seudabeh had said to him, "It is not I that can demonstrate my innocence, it is from your veracity that I expect acquital."

'Then the Shah ordered two pyles of dry faggots and blocks of wood to be piled mountain high: naphtha was poured upon them: two hundred men stood by to fan the flame and stir the fire; and the heat spread two parasangs around. In a golden helmet and a white garment, Sijavesh came smiling to his father; who, moved in his soul, could not say many words. He then, still smiling, mounted his horse Shebrenk, offered a short prayer to God before the pyre, and plunged into the midst of the conflagration. The flames closed above his head and he disappeared in the midst of them. Kaus fell down from his throne on the earth. but presently the youth came smiling and radiant as the moon, unsinged from amid the fire. Then all that were present kneeled down, and thanked God for having preserved him in the great peril, and were full of joy and gratulation; all except Seudabeh, who angrily tore her hair. The father embraced the youth, who prostrated himself on the ground, and made a feast. For three days they were glad; on the fourth he ascended the throne as judge, and condemned Seudabeh to death. The Iranians approved, and the Shah ordered her to be hanged: but Sijavesh interceded for her, and she was pardoned.'

In the twenty-eighth saga of the *Shah-nameh*, which describes the war of Kai Khosrou, occurs the mention of the publication of the *Zend-Avesta* in these words:

"It was Feridun who founded Kend; a fire-temple rises in Kend; the *Zend-Avesta* was given there; the Kendians now call it Beya-Kend."

In the thirty-first saga, Kai Khosrou is stated to have perished in a whirlwind of snow. If this be the Cyrus of history, his end is more probably related than by Herodotus.

The thirty-third saga furnishes some notices of Zerdusht, which will merit transcription.

'Gushtasp and Kuthaioon had two sons, to be compared with the sun and moon; Asfendiar and Beshuthen were their names, and it seemed as if Feridun were returned upon earth. All the kings around brought tribute to Iran, and did homage at the court of the Shah; all the people were submissive; and all the Kishvers were full of his name. Only Ardshasp, the Shah of Turan, was inspired by devils, and refused tribute.

'At this time sprang up in Iran a tree, of which the leaves were counsel, and the fruit was wisdom. An old man appeared on the earth, in his hand the staff of Aud, and blessed was his footstep; his name was Zerdusht, and his arm smote the ill-working Ariman. To the Shah of the world he spake thus: "I am a messenger of Heaven, and will show thee the way of the Lord. In Paradise I have kindled my fire-offering, and the Creator said to me: Take this flame with thee, behold the heaven above and the world beneath, I produced them without water and without earth. See man, whom I have made, and know that no one is like me, who am the Preserver of all. Now that thou knowest all this to have come from me, honour me as the Creator of all. From him who speaketh with thee receive faith, and teach his ways and his laws, and act

as the great Architect teaches thee. Choose wisdom, use all things earthly as trifling, and learn that faith is the true life, and without it majesty is worthless."

'Gushtasp and Serir listened to his words, and also Lohrasp at Balkh. The great and the wise of all places came to the Shah to seek conversion; the idol-worship was suppressed, and the worship of fire founded in its stead. Into all the Kishvers an army of Mobeds was sent, the fire-temple at Bersin was erected, and worship and holy rites were there established. A holy cypress of Paradise he planted before the door of the fire-temple; and it was written on its high-sprouting branches how Gushtasp had declared for the true faith, and placed this tree in testimony that his soul was growing up in the right way.'

Although in this extract we find the name of the city of Balkh, there is some reason for suspecting that Baku, on the Caspian Sea, was the original reading of the word. Near Baku is a continual fire, an exhalation of hydrogen gas supplied by natural causes; and there the fire-worshipers had a temple and a school of such celebrity, that to this day pilgrims from Benares go to visit the Ader, or fire-column of Baku. In the *Zend-Avesta*, moreover, Baghdi is mentioned as the school of Zerdusht, which approaches nearer to Baku than to Balkh. Balkh is the least known of the great cities of the world.

At the end of the thirty-seventh saga, in which Rusthem is killed, the patience of Professor Goerres appears to have become exhausted; and he substitutes an abridged and rapid narrative of the contents of the remaining cantoes for an entire translation. Indeed, the romantic fables of the eastern nations concerning Alexander have little value, where just historical views

are entertained of his actions: they may supply hints to the poetic artist, but they can throw no light on the obscure points of antient history; and it is chiefly for the sake of the veiled truths, which may lurk among the traditions of Ferdoosi, that Europeans will be disposed to study his works. His reputation as a poet evidently reposes much on the patriotic passion; on the pleasure which natives of Persia take in finding their mountains, their rivers, their lakes, their cities, their kings, and their sages, become the topics of song.

§ 8.

Werner—his Luther—Schultze—his Cecilia, Psyche, &c.—Arndt—Körner—his Zriny, Rosamond, and other poems.

FRIEDERICH LUDWIG ZACHARIAS WERNER was born on the 18th November, 1768, at Königsberg, where his father was historic professor to the university, and also dramatic censor, which office procured to young Werner a perpetual opportunity of visiting the theatre gratuitously, and thus gave him an early and eager taste for the drama.

In the fourteenth year of his son's age, the father died, leaving the boy to the care of a pure and pious but hypochrondriacal mother, who placed him for a time under tutors, but removed him as soon as was legitimate to the Königsberg university, where he undertook the study of the law, and attended Kant's lectures. His youthhood was dissolute; but having travelled to Dresden and elsewhere, until his irregularities were forgotten, he obtained at Warsaw, in 1793, the office of secretary to the Exchequer.

In 1801 and 1802 he published a dramatic novel in two parts, of which the first treats of the Templars in Cyprus, and the second of the Brethren of the Cross. He also published, in 1806, what may be considered as a third part of these historic dialogues, entitled *The Cross on the Baltic*: they were reprinted with the common title of *The Sons of the Valley*.

But the poem for which he is principally remarkable is *Martin Luther*, an historic tragedy, which degenerates indeed at the close into comic melodrame, but which contains a spirited and faithful picture of the important incidents which prepared the Reformation.

The author of *Martin Luther* certainly possesses not the loftiness and pathetic force of Schiller, nor that perpetual concentration of attention on the main purpose, which distinguished the later productions of this lamented genius: but he manifests skill in the art of painting the spirit of the times in a short dialogue between boors, and in the art of characterizing eminent men with striking likeness by little significant traits. His scenery, like that of Schiller, is well imagined, not merely for pictuesque effect, but for emblematic operation on the spectator; and his dialogue, though much too diffuse, has at least not the French fault of sinking into epic poetry, but is uniformly dramatic. Still his piece tires before it closes; and this defect principally results from a breach of unity of action.

Luther's burning of the pope's bull, and his consequent citation to Worms, form the original points of interest. His heroic determination to go to the place where he might expect the fate of Huss, his danger while he was there, the collection of the votes of the diet, and the casting vote of the Emperor, which grants him a safe return, constitute a complete series of action; but the untired author, instead of concluding his play with the rejoicings of the populace on the discharge of Luther, proceeds to paint the reformer in love, and diverts his audience with a religious courtship of the nun Catherine Bore; which, though not borrowed out of the book of Defoe, is nearly as ludicrous, from the analogous attempt to veil the desires of nature in the forms of spiritual aspiration.

The composition of historic tragedy deserves to be revived in this country. Dramas on that plan are apt to be too long: but they might be given without any afterpiece; especially if the poet, as in this instance, would contrive a conclusion full of music, show, pageantry, bustle, song and machinery. The biography of Luther is interesting in all protestant countries; sufficiently so, perhaps, for the transplantation of this very piece into our own theatres: we will therefore give an analysis of it, scene by scene.

ACT I. *Scene* 1.

Miners are at work in the caverns of Freiberg in Saxony. They converse about the commotion which Luther is causing; his father is one of the workmen, and is questioned concerning his son. Thus the popular operation of his opinions, and the outlines of his early biography, are unaffectedly brought out.

Scene 2.

A convent of nuns at Wittenberg is exhibited. They are seen in the chapel, through a grate, performing their devotions; and the miserere, accompanied by an organ, is sung in chorus. The chancellor of Saxony, and other attendants, arrive, to announce the sequestration of the holy property, and the dismissal of the nuns on a pension into private life. Interesting contrasts of character are displayed between the grief of the elderly and the subdued joy of the younger nuns. While the formal process is going on, a mob of youths break into the holy precincts, and more than one snatches his beloved from imprisonment. The dignified indignation of Catherine Bore overawes the rudest. An

officer, who was in love with her, is vainly a suitor; and she reproves him for his attachment to Luther.

Scene 3.

The college-square at Wittenberg is displayed. Students are assembled to witness the burning of the Pope's bull by Luther. The daring character of this step is painted by the alarm of Melanchthon, by the hesitation of the people, and by the intrusive protest of the disbanded nuns, who are marched past at the time. Luther makes his speech, and burns the bull. Catherine Bore feels her abhorrence overcome by an involuntary veneration.

ACT II. *Scene* 1.

The famulus, or apprentice-student, of Luther, by name Theobald, is waiting in Luther's anti-room, and is visited by Melanchthon; whose cautious, timid, scrupulous virtue is accurately portrayed. Luther is locked within his study. His father and mother come from Freiberg to visit him. The door is burst open. He is found half-entranced from want of food, and from excess of literary labour. He has been translating psalms into rime; the door is spotted with ink; and, on being questioned, he relates the story of his throwing an ink-stand at the celebrated apparition of the Devil. Much nature, much historic fidelity, and much philosophy, are exhibited in this delineation. Melanchthon informs Luther of the citation to Worms, and advises him not to go, least he should be burnt alive. The father and mother concur in the dissuasion, but the noble firmness of Luther prevails.—This scene is too long: but it contains affecting displays of character.

Scene 2.

The disbanded nuns are again produced, for little purpose; unless to reveal the progress of Catharine's attachment, who determines, in the dress of a pilgrim, to follow Luther to Worms.

ACT III. *Scene* 1.

A hall in the imperial palace exhibits the assembled majesty of the German Empire; the electors, the knights, the cardinals, the bishops, the Emperor Charles V., and his fool, *Bossu*. The debate turns on the Protestant troubles; the several characters are brought forwards in exact proportion to their historic importance; and to each his individual leaning is assigned with solicitous precision: but we have too much of the Emperor's fool.

Scene 2.

Luther has arrived at Worms, accompanied by Melanchthon. The Cardinal Alcander practises with him, and offers preferment if he will retract: but Luther remains firm, and wanders through the streets, singing with a chorus of the people his own psalms. The Emperor passes on horseback, and, being curious to see Luther, slackens his pace. While he is gazing, the sceptre drops from his hand; and this emblematic or ominous incident is well managed by the poet. The dialogue is affectedly insipid, while the page picks up the sceptre, and the Emperor desires the Elector of Saxony to carry it for him: but Luther, looking calmly and silently at the incident, and continuing his psalmody, excites an indescribable thrill, arising from a recollection of the mass of depending event, which reveals

the use and the place of omens in dramatic historiography.

ACT IV. *Scene* 1.

Luther is called before the Diet, is exhorted to retract, and refuses. When he has retired, a deliberation commences whether he shall be burnt for heresy. The votes are divided; but the Emperor's casting-vote decides in favor of Luther, who retires with the acclamations of the people.

Scene 2.

A forest near Worms. Here Luther is benighted, with his famulus; and here Catharine Bore, in her pilgrim's dress, with the fair novice who accompanies her, is benighted also. Certain soldiers attend as an escort. The parties meet, and club their suppers, spread themselves on the ground, and sing in concert. The spectacle may be imagined to be picturesque; and the soldier's bugle, with the voices of the performers, alternately sounding, to be very melodious: yet the dialogue itself is vile and ludicrous, and abolishes all that reverence for Luther and Catharine, which had previously been excited. After having fallen in love, they fall asleep; and the dreams are exhibited in the air, in pleasing illuminated machines. Theobald and the fair novice also fall in love, as well as their master and mistress.

In the fifth act, still grosser absurdities occur. The fair novice dies, in order to exhibit a funeral at the convent, and to re-introduce the chorus of nuns, who are allowed to re-unite on this occasion. During the service, Protestant iconoclasts rush in, tear down the pictures, and carry off the candlesticks; and thus the

Reformation, hitherto so important, is degraded into a church-robbery, hostile to the fine arts! An opportunity is seized for exhibiting Luther in lay-apparel, when he makes his offer, and is accepted by Catharine Bore; occasion is also taken to kill off two personages, now become supernumerary, the boy-widower Theobald, and the discarded lover of Catharine;—and thus the tragedy terminates.

The merits of this poem must be sought, first, in the author's happy portraiture of character and manners, and in ethic discrimination; secondly, in his wise choice of the interviews, so as to teach a large portion of historic truth, with a moderate number of agitating scenes; thirdly, in decorative contrivance, an opportunity being skilfully afforded for various and magnificent scenery and pageantry; yet in this department of art, the law of climax is not sufficiently observed; and fourthly, in historic fidelity—Its faults will be found, first, in the trailing and sentimental style of the dialogue; secondly, in exuberance of personage, incident, anecdote, and parade; thirdly, in repetitions of situation, such as that of the nuns at worship; and fourthly, in the decaying character of the interest, which, from being originally of the heroic becomes finally of the comic kind.

There is much reason to suppose that Werner had occasional attacks of insanity: in 1811 he had left Warsaw, and embraced the catholic religion: this procured him some patronage from the prince-archbishop von Dalberg, who got him ordained a priest at Aschaffenburg in 1814, after sending him on a pilgrimage to Loretto.

In 1819 he brought out successfully at Wien a scripture-tragedy, entitled *The Mother of the Maccabees*, but in the protestant north this poem found no

admirers: it was printed in 1820. The health of Werner was however rapidly decaying: in 1822 he passed some months at the baths; but the mineral waters availed little in arresting the progress of pulmonary consumption; and on the 17th January, 1823, he died, and was interred at Enzersdorf on the Hill. An inscription, composed by himself, begs the wanderer to pray charitably for his poor soul, and expresses a trembling hope that Mary Magdalen would use intercession in his behalf.

Ernest Conrade Frederick Schultze,[1] was born at Celle on the 22nd March, 1789. The natural quickness and vivacity of his mind seemed to render the acquisition of knowledge easy, but during his boyish years his inclination to study by no means corresponded with his ability: it required no inconsiderable trouble to confine him to the tasks which his teachers prescribed for him; he generally delayed them to the last moment, and then despatched them imperfectly and in haste. But for boyish tricks and bodily exercises he was always prepared, and among his comrades he was a particular favourite. When a bolder or more daring scheme was to be executed, he was generally at their head, and always the last to fly when flight became necessary. At home his goodness of heart rendered him not less beloved; though his friends and relations used occasionally to shake their heads rather ominously, when, as was generally the case, he blundered, or forgot the commissions that were entrusted to him, lost his books, tore his clothes to

[1] This account of Schultze is abridged from an elegant article, which decorates the first volume of the Foreign Quarterly Review, an excellent periodical, which already includes an ample continuation of this Survey, from the reconstitution of Germany in 1815.

pieces, and seemed to set every thing like order and arrangement at defiance. His father, however, was in some measure consoled for these extravagancies by the assurances of his master, that it was not talent, but diligence, in which his son was deficient; and that he had already evinced considerable powers of application in some studies to which he had taken a fancy. He had become such a proficient, for instance, in heraldry, that before he was fourteen he was frequently consulted by painters with regard to the decoration of coffins. But, with his characteristic restlessness, he abandoned his heraldry, and gave away his collection of arms, as well as a similar collection of coins, after making a certain progress in these studies.

The first opportunity for the developement of Schultze's poetical talent arose from his intimacy with the son of an eminent member of the Supreme Court of Appeal, who soon afterwards left the Hanoverian service. In company with this young man he used to write short essays on various subjects, and to compose a sort of gazette, in which little family incidents were sportively detailed in the formal style of court and state intelligence. His grief at separation from this friend, to whom he was enthusiastically attached, was expressed in a poem, the first of his compositions.

From this time he began to read with more diligence; but, unfortunately, the course of study in which he chiefly indulged, was peculiarly ill-suited to a mind like his, in which the fancy had always predominated over the sterner faculties of judgment and reasoning. Fairy tales and romances of chivalry were his favourites, of which a large collection was to be found in an old library at a country seat not far from Celle, to which he had obtained access. The place altogether, and

particularly one chamber in the ruinous building, was so suited to the taste of the youthful poet, that he prevailed on his father to allow him to fix his residence for some time in the family of the farmer by whom it was occupied. The farmer occasionally expressed to the father his fears that the young man was over-studying himself, and becoming pensive and melancholy; but at the same time gratefully acknowledged the assistance he had received from him as interpreter during the march of the French, (who in 1803 were in possession of Hanover,) and praised his general activity and good nature.

It was in the autumn of 1806 that the youthful poet commenced his studies at the university of Göttingen, where he soon attracted the attention of Bouterwek, to whose kindness and friendship he afterwards owed so much, and to whose prefatory memoir of his friend we are indebted for the present notices of his life. "His external appearance at this time," says Bouterwek, "had nothing remarkable about it. His figure of middling height, was well formed; his features, on the whole, regular and fine; but his eye, though indicating a talented mind, was restless and unsteady: his manners, simple, straightforward, and unpretending, excited no expectations." The attention of Bouterwek was first directed to the young student by the superiority of his college exercises, in which feeling and fancy were united with a degree of correctness scarsely to be expected from a youth of eighteen years of age. The praise bestowed by the Professor on these efforts seems to have gained the heart of Schultze. He shortly afterwards ventured to communicate to Bouterwek various poetical compositions, and to request his judgment on them. They consisted chiefly of sonnets,

epistles, and elegies, in many points defective, in others excellent, and exhibiting on the whole undoubted proofs of high poetical talent. Bouterwek was pleased, not only with the respect and gratitude with which his criticisms were received, but with the manly openness with which the poet defended and adhered to his own opinion in matters which came less within the province of reasoning than of feeling; and in this interchange of instruction and respectful attachment their intercourse became daily more and more friendly. The poetical criticisms of the Professor, however, seem to have been more attended to than his logic. Corporeally, indeed, Schultze was present at his lectures, but his mind was often wandering far enough from Aristotle and his commentators; and at last, satisfied that theology was not his proper field, his father, with that easiness of temper which he had previously displayed in the affair of the library, allowed him now to devote himself entirely to the study of the Classics and of fine literature—a pursuit more analogous to his poetical temperament. Even then, it appears, he took little interest in the public lectures on these subjects, and was indebted to his own private diligence for any progress he made.

It was during this period that his *Psyche*, his first work of any length, was composed, founded on the well-known episode in the *Golden Ass of Apuleius*. The poem is principally remarkable for the easy flow of the versification, the command of style which it exhibits, and the success with which the graceful narrative manner of Wieland is imitated by the poet in the management of the tale. Wieland was, in fact, at this time his ideal model, whose assistance he habitually invokes, as Dante does that of Virgil. He did

not hesitate to avow to his friend Bouterwek that the light and sportive views of that great man appeared to him the best suited to the character of poetry and art.

For some time after the contemplation of his "*Psyche,*" Schultze's philological and classical studies were cultivated with success. He gradually enlarged his acquaintance with persons whose tastes resembled his own, and with whom he pursued his researches with assiduity. The study of Homer in particular, whose works he appears to have read with peculiar pleasure, tended much to increase the strength and simplicity of his style, and to generate that dislike to mannerism and affectation of expression which he always entertained. But while his power of application and attention to study increased, the cheerfulness, and almost levity, of his temper were observed gradually to decline. He became distant and reserved, spoke little and read much, shunning his former amusements, and obviously occupied with some internal source of engrossing interest. To the enquiries of his friends, whom his serious and melancholy air occasionally alarmed, he used to answer that he had never been happier. Circumstances, however, shortly afterwards afforded the key to the enigma. The youthful poet had found his pattern of ideal beauty in Cecilia, the daughter of Professor T——. In the bloom of youth, gifted with uncommon personal advantages, modest, susceptible, and amiable in her disposition, she united to these natural gifts accomplishments of no ordinary kind. She drew and painted well, and played with taste and execution. Altogether she seems to have been every way calculated to realize those dreams which had frequently wavered across the imagination of the poet. In her company, and that

of her sister Adelaide, he now spent the happiest portion of his life. As yet his attachment was not returned, but he was viewed with friendship and esteem, and to the imagination of Schultze this was enough. A feeling corresponding in warmth to his own would probably have appeared to him almost inconsistent with the idea of perfection which he had embodied in his mistress. The epistles and occasional poems which were written at this period, and afterwards published in 1813, are all distinguished by beauty of language, and many of them by great pathos and delicacy. The elegies beginning "O wie vereinet sich Scherz," and "Heimliche Laube des Glücks," are peculiarly elegant. Grace rather than power is the characteristic of the miscellaneous poems. We select the following chiefly from its shortness and simplicity. It is the address of the *May Lilies to Adelaide*, the sister of his mistress.

"Faded are our sister flowers,
Faded all and gone;
In the meadows, in the bowers,
We are left alone;
Dark above our valley low'rs
That funereal sky,
And the thick and chilling showers
Now come blighting by.

Drooping stood we in the strife,
Pale and tempest-shaken,
Weeping that our love and life
Should at once be taken:
Wishing, while within its cover
Each wan flower withdrew,
That like those whose life was over,
We had withered too.

But the air a soothing ditty
Whispered silently;
How that love and gentlest pity
Still abode with thee;
How thy very presence, ever
Shed a sunny glow,—
And where thou wert smiling, never
Tears were seen to flow.

So to thee, thou gentle spirit,
Are the wanderers come;
Let the weak thy care inherit,
Take the trembling home;
Though the bloom that did surround us
Withered with the blast,
Still the scent that hangs around us
Lives when that hath past."

But the happy period of Schultze's life was fast hastening to a close. A neglected cold which had been caught by Cecilia, terminated in decline. During her illness, which lasted nearly a year, Schultze's enthusiasm seemed to reach its height. If he had formerly admired her, while in the possession of health and beauty, the patience and gentleness with which she bore her long sickness seemed now to invest her in his eyes with a character almost celestial. She died at the age of eighteen, and with her disappeared the cheerfulness which had hitherto distinguished her lover.

In the deep grief and depression that followed his loss, the feelings of Schultze sought a natural vent in poetry. But the wild and enthusiastic character of the man was visible in the design which he now conceived, and the circumstances under which it suggested itself. Standing beside the corpse of Cecilia, he determined to immortalize the object of his passion by the poem which

bears her name, and to which all the powers he possessed, all the labor of his future life, was to be devoted. As soon as his grief permitted him to discuss such topics, he communicated his design to his friend Bouterwek, and in January, 1813, the first canto of the poem was begun. Bouterwek told him plainly that he disapproved of the plan adopted, and advised the selection of a ground-work more intelligible to common readers, and a less prodigal use of supernatural machinery.

But Schultze had formed his plan, and he adhered to it with his characteristic obstinacy. Every incident, every marvel, every sentiment, seemed to hang together so closely in his mind, that he could not consent to bate a jot of his story, or to sacrifice a supernumerary stanza. The work which he looked upon as the offspring of an imperious duty, proceeded rapidly, notwithstanding his deep depression of spirits, and the gradual decline of his health from a complaint in his breast, to which he had always had a constitutional tendency. "Life," says Bouterwek, "now seemed to him to be almost a matter of indifference. He confined his grief to himself; he read and studied apparently as before; but the only subject which seemed to interest him was the composition of the *Cecilia*, or of occasional poems, most of which bear reference to the loss he had sustained." The main work had reached the close of the seventh canto, when events of a more stirring character for a time diverted the poet from his employment, and called him from the indulgence of a visionary grief to assist in the liberation of Germany. Yet it was not an unmixed feeling of patriotism that led him, toward the close of the year 1813, to enter as a volunteer in the service of his

country. Even in this resolution his peculiar and morbid enthusiasm was mingled with his sense of duty to his country. He joined the army, because he deemed himself unworthy of the honor of completing the poem which was to bestow immortality on his mistress, if he refused to assist his country in the hour of danger, and to sacrifice his own occupations on the shrine of higher duties and public interests. It is thus he speaks in one of his shorter poems, which bears the date of 1st November, 1813.

"Steeds are neighing, swords are gleaming,
Germany's revenge is nigh;
And the banners brightly streaming
Wave us on to victory:

Rouse thee then, fond heart, and see
For a time thy task forsaken;
Bear what life hath laid on thee,
And forget what it hath taken!"

He entered as a volunteer under Beaulieu in the Jäger battalion of Grubenhagen, the arrangement of which was completed in the spring of 1814. Beaulieu, who found that the young volunteer could serve his country with the pen as well as the sword, employed him as his secretary, and distinguished him by particular attention. By his kindness, Schultze's quarters were fixed in the residence of his friend Bouterwek, and by this means he remained for about two months in his family, till the corps set out on its march from Göttingen to join the allied army of the North, which was at that time occupied with the attempt to expel the terrible Davoust from Hamburg and its neighbourhood. Schulte's companion to the field was a pocket edition of Homer. Engaged in active duties, his health im-

proved, his melancholy became less oppressive. He was a great favourite with his comrades, whose dangers he was always ready to share, though his short-sightedness rendered his risk greater than theirs. Like the Tyrtæus of Germany, the brave and too-early departed Körner, he animated them to battle by his strains, while he assisted them by his sword. One of the songs in particular, written in a wild and peculiar measure, and of which the hint is obviously taken from the finale of Wallenstein's *Lager*, breathes a fine and military spirit of patriotism and reckless gallantry. It concludes with these striking stanzas.

"The chief of the huntsmen is Death, whose aim
Soon levels the brave and the craven;
He crimsons the field with the blood of his game,
But the booty he leaves to the raven.
Like the stormy tempest that flies so fast,
O'er moor and mountain he gallops fast;
Man shakes
And quakes
At his bugle blast.

But what boots it, my friends, from the hunter to flee,
Who shoots with the shafts of the grave?
Far better to meet him thus manfully,
The brave by the side of the brave!
And when against us he shall turn his brand,
With his face to the foe let each hero stand,
And await
His fate
From a hero's hand."

Schultze was not destined, however, to meet his fate in the field. Davoust evacuated Hamburg in May, 1814, and Schultze enjoyed the satisfaction of marching with the battalion into the city which he had

assisted to liberate. The peace which followed was perhaps the most unfortunate event that could have happened for the poet, since it left him without that active occupation which had tended to improve both his health and spirits, and restored him again to melancholy and the composition of the *Cecilia*. The tumult of war without had been the means of restoring peace within, and the poet might have truly said with Erminia,

. . . . . "Solo parme
Che trovar pace io possa in mezzo all'arme."

Much as Bouterwek was attached to his friend, he witnessed his return to Göttingen with regret, because he foresaw the revival of his former habits of seclusion and gloom. Some apprehensions of declining friendship and coldness on the part of his acquaintance, which seem to have had no foundation save in his own imagination, tended about this time to increase his natural despondency. Still the poem proceeded rapidly, being only interrupted by a course of lectures which he delivered on classical literature, and the composition of occasional verses, many of which were written at the request of friends. Bouterwek mentions an instance of his ingenuity, in rendering even these occupations subservient to the master-feeling of his mind, which looks not a little ludicrous. Being at a loss on one occasion how to complete a copy of verses which he had promised, the idea occurred to him of rendering them an acrostic on the name of his mistress, and this happy thought at once enabled him to perform his task with ease. By this pious fraud he contrived to gratify his friend, who had no idea of the mystery that lay concealed under these verses, and at the same time to indulge the feeling which he seemed to consider as the

proper employment of his life. The *Cecilia* was at last finished, in twenty cantoes, in December 1815, having engaged the attention of the poet for three years, of which about six months had been occupied by the campaign before Hamburg. The fable of the poem may be thus abridged. The wife of a powerful northern Jarl had imbibed the doctrines of Christianity, though her husband and relations still remained in the darkness of paganism. The noble lady maintains her faith in secrecy and silence; for her husband had threatened death to every adherent of the new doctrines. To support her sinking courage, an angel commissioned by heaven had presented her with a blooming rose, with the assurance that as long as she preserved the celestial flower, neither strength nor cunning should prevail against her. But during the absence of the husband, the great enemy of the Christian faith, the enchantress Swanwitha, musters her powerful spells to terrify the mind of the unfortunate lady, and by means of a ghastly exhibition of her magic powers, succeeds in pursuading her that the life of her infant children is in danger, and in exacting from her the celestial rose as the price of their safety. The same angelic spirit which had formerly bestowed the gift now appears to announce the punishment annexed to its forfeiture;—her separation from her husband, the death of the children by each other's hands, and her own exclusion from pardon and happiness, until the mystic rose, which has already been placed by unhallowed hands in the temple of Odin, shall again be planted on holy ground, an act which was to be accompanied with the death of the generous and devoted individual by whom it was accomplished.

Well might Bouterwek advise his friend to abandon

a legend so wild, so adverse to common feelings, and so completely unsupported even by popular traditions, which sometimes supply the want of a historical groundwork, as the subject of an epic poem. The very idea of a serious epos, not only purely fictitious, but based exclusively upon the marvellous, seems absurd, while the character of the particular legend which Schultze has selected is still more preposterous and revolting. There is so obvious a disproportion between the extent of the original offence, (committed as it was under circumstances which any reasonable person would have held sufficient to justify a greater sacrifice,) and the magnitude of the punishment, that even the limited and conventional portion of probability which we exact from the epic poet, is entirely destroyed. As difficult does it seem to sympathize with the invention of Cecilia's character, who feels so little for herself, and vanquishes her trials with such apparent ease, that the reader is neither deeply affected by her dangers nor her sufferings. The long prayers and invocations which Schultze has connected with the character, and which to his excited feelings appeared natural and appropriate, produce a tedious and revolting effect upon the unimpassioned reader. One is tempted to smile, too, at the absurdity of encumbering the main story, such as it is, by the introduction of an episode relating to Adelaide, the supposed sister of the heroine, seemingly inserted with no other view than that of giving the real Adelaide a chance for immortality, by incorporating her name with the poem which was devoted to the memory of her sister. Least of all can we approve the needless horror of a fratricidal catastrophe.

But the concluding verses of the poem, in which he dedicates the labors of three years to the memory of

Cecilia, and alludes to some of those misconceptions under which he laboured as to the feelings of her friends, are so full of genuine feeling and poetical beauty, that the reader will be gratified by their perusal.

"And now 'tis o'er;—the long planned work is done,
The last sad meed that love and longing gave:
Beside thy bier the strain was first begun,
And now I lay the gift upon thy grave.
The bliss—the bale, through which my heart hath run
Are mirrored in the story's mystic wave;
Take then the song, that in my bitter grief
Hath been my latest joy, my sole relief.

As mariners that on the flowery side
Of some fair coast have for a time descended;
And many a town and many a tower descried,
And many a blooming grove and plain extended;
Till borne again to sea by wind and tide,
They see the picture fade, the vision ended;—
So in the darkening distance do I see
My hopes grow dim, my joy and solace flee.

Such as thou didst in love and life appear,
In joy, in grief, in pleasure, and in pain,
Such have I strove in words to paint thee here,
And link thy beauties with my lowly strain.
Still as I sang, thy form was floating near,
And hand in hand with thee, the goal I gain
Alas, that with the wreath that binds my brow,
My visionary bliss must vanish now!

Three years in that fond dream have fleeted by,
For, tho' the tempest of the time was rife,
And rising at the breath of destiny,
Through peace and war hath borne my bark of life,
I heeded not how clouds grew dark on high,
How beat against the bark the waters' strife;

Still in the hour of need unchangeably
The compass of my spirit turned to thee.

While time rolled on with ever changing tide,
Thou wert the star, the sun that shone for me;
For thee I girt the sword upon my side;
Each dream of peace was consecrate to thee;
And if my heart was long and deeply tried,
For thee alone I bore my misery;
Watching lest autumn with his chilling breath
Should blight the rose above thy couch of death.

Ah me! since thou hast gained thy heavenly throne,
And I, no more by earthly ties controll'd,
Have shunned life's giddy joys, with thee alone
Sad fellowship in solitude to hold;—
Full many a faithless friend is changed and gone,
Full many a heart that once was warm grown cold.
All this have I for thee in silence borne,
And joy'd to bear, as on a brighter morn.

As vases, once with costly scents supplied,
Long after shed around their sweet perfume;
As clouds the evening sun with gold hath dyed
Gleam brightly yet while all around is gloom;
As the strong river bears its fresh'ning tide
Far out into the ocean's azure room;
Forlorn and bruised, the heart that once hath beat
For *thee*, can feel no anger and no hate."

* * * * *

Much as Schultze was attached to Göttingen, the state of his health seemed now to convince him that a change of scene was necessary. Some friends, who were resident at Rome, gave him a pressing invitation to join them; and though the state of his circumstances interposed some obstacles to the journey, these were removed by the kindness of his father, who was willing to subject himself to inconvenience, in order to

afford his son the chance of a restoration to health. During the summer of 1816, he was occupied with preparations for this journey, which he contemplated next year, and with the plan of a poem, which was at first intended to be of the same extent with the *Cecilia*, but conceived in the more cheerful manner of Ariosto. In the autumn of 1816, he made a short tour on foot through the districts of the Rhine and Main; but this journey, in which he seems to have been careless of his health, aggravated instead of diminishing his disease. Shortly afterwards his pains in the breast returned with increased violence; his strength grew less and less. Yet even in this state of exhaustion, the energy of his mind, unabated by bodily sickness, enabled him to labour as before, at his romantic poem of the *Enchanted Rose*, which he intended as a specimen of his powers in style and versification. As soon as it was completed, he dispatched it anonymously to Leipsig, as a competitor for the prize offered for the best poetical tale.

Like the incidents of the *Cecilia*, those of the *Enchanted Rose* are represented as the fulfilment of a prophecy which has preceded the date of the story; an atonement by the child for the offence of the parent. The fairy Ianthe, it seems, like her Arabian predecessor, the Peri Banou, had so far forgot the dignity of her enchanted station, as to encourage the addresses of Leontes, a mortal prince, whom in one of her nautical excursions she had found asleep within her territories. A year had passed away in this manner, and a son, beautiful as the day, had betrayed to her sister-fays the indiscretion of Ianthe, when the offended queen of fairy land, suddenly appears, and announces, in very enigmatical language, the penance to be inflicted on

the delinquent. Her son is to be taken from her, and her offence is only to be pardoned when he shall succeed in giving life to the being who is to be the object of his love.

Schultze survived the completion of this poem only long enough to know that he had gained the prize for which he had been a competitor. Yet, like most consumptive invalids, he seemed to have no idea of the near approach of his death, and talked to the last of setting out for Italy in the spring. When the spring to which he looked forwards arrived, he recovered sufficiently to enable him to bear the removal from Göttingen to his father's house at Celle; but the journey probably brought the disease to a crisis, for his strength soon afterwards rapidly declined, and he died on the 22nd of June, 1817. The Spenser of the German school, his beauties are absorbed in his dilatoriness.

E. M. Arndt, a native of Pomerania, after completing his studies with reputation, became professor of history in the university of Bonn. He was much addicted to revolutionary politics, and was in consequence dismissed in 1820. He had previously distinguished himself by writing in prose against the ascendancy of Bonaparte; and his patriotic songs, which were printed at Frankfurt, powerfully contributed to excite that national insurrection against the French, which was called the Landstorm.

The songs of Arndt I do not possess; but in the excellent *Anthology* of Mr. Bernays, printed in 1829, occurs one of the most popular, of which, however, an entire translation would not please in English.

It runs somewhat thus:

Where is the German's fatherland?
Is it amid the Prussian sand,
Or on the Swabian's Alpine hill,
Where sea-mews by the Baltic scream,
Or on our Rhine where vineyards gleam?
O no! o no!
His fatherland is wider still.

He then goes on to enumerate characteristically, the several German provinces, closing each stanza with the same chorus.

Is it in Bavaria, or Stiria,
Or where the cattle of the Marsi stretch,
Or where the Marcoman digs his iron?
O no! His fatherland is wider still.

After half a dozen stanzas in this manner, he closes with the answer.

Where sounds the German tongue abroad,
Where men in German hymn their God,
Where oaths are sworn by pledge of hand,
That is the German's fatherland:
There shall his freedom-temples stand.

Charles Theodore Körner was born 23rd September, 1791, at Dresden, where, his father, a barrister, practised in the Court of Appeals: his mother was daughter to the engraver Stock. The frail health of his early years prevented any assiduous care for his instruction: he spent, by the physician's order, much time in the open air, with children of his own age, in a garden or play-ground near his dwelling; and commonly passed three months of the summer at a vineyard belonging to his father, on which a cottage, or villa, had been

erected: of his sister he was remarkably fond, had an affectionate heart and an irritable fancy. To the languages he did not willingly attend, and had even a dislike to the French, but he gladly undertook natural history and mathematics. Gymnastic exercises were prescribed to him: he danced well, rode well, fenced well, and swam well. He had a taste for turning, for sketching from nature, and for music: his favourite instrument was the guitar.

The German poets Körner read early and eagerly, became especially attached to the works of Schiller and Göthe, whose ballads first, whose dramas afterwards attracted him: some attempts at versifying he made early, but these were chiefly of a comic or epigrammatic kind occasioned by contiguous incidents. The education of Körner was uninterruptedly domestic, until he approached his seventeenth year; but he was sent to a day-school in Dresden for Latin and Greek, and provided with private tutors in various other departments of study. His health had undergone a favourable revolution, and he displayed both spirits and spirit.

The father of Körner consulted with his son about the choice of a profession and, after weighing with friendly and confidential freedom, his inclinations and capacities, it was agreed between them, that the young man should be sent to the mineralogical academy at Freyberg, for two years, in order to qualify himself for the situation of a superintendant of mines: there are many such places to be had both in Germany and Hungary, and the instructions of professor Werner had the highest reputation both for practical and theoretic knowledge.

In 1808 Körner went to establish himself at Freyberg: professor Werner, a friend of his father, receiv-

ed him with distinction, and he soon found himself a happy inmate of the college, surrounded by young men, many of them from distant countries, among whom his cheerfulness, openness, and good humour were evolved in harmless freedom, and won him many friends. He was near enough to his original home frequently to visit his family on their festival days, or during the intervals of the lectures, and was often accompanied by some fellow-student. He was attentive to mineralogy and chemistry, collected specimens with zeal, and made maps of the strata, as is now common in geologic works.

Körner was warmly protected by his godmother the duchess of Curland, who contributed to the expense of his education, and received him at her residence in Löbichau near Altenburg. This was in the summer of 1809, when he undertook a pedestrian tour in Lusatia and Silesia, and was hospitably entertained by count Gessler and count Stolberg, who resided on his route. Many of the minor poems which are still preserved originated during this tour; they treat of mountain-life, mountain-scenery, of love and of religion; for Körner, like Klopstock and Stolberg, belongs to the old pious German school of poetry, and not like Lessing, Wieland, and Göthe to the philosophic school.

Körner's academic career at Freyberg terminated in 1810, when he decided to avail himself of the new university at Berlin, which had been transplanted thither from Halle, especially on account of the increased facilities afforded by a metropolis for anatomical studies. The interval, between the stay at Freyberg and the proposed courses of lectures, was filled up at Carlsbad and Löbichau. In this last place the duchess had founded a sort of album, under the name of *Tea-leaves*, to which she expected from her guests a diurnal communication,

which was to be read aloud at the tea-hour. Körner hurt his foot, while staying there, which detained him; and thus he had to contribute many papers both in prose and verse to the *Tea-leaves*. They are mostly contained in the collection of poems entitled *Blossoms*.

At Easter 1811 he went to Berlin, where he attended much to botany: and heard lectures on history and philosophy: he frequented the libraries, the theatres, and the concerts, but was interrupted in his pursuits by a tertian ague, which obliged him to remove; and he joined his parents at Carlsbad, the mineral waters of which place had already been useful to him. This brought on confidential conversations with a kind father, who probably did not approve the connexions and combinations which the son was forming at Berlin; and the result was a determination to remove young Körner to Wien, where indeed no university-discipline awaited him, but where the proper sources of patronage could be explored for obtaining a situation in the mines of Hungary. Studies of the Hungarian language, geography, and history were undertaken; but the poetic passion was too warm for a calculated application; and several dramatic poems of a comic cast were composed and offered to the theatre, of which the *Bride*, the *Green Domino*, and *Torri* were acted with success: but the work which did him most honor, and which was received with the loudest applause, was a tragedy in five acts, entitled *Zriny*, founded on the deed of this new Leonidas, who, intrusted with the defense of the fortress of Sigeth, perished with all his followers in a final sortie, after giving orders to blow up the fortress. The author was called for at the close of the play, and received the plaudits of the assembled audience. Göthe compli-

mented the young poet on his success, and obtained permission to have his piece represented on the theatre at Weimar.

Körner visited Regensburg (Ratisbon) and wrote some poems on the beauties of the Danube. He also fell in love at Wien; and to this circumstance his father ascribes the preservation of a healthy constitution amid the temptations of a dissolute city. Körner wrote home on the subject of his attachment; his father came to Wien, the difficulties were not found insuperable, and a regular betrothment ensued. The place of director of the theatre was become vacant; and was obtained for the young dramatist. His next successful tragedy was *Rosamond*, an English theme, which Addison and Wieland had essayed with imperfect skill. Körner seems to have surpassed them.

Körner wrote early in 1813 two poems on the battle of Aspern, in which he made the archduke Charles his hero: the prince sent him in consequence an invitation, and expressed to him satisfaction; but this honourable connexion, by opening to him the hope of military advancement, seems to have given a new turn to the imagination of Körner, which henceforth contemplated the *pro patria mori* as the most glorious termination of his mortal career. And when, at the instigation of Russia, the Prussian authorities thought fit to raise the people of Germany against the retreating armies of the French, Körner took up at once the lyre and sword, stimulated the levy-in-mass of the nation, became the Tyrtæus of the Land-storm, and enlisted as a private in one of the volunteer corps, which attended assiduous drills, and were to elect their own officers. He thus informed his father of this resolution. "Germany is rising: the Prussian eagle is wakening

in every faithful bosom by the bold flapping of its wings the mighty hope of German freedom. My heart sighs for a country—let me be its worthy disciple. Now that I know what happiness may ripen in this life, now that all the stars of my destiny shine down upon me in lovely mildness, now is the time—by God it is a noble feeling which actuates me—now is the time for an energetic conviction, that no sacrifice can be too great for that highest of human goods, the freedom of one's country. Great times require great hearts, and I feel the strength within me to be a rock amid this surf of the people; I must wade forth, and stem with bold breast the storm of waves. Shall I only sing with idle inspiration to my conquering brethren?—I know that you will have to incur some anxieties on my behalf, that my mother will be in tears—God comfort her. I cannot do otherwise. To risk life is little—but to risk a life, round which love and friendship and joy have twined their flower-garlands, and to risk it gladly with the sweet feeling that no sacrifice can be too costly for so high a prize—this is a self-devotement, which has a right to claim from you some corresponding concession."

Theodore Körner left Wien on the 15th March, 1813, with good recommendations to men of consequence in the Prussian army. Just as he arrived at Breslau the then Major Lützow had announced the formation of the volunteer corps which bore his name. At his call educated men and young men were streaming into confluence from all quarters to fight for German liberty and independence. Enthusiasm for these highest goods drew together the students, the artists, the commercial popular accessions, and, in combination with two other flying corps, was employed in a sort of petty warfare, having for its object to harrass and cut off the retreat

agents, the civil servants of the country, men of wealth, men of leisure, men of toil, and officers, who had served with distinction, came to act as privates with their countrymen. By such a combination Theodore Körner could not but feel attracted, and on the 19th March he had joined this corps the very first opportunity. A few days after, their colors were consecrated in a village parish church near Zobten; and an oath of fidelity to the cause was solemnly taken.

What now occupied Körner during his leisure hours was the composition of war-songs; many he collected, many he composed to tunes already familiar, and many were set to original music. In the excited state of the public every spark caught. Körner however never neglected his drills for the Muse; and the proof is, that after a very short time he was elevated by the suffrage of his comrades from the rank of private to that of Upper-jäger, and was ordered to accompany major Petersdorf, who commanded the infantry, on a journey of business, in the course of which he was requested to draw up an address to the Saxons, exhorting them to cooperate in the national cause. This journey brought him to Dresden a week before the Lützow volunteers arrived there; and now he saw his family for the last time, and received his father's blessing on his vocation.

A friend of the father, the Prussian major Wilhelm von Röder, the same who fell near Culm at the head of his battalion, was then at the head-quarters of general Winzingerode. The latter wished to have Körner in his employ, and made proposals to that effect through the major; but Körner remained faithful to his original engagement, and left Dresden for Leipzig on the 24th April with the Lützow volunteers.

This corps had been much strengthened by rapid

of the Bonapartists. After passing the Saale at Scopau, and the Elbe at Lewzen, and incurring various skirmishes, an expedition was undertaken on the 24th May, into Thüringen: Körner accompanied it, and was promoted to the rank of adjutant for his services.

At Kitzen near Leipzig Körner was seriously wounded, and obliged to retire for some weeks from active service: he passed this period of debility in Carlsbad: but was again in active service at the beginning of August. Several of his war-songs were composed during this confinement.

On the 26th August in the road between Gadebush and Schwerin, a meeting took place with the enemy. Sharp shooters lay in ambush concealed by a contiguous wood. Körner was on horseback: a ball from a rifle grazed the neck of his charger, entered his abdomen, wounded his liver, and shattered his spine. Death ensued almost immediately. His friend Friesen, who was soon to incur a like fate, did all that was possible to procure medical assistance, but human help could avail no longer. The Lützow volunteers were successful in their attack, and, after dispersing the French, they buried Körner with military honors, under an oak, near the mile-stone at Wöbbelin, in the road from Lübelow to Dresden. A monument of cast iron, on which is embossed a lyre and sword, distinguishes the site of his grave.

The following Dirge to his Memory describes the ceremony of his interment.

Stay your walk, ye weeping throng,
Rest the bier in solemn show;
Hush awhile your funeral song,
Bear not far the sight of woe.

We are met beneath this tree,
Wreaths for freedom's feast to twine.
Here to coil the dance of glee,
Here to quaff the sparkling wine.

Here to shout the names of those,
Whom a nation's thank pursues;
Here to swell the songs He chose,
Virtuous daring to diffuse.

This was He who won our feast,
And on victory's bosom fell;
Honour'd be the hero's rest,
Praise beside his tomb shall dwell.

On his sable pall ye bear
The steel in fields of blood he shook;
Leave the holy weapon here,
Hang it high on freedom's oak.

Youths that seek the battle's strife,
Grasping this incrimson'd steel;
Shall swear like him to value life
Only for their country's weal.

Patriot shades who hover nigh,
When the priest his corse has blest,
Guide his spirit to your sky,
He with patriot shades shall rest.

Thence the whitening bones to view,
Of the bands the tyrant led;
Thence with looks of scorn pursue,
Who from freedom's banner fled.

Onward walk ye weeping throng,
Lift the bier in mournful show;
Chaunt away your funeral song,
We have paid the debt to woe.

Of Körner's patriotic songs many have been well translated into our language, and were the principal ornaments of an elegant Annual published some years ago by Ackermann under the title *Lyre and Sword.* The times made Körner, not his inherent genius: it was because he spoke the voice of an agitated country, and fulfilled every duty which he claimed of his fellow-citizens, that he lives in the gratitude and esteem still more than in the admiration of his country. His tragedies are but two in number; they imitate the style but do not attain the pathetic force of Schiller. Rosamond is the least fortunate of the two; but of Zriny, the concluding scene may serve as a specimen.

SCENE.—The castle-yard at Sigeth.

ZRINY, ALAPI, PAPRUTOWITCH, EVA, *with a torch burning, the* HUNGARIAN SOLDIERS *around their banner.*

ZRINY. For the last time I now address my friends:
First let me thank you all for the fidelity
With which your hero-souls have borne this struggle;
For with glad heart I can be bold to say
There has not been one traitor in my people.
We all have kept our oath. The worst are gone
Before us unto death, and wait their comrades.
No heart in all this circle can be found,
This is my pride, which would not gladly stake
For emperor, faith, and country, its warm life.
For this I thank you: God above reward you.
Now we have but to die. The hostile force
Outnumbers us by hundreds: we have beaten
Them often back, and slain them by the thousand,
And roll'd upon their pride a bloody death.
With twenty thousand of his ablest warriors

Came Soliman to seize this iland-fortress,
And many of his princes he has buried;
And other foes have warr'd against us, where
Strait forward courage would not have avail'd us.
Mines have been scoop'd within the mountain's lap,
The deep foundations of our walls are shaken,
Torches alighted flaming on our rooves
And all the elements conspir'd against us.
A direr foe approaches, licens'd hunger
Thins our pale squadron, and to-day must cease
The petty dole so sparely measur'd out.
We have to die; for the Hungarian
Thinks of surrender not, he will prefer
His emperor and his honor to his life.
You meditate no yielding—out and die.
Out where the drums invite you. Shall we burn
Or starve within doors? Let us fall like men.
Show the white eye-rim to your foes—and buy
With every lingering blood-drop yet a life.
The hero's sleep should be upon the corse
He sent before him to the couch of death.
Those, who have sworn like us the fatal oath
For God and for our fatherland to fall,
Live in the bosoms of a grateful people,
And win God's welcome to eternal life.

All. Show us the way, we follow sword in hand.

[*Juranitsh enters.*

ZRINY. Where 's Helena?

JURANITSH. Gone home—with angels weaving
Bright garlands for our brows. Keep me not waiting:
Were her last words. Death's angel must unite us.
Out. Let me go to her.

ZRINY. And now my wife
For the last parting kiss. How wilt thou hence?

EVA. There from the roof I shall behold the storm,
And if God breathes his spirit on a worm,
Prepare a mighty sacrifice to death.

ZRINY. And should the Turkmen stride across the fallen.

EVA. This torch is launch'd into the powder-tower,

Not Sigeth but a ruin shall they take.

ZRINY. Die, noble wife, for death is life for ever.

[*Noise of Turks advancing to the storm.*

Hear how the spirit-stirring trumpets peal;
Then welcome death, I know thee by thy call.
Now brethren on! You, Lawrence, take the banner
And let your bride not wait. I follow next,
Then you *(to Paprutowitsch)* then you, Alapi,
Tears, my old boy?

ALAPI. Yes, they are tears of joy
To die in unison with such a band:
I do not ask or wish a higher crown.

JURANITSCH, *(unfolding the banner.)* The banner floats.

ZRINY. The eagle spreads her wings—
Now, world, good night. *(To Eva.)* Farewell.
And farewell brethren. *(Giving to each his hand.)*
Now trumpets swell the sounds of victory,
A triumph 't is to die for God and country!

ALL. On on to death—On on for God and country!

The scene changes to the outside of the fortress. In the back ground appears the castle with the draw-bridge up; and on the roof Eva with a lighted torch. The Turks advance to the attack with military music.

The drawbridge is let down. Two cannons are fired from within, as soon as it is descended low enough. Juranitsch, with the banner, heads the sortie. The other Hungarians follow as arranged. A fight ensues on the bridge. Juranitsch is cut down. Then Zriny. Eva observes it, and flings the torch into the powder-tower. A great explosion. The castle remains a burning ruin, while the curtain drops.

§ 9.

Danish poets who have written in German—Baggesen—Sander—Oehlenschläger, &c.

My task verges on conclusion: it remains perhaps to supply such omissions as I have discovered, especially of the Danish poets who have written in German, and then to take leave of the reader, as I have neither the means nor the wish to carry forwards this Survey into the living world, or to undertake the criticism of that more polished but less original set of writers, who have been occupying the poetic attention of Germany since its reconstitution in 1815. Not innovation, but amalgamation, seems now to be the order of the day.

Jens Baggesen, a Dane, who died in 1826, has written German poetry of more volume than merit. Some of it is lyric, some satiric, but his principal production is *the Parthenais*, a pastoral epopœia describing a journey in Switzerland. It resembles in manner Vossen's *Luise;* but has been dilated into twelve cantoes, which are somewhat tedious.

The real founder of this household epic poetry, which Göthe in his *Hermann and Dorothea* brought to perfection, was however Moritz Augustus von Thümmel, a Saxon, born in 1738, who was educated under Gellert at Leipzig, and died in 1818. He continued in prose, but in a more poetic and humorous form, the Sebaldus[1] Nothanker of Nicolai, under the title *Wilhelmine*. This

1 This novel is well-known in England, as the German Spiritual Quixote, from the satisfactory translation of Mr. Dutton.

tale, or rather scene, describes the marriage of a cast-off mistress of some courtier with the good-natured Sebaldus: it prepared the Luise of Voss, although it adopts the tone of the high world, and paints in a contemptuous form the manners of the personages, as happens in the *Eclogues* of our Gay.

C. L. F. Sander, born at Itzehoe in 1756, translated many Danish poems into German, and became secretary to the board of roads at Copenhagen, where he died in 1819. A poem of his entitled *Death's Cradle Song* may deserve transscription.

DEATH'S CRADLE SONG.

How snug is my pillow, how quiet my bed!
To slumber how tempting, how shelter'd from dread!
See Spring, happy season, new garnish the bowers,
And strew o'er my couch its first buds and its flowers!
The nightingale too, her soft lay shall repeat.—
Thy slumber how sweet!

How snug is my pillow, how quiet my bed!
How safe lies the sleeper from care and from dread!
When Winter, in storms and in darkness array'd,
My couch with a carpet of snow shall o'erspread,
Still thou shalt behold the rude tempest increase,
Yet slumber in peace!

On earth is fair Virtue unsought and unknown,
And heart-felt enjoyment from mortals is flown.
There hope will deceive thee, and Love will betray,
And torture thy bosom by night and by day:
While here smiles an angel;—kind Death is his name,
And brightens thy dream!

Come, then, weary pilgrim, nor startle with dread;
My pillow is yielding, and thick is my bed;

I 'll bear thy hard burden, thy griefs will I share,
And lull thee to slumber, and still thy despair.
Ah! come, and while Death thus invites to repose,
Forget all thy woes!

C. F. von Phiseldeck, a Danish statesman and philosopher, has inserted some pleasing German poems in various periodic miscellanies. Still the most conspicuous of his countrymen, in German literature, is unquestionably A. G. Oehlenschläger, who beside his minor poems has enriched the German language with a singular and beautiful drama entitled *Correggio*, hardly perhaps within my scope, as it was not yet published in 1815; but its originality of form entitles it to notice.

It is a biographic tragedy, for although the action lasts but a single day, and that day the last of the painter's life, yet his productions and his fortunes are most skilfully woven into the piece with historic truth and poetic effect.

In the first act Antonio Allegri of Correggio is at work in the open air before his cottage on a picture of the Madonna, for which his wife has sitten as a model, the child Jesus was painted from idea, and his son Giovanni is standing to be drawn in the character of John the Baptist, still a little boy, holding, as usual, the agnus-dei-staff. A hermit, Silvestro, comes to visit the family. Correggio presents him with a Magdalena, the sketch of the picture now at Dresden, and listens to his criticism of the larger work, which his necessities compel him to sell. A morose innkeeper Battista, to whom Correggio is in debt, also intervenes; the distress and the amiableness of the painter and his family are naturally and affectingly brought out. Ottavio, a patron of art, who is secretly in love with the painter's wife,

comes to purchase the picture, and makes proposals to the artist to undertake a ceiling al fresco in his palace at Parma, and to remove thither with his family.

In the second act Michel Angelo and Giulio Romano are detained by an accident, which injured the wheel of their carriage, and stop to dine at the inn. While Giulio Romano goes to the church to view the pictures, Michel Angelo, who is out of temper, sees Antonio Allegri at work, criticizes severely his drawing, and mortifies the artist's irritability by rude expressions. Antonio finds him out by the signet-ring on his finger, and feels deeply mortified.

In the third act Giulio Romano is returned from the church full of admiration for the Night of Correggio, which is there placed. He seeks the artist, and with great urbanity compliments his high genius, and, when he reveals himself to be the favourite scholar of Rafael, Correggio recovers his temper. Giulio Romano also brings round Michel Angelo, who returns to the cottage, leaves his signet-ring as a present for Allegri with the wife, and promises exertions in his service.

In the fourth act Allegri is come to Parma with his picture, and admires the gallery of Ottavio, but, fatigued with his walk, falls asleep there. Celestina, the intended bride of Ottavio finds him in the gallery sleeping beside his picture, with which she is pleased, and places a crown of laurel on his head. Ottavio pays him in copper for the painting, and he undertakes to carry the sack home to his family.

In the fifth act Allegri has arrived in the forest near his village, but exhausted with fatigue sits down to rest. He is thirsty, and a milk-maid, who is passing, draws him water in her pail, which he drinks too eagerly. This brings on a hœmorrhage. Meanwhile his

wife and son have come to meet him, and find him dying: he delivers the sack of money to his wife, takes leave of her and of his son, and dies, but not without receiving a message that Michel Angelo has obtained for him, though too late, the patronage of the Duke of Mantua. Episodical robbers are introduced, apparently to display the power of art over rude and superstitious natures.

A scene from the last act follows.

SCENE.—A forest by twilight. The sun is set: the moon rising. Antonio comes laden with his sack of coppers: the laurel-wreath on his forehead: he throws down his burden, and seats himself near a brook.

ANTONIO. No I can trudge no further: I am exhausted.
Thank God, here flows a brook. O for a beaker!
My hat *I* left at Parma, not to slight
The garland of the Muse. Well, with the hand.
[*He scopes water.*
This does not hold enough to slake my thirst:
And I feel very faint, and feverish.
May I but reach my home to bring my dear ones
This weight of money. Mary will be anxious
To see it darken, and I not return'd.——
The blood is mounting to my head—and yet
[*He takes off the garland, and observes it.*
These leaves look fresh, although my forehead burns.
"To immortality I consecrate thee."
But that begins alas! but after death,
Was it so meant, when she pronounc'd the word?
[*Lauretta, a peasant-girl, comes through the forest with a milk-pail on her head, singing.*
Who comes so blythe and merry, singing, hither?
O 't is Lauretta, our next neighbour's daughter,
In quest of the she-goats she milks abroad.

LAURETTA. Am I mistaken—is not that Antonio?

ANTONIO. Good evening to you!

LAURETTA. So you are come at last.

Your good wife Mary has been vastly anxious
That you staid out so late, my worthy master.
ANTONIO. Alas! I could not, could not, get here sooner.
LAURETTA. You must be weary of your heavy journey:
That is no wonder.
ANTONIO. My dear girl, do fetch me
A draught of water in that pail of yours:
I 've nothing by me to lift water in.
LAURETTA. Where is your hat?
ANTONIO. I left it there at Parma.
LAURETTA. What this upon your head—a laurel-garland—
It quite becomes you—and who gave it you?
ANTONIO. The heavenly one!
LAURETTA. You artists have such dreams,
I will not have an artist; but a man
Who thinks about his wife.
ANTONIO. Never, never,
Have I forgotten Mary.
[*Lauretta has rinc'd the pail, and brought him water.*
LAURETTA. Drink to your heart's content.
[*Antonio drinks eagerly.*
LAURETTA. The coolest drink
Showers from on high to seek the underworld.
ANTONIO, *gayly.* Thank you, my kind Rebecca. Some fine day
I 'll find a husband for you. Should you like it?
LAURETTA. Why not?
ANTONIO, *trying to rise.* Now I would go—but I am weary.
[*He sinks down again.*
LAURETTA. Rest, rest awhile. Your Mary and her son
Set off to meet you. They will soon be here;
And then you may all three walk home together.
ANTONIO. I know not why, but I feel greatly anxious.
LAURETTA. You are too melancholy, friend Antonio:
This comes of painting all these holy figures.
There stretch yourself at length beneath the tree;
I 'll sing to you a little brookside song.
ANTONIO. Ay sing, my dear, and cheer my drooping heart.
LAURETTA *sings:*

I.

The Elfin she dwelt in her rockiest hall;
The Pilgrim he sits by the nigh water-fall.
The waters are plunging, as white as the snow,
From the mountain above to the whirlpool below.
"Sir Pilgrim jump into the eddying river,
You 'll then be my mate and my comrade for ever."

II.

"Your soul from its body I 'll presently free,
And then you can dance in the forest with me.
Sir Pilgrim jump boldly, but jump it alone;
I 'll bleach into ivory every bone:
And while the rough waves o'er our heads shall be swelling
We 'll hide in my cool alabastery dwelling."

III.

The Pilgrim was frighten'd, and lifted his eyes,
But so weary he felt that he could not arise.
The Elfin spread near him her gold-color'd hair,
And proffer'd a cup of the water so fair.
The water was fair, and the water was pleasant,
And the rash Pilgrim swallow'd the dangerous present.

IV.

A shudder has past through his marrow and blood;
He feels he has tasted of death's chilly flood:
He sinks into slumber the roses among,
His ears are now deaf to the river's rough song.
The whirlpool flowed over, his carcase to swallow,
And his bones shall bleach ivory-white in the hollow.

V.

His soul from his body is presently free;
His ghost with the Elfin now dances in glee.
At night you may see them brush, brush, through the boughs,
And the withering leaves strow their couch of repose.
The moon-beams that steal thro' the wavering branches
Oft shine on the spot, where his skeleton blanches.

[*When Lauretta has ended her song, she starts up suddenly, and says:*

But it grows late: I must abandon you:
I have not yet discover'd my she-goats.
Farewell; your Mary will be soon beside you
With little John.

ANTONIO. I thank you.

LAURETTA. Small occasion. [*goes.*

ANTONIO. True, small occasion. Such a ghastly song,
Steep'd in the waters of the underworld,
Sounds like the call of the infernal gods.
The thistle is not rear'd by Italy
Within her flowery lap. Thou fair-hair'd Lombard,
'T is from thy mother and thy mother's mother
That thou hast heir'd it; or perchance from her
Who was insane, and with a horse's tail
Strangled herself, because her German husband
Had lost the battle, When she said *farewell,*
'T was as she bad me go. She gave me drink,
A fatal drink I fear—the gold-hair'd Elfin.
"A shudder has past through his marrow and blood."
Was it in irony she sang so to me?

[*He commands himself, is silent awhile, then continues more calmly:*

'T is with the fancy, as with other forces,
It catches fire from any little spark,
And blazes up before it can be quench'd.
I do not tremble. She was not an Elfin,
Who plac'd the crown upon my brows in Parma;
But a celestial Muse, who will not see
My wife quite widow'd nor my boy an orphan.
He shall remain a little angel still,
And with his agnus-dei-staff conduct
His mother through this wilderness of earth
To the high glory of the christian heaven.

[*With lighter heart.*

How fine the evening is, how soft and beauteous!
The coolness fans me with its angel-wings,
And comforts me. 'T is showery in the east,

And a faint rainbow, though the sun be set,
Looks from on high upon him. The green branches,
Like wreaths of hope from blue eternity,
Stretch toward me glittering, as if they would beckon
To lasting light the pilgrim in the shade. [*He lifts the sack.*
I lift thee, not with ease, thou heavy burden,
For the last time, I trust, O cruel Mammon,
Foe to the spirit of unearthly mold,
Thou art aveng'd. The little, that my pencil
Has e'er forc'd from thee, prest upon my shoulders
With brazen weight. O could I live without thee!
[*He lays it down as one deeply unwell.*
Do come, my Mary, my Giovanni, come
One instant only, one farewell for ever.
O my kind God, yet grant this only comfort
To ebbing life—and then I die in peace.

[*He withdraws. Meanwhile Mary approaches from the opposite side, with Giovanni.*

GIOVANNI. Why is n't father come yet, my dear mother?

MARY. He 'll soon be here, I hope. He had in Parma
A deal to do.

GIOVANNI. 'T is darkening, mother, fast.
I feel uneasy.

MARY. That you should not do.
He, who has nothing evil on his conscience,
Needs not fear darkness.

GIOVANNI. But just now the sky
Was blue and gay; and all the colors sported
Among the little clouds: but all is past,
Save a dark blood-like streak remains in west.

MARY. And do n't you see a lovely countenance
Peep from between the bushes.

GIOVANNI. That is Luna;
Her light begins when the great light is sunken.
[*He sits down by the brook.*
Mother, here are some blue forget-me-nots
Among the grass: I 'll gather a fresh garland
Till father comes. [*Saunters away*

MARY. Must all things seem an omen,

And of a terrible futurity?
Why do I heat my fancy and my feelings
With images of wo? I know of no
Misfortune yet; and when I know, alas!
Will it be consolation to have trembled?

LAURETTA *returns singing:*

The Pilgrim was frighten'd, and lifted his eyes,
But so weary he felt that he could not arise.
The Elfin spread near him her gold-color'd hair,
And proffered a cup of the water so fair.
The water was fair, and the water was pleasant,
And the rash Pilgrim swallow'd the dangerous present.

Ah, neighbour Mary, are you here at last?
I knew you could not fail of coming soon.

MARY. Have you not seen Antonio? Lauretta.

LAURETTA. O yes! I got him drink, and sang to him.

MARY. My God! where is he?

[*Antonio appears in the distance.*

LAURETTA. Ah, here he comes; now you will all be glad,
You 'are still as loving as the new betrothed.
I 'll not disturb your joys, besides 't is late,
Antonio, I wish you 'a good night's rest. [*goes.*

[*Antonio draws nigh, pale as death, and puts the sack at his wife's feet.*

There, Mary, there is money. So at least
For a short time you are provided for,
You and your boy. I, I can do no more.
The 'Almighty long continue to assist you!

MARY. Mother of God, thou holy one, be with us!

ANTONIO. That thou art not, but still, but still, my wife;
Thou hapless woman, thou forsaken widow.
Now, God be praised, my hot wild blood has taken
A free course for itself, and in my veins
'T is air must circulate.

MARY. Thou art pale and bloody.

ANTONIO. No, bloodless, thou dear woman; for the earth
Has drunk its portion. Now I do not feel
So agitated by a feverish dream.

Was that Lauretta, who just went away,
The little maiden with the yellow hair,
My Atropos, my evil genius, rather?

MARY. Antonio.

ANTONIO. Yes—you are indeed my wife,
Giovanni is my son—you 're men like me
And not sublime eternal sons of heaven
Who know not pity, for they never suffer.
You 'll have to suffer but too much, too much.

MARY. Unhappy me.

ANTONIO. Give me a bridal kiss
My lips are now not bloody, I have wash'd them
Well in the stream; but they are blue as violets:
Perhaps the butterfly may light upon them,
And shake his powder'd wings, and fly to heaven.

MARY. O my Antonio, is the end so nigh?

ANTONIO. The end must always come, what matters it
Whether a moment sooner, love, or later.
The moment may be bitter, but is certain;
And an eternity will follow it.

MARY. O my beloved.

ANTONIO. Promise me, my Mary,
That thou wilt bear the moment as becomes thee,
Not drown'd in tears, like blood of sacrifice,
But a few human drops of love and pity.

MARY. Depart in peace: I promise to obey thee.

ANTONIO. Now in the name of the almighty God
Where is my son?

MARY, *calls.* Giovanni! Plucking flowers.

ANTONIO. To deck his father's coffin. Go, my Mary,
To the good old Silvestro; he will bring
The holy unction.

MARY. He is sleeping! But—

ANTONIO. He 'll soon be here.

MARY. I go, but go with trembling.

[*She kisses his forehead, looks to heaven, and goes.*

And shall be back again, as soon as may be.

ANTONIO. Our separation will be short.

[*Giovanni enters with flowers.*

Giovanni,
What have you got there?
GIOVANNI. Some forget-me-nots.
ANTONIO. Poor innocent—too soon alas an orphan.
The 'Almighty will protect the fatherless.
GIOVANNI. You will take care of me my dearest father.
ANTONIO. Kneel.
GIOVANNI. Yes, my father. [*Kneels.*
ANTONIO, *lays his hand upon the boy's head.* There, take thy father's blessing: that is all
That I can give thee; but a father's blessing
At the last hour, avails with God and man.
I am weary. Now I wish thy mother back.
[*Antonio lies down.*
GIOVANNI. Ay, sleep, my father, I will watch beside you.
[*He sits down beside Antonio.*
What has he on his head—a laurel wreath—
I 'll stick my flowers upon it—that will please him
When he awakes—and also please my mother.

When Mary returns with Silvestro, Antonio is already no more: the progressive discovery of his decease has its affecting moments. Other inmates of the forest intervene, who give a picturesque effect to the concluding elegiac lamentations.

This tragedy will bear confrontation with the *Torquato Tasso* of Göthe: it has more plot; it is more pathetic; it paints with equal truth of nature the irritability of genius; it is written nearly in as elegant a style, and displays a profound critical knowledge of picturesque art, rare in the connoisseur, rarer in the poet.

Many names, strictly German, might also be collected, and enumerated, as of Wildungen, born in 1754, who wrote on forest-culture, and published songs for foresters, which went through five editions; of Nostiz, born in 1765, who translated Byron's *Childe Harold;*

of Von Hardenbug, also born in 1765, who, under the assumed name of Novalis, acquired a popularity, which gave to his early death the impression of a national loss; of Tieck, born in 1773, who attained a sudden but transient reputation; of Krummacher, preceptor to the queen of Prussia, who, in his *Parables*, imitated the *Paramythien* of Herder, and produced other works redolent of the sweetest flowers of the holy land; of Lamotte Fouqué, who is chiefly known by his novels, but who wrote several poems of value; still, after reviewing the great masters of song, it would interest but little to give a dry and dense catalogue of their satellites, or echoes. Those luminous insects, which would sparkle on the billows of a dark sea, gleam unheeded, where the setting sun, or the climbing moon, has crowned every wavelet with an overpowering lustre.

§ 10.

Recapitulation—Heathen period—Swabian period—Modern period—Conclusion.

ARRIVED at last to my journey's end, it is natural to bestow some minutes on retrospection, and, through mingled sensations of satisfaction and regret, to marshal again before the memory, with some corrective, or apologetic, or additional notices, those objects of Survey, which have most arrested attention, and merited interest, during this long peregrination. Looking back on the German poets, whose productions have been enumerated or criticized, three periods may be remarked, which have been peculiarly fertile in excellence; and prominently distinct in character. I. The heathen period, beginning with Odin, and including Wiglaf, the author of *Beowulf*. II. The Swabian period, beginning with Henry of Veldeg, and extending to Conrade of Wurtzburg. III. The period of Wieland and Göthe; or as some would name it, the age of Charles-Augustus, duke of Weimar.

A few words respecting each.

I. Among the European nations only the Germans are able to display any considerable reliques of a literature anterior to their adoption of christianity. Although these remains have not all been discovered in Germany itself, but partly in Scandinavia, in Iceland,

and in Great Britain; yet they all exist in some dialect of the Anglo-saxon, which was once vernacular between the Weser and the Elb. The older portions of the Edda and Voluspa, the mythic lays, and most of the historic sagas, are composed in this tongue, and originated in the maritime provinces of Lower Germany, contiguous to Denmark. Hickes has given separate grammars of the Anglo-saxon, Dano-saxon, and Icelandic, was the same people, which thus varied their speech in but it process of time and with the progress of migration.

Under pope Leo III, in the year 794, and probably at the instigation of Charlemayne, was founded at Rome a school of Saxons, which Ina, king of the East-Angles, and Offa, king of Mercia, contributed to endow, for the purpose of educating christian missionaries to convert the Gothic north. The Lombards were originally Anglo-saxons, and being the one of the Gothic tribes, most contiguous to the holy see, they supplied the first teachers. It may be that the Lombards retained casal terminations, which were gradually neglected by the tribes, who migrated northwards; it may also be that such casal inflections were introduced by the teachers at the Saxon school, in order to facilitate the translation into latin of their communications to Rome. Evidently those persons educated at the Saxon school, such as king Alfred, are more careful in the application of the marks of case to their nouns, and in the use of formative syllables generally, than the vernacular writers of the north, who were not there instructed; so that it may be doubted whether casal and other inflections are not rather a mark of place than of time.

The oldest Anglo-saxon poem discovered in Great Britain is perhaps, the *Song of the Traveller* published

by Messrs.[2] Conybeare in their *Illustrations of Anglo-saxon Poetry*, 1826. This joint work is an interesting monument of fraternal affection, and an instructive contribution to Anglo-saxon literature: the editor seems to me still more master of his subject than the professor. The *Song, or Lay, of the Traveller*, is dated in the earlier stanzas with much precision: still the poem may have been refashioned by a later skald.

Myneliche maththum	With loving words
Hine from Myrgingum	Him from the Mercians
Aethele onvocon.	Nobles encouraged.
He mid Aelhilde	He with Aelhilda
Faelre freothu	Fell in love
Webban forman.	His first wife.
Sithereth cyninges	King Sithereth's
Ham gesohte	Home he sought
Eastan of Ongle.	Of the East-Angles.
Eormanrices	Hermenric's
Wrathes waerlogan	Warlike wrath
Ongon tha vorȝ sprecan.	Began they then to speak of.

Now as Hermenric, king of Kent, reigned from 534 to 568, Sithreth must have been a local king of the East-Angles, prior to Uffa, who acceded in 571. Yet the poet continued in East-Anglia after the accession of Uffa, whom, in the lines 70—80 he extols as the first of men. The poet therefore was a native of Kent,

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2 The Epitome of Beowulf, inserted in the first volume of this work, is a reprint from the Monthly Review (vol. lxxxi, p. 516,) where it was first published. I have since read the more extensive analysis of professor Conybeare, who is pleasingly intent on giving a poetic Homeric character to the style of the poem, as well as on correcting the defective interpretation of Thorkelin, and on bringing out the inherent marks of time and place, the mass of which point, I now think, to the close of the sixth century in East-Anglia.

who settled in Norfolk, or Suffolk, during the latter half of the sixth century: and as he is conversant with many persons mentioned in Beowulf, this corroborates my suspicion that Beowulf belonged to the Danes of the Yare, (*Gar-Dena*) and lived also in East-Anglia. The *Hyndlu Lioth* in Sæmund's *Edda* is an analogous poem, and contains a similar enumeration of early families and tribes, if not of crews.

This *Lay of the Traveller*, and *Beowulf*, form the most important contributions to the history of the heathen period of German poetry, which have yet been discovered in this country. Considering how many of the descendants of Odin founded royal settlements in England, it is surprising that so few memorials should have been detected of their undertakings, and of their success. Scandinavia, Iceland, Denmark, have furnished the great mass both of mythic and historic poetry. The lays, ascribed to Odin, the various tales of the gods, which must have founded the reputation of Bragur, and the innumerable sagas, which intermix fact and fiction, must once have been known here, but have vanished from our libraries. They have not been read in our sunshine, but by the northern lights of the arctic circle. The Hervarer-saga, which is the most important for the picture of manners it contains, was first edited at Upsal in 1672, and has furnished to Gräter the basis of his entertaining history of the sword Tyrfing, given with some variations in vol. i, p. 33. Percy, in his *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry* has translated a further portion of it; and has also preserved the *Dying Ode of Regner Lodbrog*, but, in his translation of the third stanza, he has introduced the Danube, where the text reads Thinu, the Tyne, and thus shifts the scene of event out of Northumberland, where the *Lodbrokar-*

Quida, published by the Rev. J. Johnstone, in 1782, rightly places it. No individual poet of the north has equalled in beauty and sublimity the death-song of Hacon (see vol. i, p. 40); which yields in nothing to the most admired lyric effusions of Pindar or Horace. To Eywind Scaldaspiller belongs the praise of being the foremost among the votaries of Bragur.

II. Most of the European nations, on the contrary, have had a literary age analogous to the Swabian period of the Germans, in which the metrical romances of Normandy, and the love-songs of the Provenzals, were severally vernacularized, and became the favourite studies of the nobility, and of the literate portion of of the people. The French place under Louis VII, and the English under Henry III, the bloom of metrical romance; the Germans, under their Swabian dynasty. The song of *Harold the Hardy*, possibly by Henry Veldeg, a name common among the Saxon sea-rovers, is thought, by the editor F. H. von der Hagen, to be one of the oldest specimens of native German romance, and is referred by him to the middle of the eleventh century. The best however of the Normanizing poets among the Germans is Hartman von Aue, a Frank patronized by the Landgrave of Hesse, whose *Sir Ywain*, edited by Michaeler in 1786, surpasses the corresponding poem in Norman-English (see vol. i, p. 128). Wolfram of Eschelbach who translated the *Sang-real*, in two parts entitled *Parcival*, and *Titurel*; Godfred of Strasburg, who vernacularized *Trystan and Essylda*,[3] Ulrich of Zezam, who germanized *Launcelot*, and Albrecht of Halberstadt, who versified *Gamuret*, are not unworthy cooperators in this epic school.

[3] The Italians have a poem entitled *Inamoramento di Tristano ed Isotta*.

More strictly national in their traditions are the several authors of (1) the *Nibelungen-Lied*, probably drawn up by one Conrade, a secretary to Pelegrin, archbishop of Passau; of (2) the *Helden-Buch*, which is ascribed to the before mentioned industrious Wolfram of Eschenbach; and of (3) *Laurein, the dwarf-king*, which is attributed to Henry of Ofurdingen. These three writers point to Theodoric of Verona, as their central hero, and were apparently assisted by some Lombard story-book of a prior date.

Agreeable illustrations of the Swabian period, and of the contemporary lyric poetry, may be found in an elegantly decorated little volume entitled *Lays of the Minnesingers*, 1825. Such periods form the proper study of the young poet: it is well to abridge and to modernize the favourite heroic poems of our forefathers; and to promulgate with antiquarian fidelity a knowledge of their customs and manners, and of the literature, to which there is so much allusion in the chronicles of the times.

III. Of the modern period of German poetry the opulence and variety is astonishing: it may be compared to the parterre of a conservatory, which exhibits in welcome yet unseasonable union the violet and the strawberry, beside the jasmine and the grape, and mingles in luxuriant and startling profusion exotic with indigenous fragrance and flavor.

The Germans have many apologues, few singularly good ones: Lessing and Herder have furnished the best. In satire they do not excel, and in didactic poetry they name Haller, Kleist, and others, but without emphasis. In the Heroid they have little to vaunt, or even in the common Epistle. Epigrams abound, but are seldom saturated with Attic salt. In translation

they excel all other Europeans. In the Ode, they have Klopstock, himself a host, and secondary names in endless profusion, who have exhausted all possible forms of lyric poetry, the elegy, the hymn, the song, the offer of marriage. They have many good pastorals, epic and dramatic, especially those of Gesner, Voss and Göthe. Beside the sublime epic poem of the Messiah, they are rich in tales admirably told; such as the ballads of Bürger, and Schiller, and the *Fabliaux* of Wieland. In the drama they are as great as in epic poetry: Kotzebue, Schiller and Göthe, all patrons of the gothic tragedy, or Shaksperian form of art, have spread even beyond the limits of Europe their fine specimens of tragic composition.

On the comedy of the Germans I have touched perhaps too lightly, partly from conscious ignorance, few specimens being known to me, which have given the appropriate delight: besides, all comic literature is by its nature local and transient, formed to shoot folly as it flies, rather than to preserve its specimens for the museum, which is rather the department of satire.

Novels I have voluntarily neglected, as scarsely belonging to the poetic department: and as Mr. T. Roscoe has consecrated to this object a separate work in four volumes which merits continuation. Werter's sufferings, the Greek novels of Wieland, and several other masterpieces, have however passed in review.

Kindness of heart the German writers inspire or borrow from the national character. They have usually more boldness than grace: Wieland is an exception; but even he is too much the valet of the Graces. Oftener exuberant than condensed, they linger too long over their topics; and at times degenerate into mysticism, and vague sensitivity. They have deep feelings,

and express them strongly; they are every where picturesque; their dramas are overloaded with description, and they steadily avoid the cold allegoric abstractions of the French high school of poetry. They delight especially in a marvellous and almost grotesque terrorism of fable.

The general tendency of the German school is to teach French opinions in English forms. They have indeed religious poets, such as Klopstock, Frederic Leopold count Stolberg, and Körner: but with the single exception of Klopstock, the religious writers owe what they retain of popularity to their love of liberty, not to their love of Christ. Voss, Schiller, Kotzebue are deists; Lessing, Wieland, Göthe, pantheists; but these shades of dissimilarity have not prevented their becoming the national favorites. Through their instrumentality, a very liberal and tolerant philosophy has deeply penetrated into the German mind; so that their poetry is in unison with the learned literature which surrounds it. Gradually it is overflowing into the Slavonian nations, and will found in new languages and climates those latest inferences of a corrupt but instructed refinement, which are likely to rebuild the morality of the antients on the ruins of christian puritanism.

German poetry is written for men, not, like English poetry, for women, and their representatives the priests. The effeminacy of the English school of taste may favour domestic propriety; but it does not tend to form a nation of heroes. The Germans have indeed uttered no works so obscene as Voltaire's *Pucelle*, or so profane as Parny's *Guerre des Dieux*; but even the more cautious writings of Wieland and Göthe cannot be englished without Mr. Sotheby's castrating the Oberon,

without Lord Gower's castrating the Faustus. Be this an evil or a good, it is still a characteristic fact.

The best patrons of German literature have been the booksellers: and this is well: their patronage favours personal independence and public spirit: they prompt no individual flattery, but only a sympathy with the national mind. Many princes have indeed rewarded talent by promotion to some useful office; and such instances of advancement in life, through celebrity, are perhaps more numerous among the prose-writers than among the poets. Only the Duke of Weimar seems to have conceived the idea of collecting a gallery of living geniuses, and of adorning his mausoleum by placing there the ashes of the illustrious heirs of immortality on earth.

Born in Valhalla, refined and christianized in the age of chivalry, the German Muse has finally thrown herself into the arms of philosophy, in this, obeying the spirit of the times, and the tide of event. In like manner many cathedrals of the country, which were built for the worship of Woden, Thor, and Frey, then consecrated under catholic-conquerors to the christian trinity, have been suffered at last to give shelter to a calm and comprehensive anti-supernaturalism.

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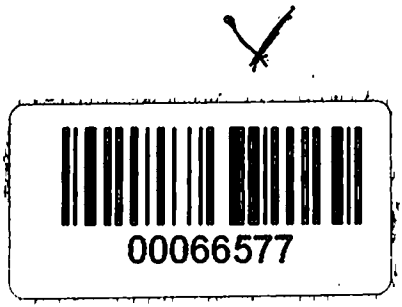
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